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April  
1926

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P1194

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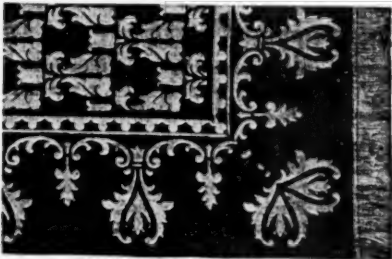
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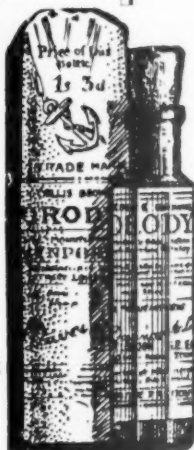
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## The Editor's Announcement Page

### IS LIVING ALONE LONELY?

In this Number are several references to the problem of the lonely woman in the country. In my next issue I am giving a rather striking article, written by a lady living alone, on "Is Living Alone Lonely?" It puts a new aspect on an old question.

There will be other notable features in my May Number: A brilliant article by Stacy Aumonier on "Should a Man Retire?"; a finely illustrated article on "The Romance of King Arthur's Country"; a moving human document by a Cambridge B.A., entitled "Shall I Send My Boy to the University?"; an article celebrating the Diamond Jubilee of "The World's Largest Family"; and some fine stories by Mrs. George Norman, H. Mortimer Batten, &c.

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*The Editor*

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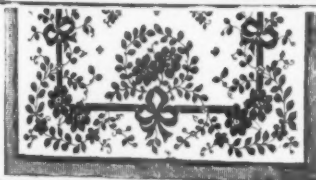
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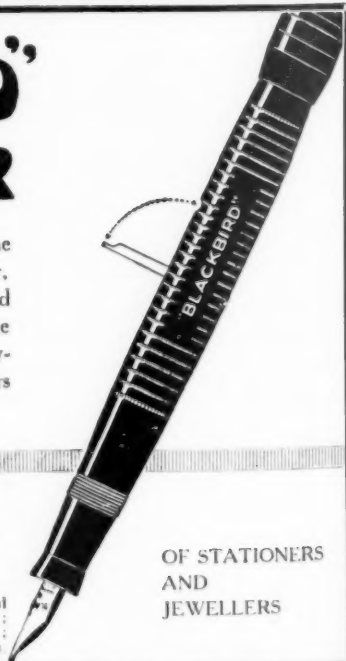
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*That is life, however: if there are lion-hearted men among us, there are, too, the shady, crawling foxes.*

*Keep a sharp eye for foxes and other marauders; but don't let them spoil your belief in human nature.*

*Discriminate.*



"Framed in the opening of the door, a clean-cut, dark silhouette against the sunlit garden and blue sky, stood a man, and, what was more, a young man"—p. 548  
(Drawn by J. Dewar Mills.)

# Felicity Leaves Home

by

## Jermyn March

### CHAPTER I

#### Felicity—and Camilla

THE big, luxuriously appointed car—a last word in modernism—was rolling smoothly along the dusty white road; and just ahead, beyond the bend where a bridge spanned the dimpling little river, Elm Tree Cottage peeped over its privet hedge, a survival from the days when motors didn't exist, and women, of the class to which belonged the two occupants of that motor, swung in a covered litter or rode pillion.

Both Elm Tree Cottage and its name were over three hundred years old. Written testimony to that effect could be found in many creased and yellowed papers connected with the Montravers estates. Its diamond-paned windows blinked and glittered in the sunlight, birds twittered busily under its thatched roof, and over the trellis-work of faded blue which covered the lower half of its white-washed walls honeysuckle rioted in a heavy warmth of scent that was almost too dreamily sweet to be true. Giant elms made a cool green background for it, and climbing roses smothered the old red brick wall which divided it from the farmhouse next door.

Elm Tree Cottage, in fact, was one of those picturesque relics of the sixteenth century which American tourists rave over, and at which even the unsentimental English motorist, flashing along the dusty white road below its wicket gate, slows down to have another look.

There was no other house or cottage for a mile along that road on either side. One turned a corner suddenly over the quaint little bridge and came upon it, basking in

the hot June sun as it had basked for over three hundred summers, ever since some long-forgotten henchman of the Montravers family had first dwelt under its thatched roof.

Nowadays the Montraverses owned very little of the land hereabouts. They hadn't weathered the agricultural depression of recent years any better than the majority of big landed proprietors, and a large number of farms and cottages had been sold outright to their tenants. Elm Tree Cottage, the most outlying fragment of the estate, had been one of the first to go. Its tenant, a retired naval commander, had been glad to buy it and to make his own improvements to it. The air in this part of the world was very healthy, and the neighbourhood could scarcely have been quieter. He had a delicate wife, to whom he was prepared to devote the remainder of his days, and a little girl who could run happily wild here during her holidays.

Captain Dale believed in a simple country life for children; and it was doubtful whether he ever looked ahead to the days when Felicity would be grown up and needing the society of other young people of her own age.

Perhaps he had fancied that Felicity would find her outlet in long visits to the friends she had made at school, for of relations the Dales had barely any. But it was more likely that he never thought about it at all. His delicate, charming, selfish little wife absorbed all his thoughts and demanded all his attention, even as now, five years after his death from unsuspected heart disease, she claimed Felicity's.

Those visits to girl friends had never

## THE QUIVER

materialized. When the dead man's affairs were gone into his widow found that her income would be much less than she had expected. Felicity's expensive education must be its own reward. There were no social advantages to be derived from it, since travelling is expensive and tips are a heavy drain; and how can one stay with rich friends when one hasn't the appropriate clothes for different occasions?

Besides, her mother "couldn't bear to part with darling Felicity"; the bare idea of it brought tears to her pretty, faded blue eyes.

She was prepared—resigned, she would have put it—to live the rest of her life in a serene, self-indulgent retrospection, waited on hand and foot by the daughter who was all that was left of her "dear lost Andrew"; and she didn't even realize—some women are like that—that the acuteness of her grief had diminished in exact ratio to the extent to which Felicity's devotion had replaced his.

Certainly she would have been very shocked if anyone had suggested to her that Felicity's devotion was just a tiny bit the more comfortable of the two, since it made no demands whatever upon her beyond the charming smiles and the caressing words which were so easy to dispense.

Be that as it may, she found "poor dear Andrew" perfectly satisfactory as a memory. His personal belongings—the curios he had brought home from his foreign cruises—awoke no pang of acute regret within her. They counted for nothing more in the daily life of the cottage than the wild-boar crest over the black-beamed porch which bore witness to past ownership by the Montravers family.

That same crest decorated the door panels of the approaching motor and gleamed from the buttons on its chauffeur's livery.

It wasn't often that Lady Montravers motored out so far in this direction, fifteen miles at least from Montravers Hall. It was rather beyond her calling limit, and she knew Mrs. Dale only slightly, though in the old days Commander Dale had sometimes made one of the guns at Lord Montravers' shooting parties.

The call she was paying this afternoon was at the instigation of her niece, who was staying with her and who sat beside her now, an exquisite, graceful creature, dressed and manicured and groomed to a perfection of expensive simplicity.

Camilla Kelthorpe gave one at a casual

glance an impression of prettiness that a second glance failed to ratify. Not that she was plain—far from it. Her vivacity and the brilliance of her smile would alone have saved her from such a charge. But Camilla, less perfectly turned out and less graciously sure of herself, might have escaped any particular notice; whereas under present conditions she undoubtedly drew the eye and pleased it.

She leaned forward eagerly now as the car stopped before the cottage, and was out on the road before the dignified chauffeur could open the door.

"Camilla, my dear," expostulated Lady Montravers mildly, as she proceeded to follow with portly deliberation. But Camilla, light and long-limbed, was speeding up the brick path between the sweet peas and the snapdragons, calling as she went at the top of a high, flute-like voice.

"Felicity! Oh, Fe-li-ci-tee!"

From one of the quaint ecclesiastical-shaped windows under the thatch a girl's head thrust itself out and looked down at her out of great, golden-brown eyes, wonderful, wonder-filled eyes, with long, jet-black lashes, set in a rose-flushed, sun-kissed face. The wonder died out in glad surprise.

"Why, Camilla! This *is* good!"

Felicity Dale's voice was deep and rich and slow; it was like herself, unusual. In fact, Felicity was quite the most unexpected vision to meet, framed in the window of a little old cottage by the roadside.

She disappeared now, bumping her head in her hurry against the sloping ceiling of her tiny bedroom. The next moment she was flying down the steep stairs and across the narrow hall to meet Camilla in the open doorway and envelop her with a fervent hug in her strong young arms.

Her welcome could not have been more gratifyingly warm and enthusiastic if this meeting—so long postponed—had been a thing difficult of accomplishment, and if Camilla had encountered unheard-of obstacles to finding her way down to Elm Tree Cottage.

Some vague consciousness of this may have crept into Camilla's thoughts at the moment, bringing with it a little stab of guilt and remorse that so long a time had elapsed since she had last seen her friend. But if it did she smothered it in the gay, rapid exchange of questions, comments and ejaculations. Life was too short—that was the watchword of Camilla's particular set—



## FELICITY LEAVES HOME

for meticulous self-blame and regrets. Here she was at last, and here was dear old Felicity, just as sweet and friendly as in their old schooldays together; not a whit altered, excepting, it might be, in that she was prettier than ever.

Camilla scanned the lovely glowing face with its features clean-cut as any cameo, its rose-tinted skin, its frame of thick dark hair that held gleams of copper in its burnished waves. Heavens! what a sensation Felicity would make in London—in the right clothes—in Camilla's own set!

Camilla, whatever her faults, was generous in her admiration of other women's looks. She drew back, holding her friend at arm's length and surveying her with affectionate criticism.

There wasn't much fault to be found with Felicity's clothes as she stood—here in the country, miles away from anywhere. Felicity had taste. Her simple cotton frock was cut on more or less the right lines—a little too long, perhaps? H'm, yes, and a trifle wide in the skirt. But her shoes and stockings were neat; and had ever any girl a prettier ankle and foot than Felicity?

Camilla, too, was in country-clothes; but country with a difference, hailing from Bond Street. One couldn't imagine Camilla without that indescribable *cachet*. Even in their schooldays together in Paris it had distinguished her from the ruck of her school-fellows.

She and Felicity had been acknowledged leaders in those days; Camilla through her



"'Now we can talk comfortably,' Camilla said, as she curled herself up in a creaking armchair"—p. 544

*chic* and her audacity, Felicity by reason of her beauty and her brains. Yet after five years Felicity's loveliness was still buried in this little cottage in the depths of the country, and her eager brain found its most frequent exercise in the adding up of the weekly bills, and the endless contriving to make both ends meet on a tiny income. And all Camilla's *chic* and daring hadn't gained for her what she wanted—that indefinite *something* which should finally quiet and satisfy her restless spirit. She wasn't even quite sure what it was that she wanted, though lately she had begun to fancy that she did; and this visit of hers to Elm Tree Cottage was by way of preparing the ground for a step in the right direction.

## THE QUIVER

Lady Montravers broke in upon them now, surging majestically up the narrow garden path; and a voice, sweetly plaintive, could be heard calling from inside the little sitting-room.

"Who is it, Felicity dear?"

"It's Lady Montravers, mother, and Camilla," Felicity called back, and went forward to greet the older visitor, while Camilla passed on into the sitting-room.

It was an airy, pleasant room, low-ceilinged and oak-beamed like the rest of the cottage, with cool, distempered walls on which hung quaint coloured prints, chiefly of old sailing ships. All the furniture was old and good, and the window curtains and chintz upholstery of dainty pattern. A low stand of woodland ferns masked the old-fashioned open fireplace, and there was some beautiful old china on the high, narrow mantelshelf. On a couch near the open window reclined a fragile-looking woman who was herself not unlike a piece of Dresden china.

She sat up as Camilla entered and held out both hands with a pretty, welcoming gesture.

"My dear child!" Her soft voice fell caressingly on the girl's ear. "It seems ages since we've seen you or even heard from you."

"I believe it's three years since I was last here," Camilla said as she stooped to kiss the soft cheek, feeling very decidedly guilty this time. Mrs. Dale had an astonishing knack of bringing your deficiencies home to you in the sweetest possible way, especially when they affected herself. Camilla knew that from of old. As a schoolgirl she had often spent part of her holidays at Elm Tree Cottage, and Felicity had paid her return visits in London. But her own parents had been alive then. And it wasn't her fault if Felicity had refused her later invitations.

But it *was* her fault that she hadn't made more of an effort to come down here and see Felicity. There had even been actual visits to Montravers Hall in which she hadn't somehow made time to motor over to call on her friend.

"I'm afraid I'm a shockingly bad correspondent," she added, remembering also Felicity's last unanswered letter with a fresh pang; and hastily left the subject to make banal remarks about the beauty of the country at this time of year, and how well the cottage garden was looking. Did Felicity really do all the gardening herself?

"Felicity loves her garden," Mrs. Dale

said smilingly. "It's a tremendous hobby of hers."

She always spoke as though her daughter's share in the household work and her labours in the vegetable garden behind the cottage were curious and amusing whims on the part of Felicity.

And then Lady Montravers came in, her imposing presence seeming to swamp the little room.

But she was very friendly and genial as she deposited herself heavily in a chair and chatted on the topics of the day, blandly ignoring the fact that only the barest backwash of events on the river of society and politics might have been expected to reach this sheltered backwater.

Yet it was noticeable that Mrs. Dale held her own quite creditably. She was an omnivorous reader, and a library subscription was among the expenses which had not been put down after her husband died. She was also a clever woman in her way—most successfully selfish people have their fair share of brains—and she talked well in her soft, *trainante* voice, holding the centre of the stage without an effort. Her manner, though unfailingly sweet, managed somehow to be impressive. One would have said that it was she, and not Lady Montravers, who was the great lady of the neighbourhood, entertaining someone far less important.

Tea was brought in by a buxom, elderly maid, and after it was over Camilla made Felicity take her up to her bedroom under the roof.

"Now we can talk comfortably," she said, as she curled herself up in a creaking armchair, while Felicity sat cross-legged on the little low bed. "Felicity, do you remember the days when you and I shared this room together? And all the things we talked about, the things we meant to do when we put our hair up?"

Felicity nodded. Her big eyes clouded over and her delicate lips hardened suddenly. When she spoke it seemed to be with an effort.

"Well, you've done some of them, haven't you?" she said. "You've travelled and you've been to heaps of dances and theatres and house-parties in the country; and you've had proposals, I expect . . . lots of them . . ."

"Not lots." Camilla shook her head decisively. "Nowadays, since the war, unless you're the wrong kind of flirt or the right kind of heiress you don't find men falling

## FELICITY LEAVES HOME

over each other in their hurry to burden themselves with your maintenance! I've had *some* proposals, of course. And you?"

Felicity gave a short laugh.

"Me?" she said scornfully. "Camilla, do you know that I'm twenty-three and I've scarcely met an unattached man since I left school—not even to talk to, let alone to fall in love with! The curate here is married, so's the doctor. The rector and his wife have no family, and none of them ever have anyone in the least interesting to stay with them. The rector had a brother down for the week-end last month; he was a professor of geology with a bald head and a black beard. He was the only bachelor I'd spoken to since Christmas."

"Good heavens, Felicity!"

Her friend stared at her in consternation; and, encouraged by her glance, Felicity let herself go.

"Sounds exciting, doesn't it?" she asked ironically. "There must be something wrong with me that I didn't feel quite a thrill. We played croquet together. There isn't any golf or tennis down here, and croquet's the only game I get a chance of playing, so I'm rather a dab at it. The geologist was very keen; but I beat him, and he didn't like being beaten, so I spoilt my first and only chance of matrimony. Think of it, Camilla!"

Camilla, to judge by her expression, *was* thinking of it with horrified dismay—of the situation, not of the lost opportunity. Felicity went on.

"You see, there isn't anybody else down here that one can know; no young people of any kind; no one to meet and discuss things with from one's own point of view. The few big houses like your aunt's are too far away to call on small fry like us; and Barstead Grange, our nearest place of any importance, has been empty for years."

Camilla was silent for a moment out of sheer inability to express herself, and that was a rare thing with Camilla. If Felicity had spoken pettishly she would have taken the little outburst for the exaggerated grievance of so many girls who live in the country and can't afford a London season; but this was different. There was a dreary resignation, a ring of bare truth about it, that shocked her friend. Were there really districts in rural England, then, like the places one read about in depressing novels, where a girl never got a chance of marriage and a home of her own? Where even a lovely creature like Felicity could wither,

unsought and neglected, into a wasted spinsterhood?

"Felicity, why have you never told me this before?" she asked.

Felicity made a rueful grimace. A flush had mounted to her forehead; she tried to laugh off the seriousness which had descended on them both.

"Why should I?" she said. "It can't be helped; it's just fate. If father had lived I could have gone away, earned my own living somehow and made my own friends. But there's Mum, you see. She's alone; I couldn't possibly leave her for long; and as for short visits, why, we simply can't afford it. And that's that. I didn't mean to grouse, Camilla. It's abominably bad manners on my part, and it isn't as if you could alter things."

But into Camilla's heedless, thoughtless soul the prick of conscience was stabbing its way. *Couldn't* she have altered things—a little? Couldn't she have given more thought to Felicity, have come oftener to see her, have even brought some of her own friends with her on those visits to break this caged monotony which was such a contrast to her own existence?

The scent of the honeysuckle stealing in through the open casement was bringing the old days of their girlish friendship back to Camilla. It had meant such a big thing, then, to them both; and she had forgotten it, put it aside until the time had come when she had realized that she could make use of Felicity. . . .

How hateful! . . . How utterly hateful and despicable! Camilla's soul, deprived of its usual shell of self-satisfaction, felt most uncomfortably raw and naked.

Suddenly she sat up with a jerk.

"Look out for your head!" her friend warned her hastily. "The roof slopes so low near that window."

At that Camilla laughed involuntarily, though she certainly didn't feel in a laughing mood.

"One doesn't expect to have to take care of one's head down here in this beautiful, peaceful corner of the world," she said. "One's heart, now . . . ! I've always connected sentiment with the country, somehow."

"Oh, you'd not need to keep your heart in leading-strings here," Felicity assured her grimly.

A curious little flicker crossed Camilla's mobile face.

"N-no," she said slowly. "Your descrip-

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"Camilla's first impression of Paul Vanderlee surprised her.  
She had expected something older, more cynical looking"—p. 552

tion of it certainly wouldn't make one feel nervous on that score, for oneself or for anyone else! If you haven't found a single heart to raise a flutter in, one might consider that Aphrodite and Minerva rolled into one would do no damage."

"Ah, don't be absurd!" Felicity made one of those adorable grimaces that were more attractive than most women's sweetest smiles. "And don't run away with the idea that my miserable little ambition is just to cause that sort of fluttering! Camilla"—the

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Drawn by  
J. Dewar Mills

deep voice grew wistfully hungry—"I only want to flutter my own wings, to be in the middle of everything for a little while, to do what other girls do—what you've been doing ever since you came out."

"Better not take me for your model, my

dear," the other said lightly. "Aunt Hermione doesn't approve of me at all; I'm rather too much in the middle of things to please her. But . . . Felicity, why shouldn't you have your flutter?" Her face was alight and eager. She bent forward and laid a slim, forcible hand on the other girl's knee. Out of the first idea which had lain behind her visit to Elm Tree Cottage a new and better scheme had suddenly evolved itself. "What about changing places for a month or so, you and I?" she asked.

Felicity stared, uncomprehending.

"Oh, don't you *see*? It's perfectly simple," Camilla explained, thrilled with what she felt to be a really justifiable enthusiasm. She had been conscious of a certain little awkwardness about her original scheme; for when one frankly makes use of friends whom one has so far neglected, only the most brazen can feel quite at their ease. But this killing of two birds with one stone was a different matter. "You're tired of the country, I'm tired of London," she went on. "Yes, honestly, I was actually thinking to-day of proposing myself to you on a visit as a paying guest, if you wouldn't have me any other way. Well, if I come here and take your place—do your work, look after your mother—is there any reason why you shouldn't go to London for a month or so, and flutter those wings of yours to your heart's content in *my* flat, chaperoned by dear old Wilmy?"

"Camilla!" Felicity swung her feet off the bed, and her eyes shone. "What a gorgeous idea!" Then her face fell. "But if you weren't there I shouldn't know a soul in London," she said ruefully, "and I shouldn't know my way about. . . ."

"Yes, you would, in about three days' time. Wilmy would see to that. And I'd get all my special pals to look you up. Oh, you'd flutter as gaily as the best of them."

But Felicity was still doubtful; excited, yearning, but doubtful. She shook her head.

"You can't flutter without pretty clothes," she said; "and, alas! I haven't anything to wear that's fit for London."

"You'll have mine." Camilla's retort was prompt. "I shan't want most of them down here, and we're just about the same size."

"Oh-h-h!" Felicity uttered a low, ecstatic exclamation.

Visions floated before her—visions of art galleries, of theatres, of Kew Gardens and the park, of an occasional meal at a restaur-

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ant perhaps; even, possibly, a dance . . . and "dear old Wilmy"—they had met once long ago. Wilmy had been Camilla's governess in the early days before Camilla went to school; she was now official chaperon and devoted slave in the little flat in Brook Street. To "Wilmy"—otherwise Miss Wilmot—Felicity would be, as Camilla pointed out, a godsend.

"She'll simply revel in taking you to all the intellectual and artistic shows that *you'll* love and that I've got bored with. Oh, you'll be a breath of fresh life to Wilmy; but I shall have to warn her beforehand that she isn't to let you be too 'high-brow.' This is to be a *flutter*, my dear, and don't you forget it."

"If mother could spare me——" half-whispered Felicity.

"Spare you? Don't I tell you that she can have *me* instead? Aren't I a host in myself?" Camilla had risen impulsively to her feet, narrowly missing the ceiling. "And she likes me——"

"Who wouldn't like you?" Felicity demanded warmly.

Camilla's answer was a hug. There was remorse and shame in that hug as well as genuine affection.

"Oh, I know that I'm quite a presentable and pleasing-mannered young person," she acknowledged mockingly; "but there are *some* people, Felicity"—an odd little note had crept into her voice—"in whose eyes I simply don't exist. And in my own I'm afraid I'm pretty often rather a little worm. Hullo, isn't that Aunt Hermione calling?"

It was. As the two girls came out on to the narrow little landing she was standing at the foot of the stairs.

"Camilla, we ought to be going, or we shall be late for dinner, and your uncle will have an apoplectic fit if he has to face the Gilrays and their 'celebrity' by himself. He never knows what to say to Chelsea people, poor lamb. And Felicity, my dear"—she lowered her voice and cast a backward glance at the front door, on which an imperative knocking could be heard—"your mother says there's someone at the door, and she thinks your maid is out in the back garden and can't hear."

She turned back into the sitting-room, and Felicity ran downstairs and opened the door, Camilla following more deliberately.

Framed in the opening of the door, a clean-cut, dark silhouette against the sunlit garden and blue sky, stood a man, and, what was more, a young man. Oh, un-

doubtedly young; not more than twenty-nine or so. He was wearing a shabby old tweed coat and riding-breeches and a weather-beaten soft felt hat, which he lifted at sight of Felicity. Or did he merely touch it with his finger in a rustic salute? Camilla wasn't sure.

Under the hat his sunburnt face showed lean and hard and pleasant in expression. At least, Camilla thought his expression pleasant at a first glance. On a second she decided that its amiability was ironical. There was the suggestion of a sneer about it.

From where she stood behind Felicity, half-way up the staircase, he could not see her, but she on her part indulged in a surprised and interested scrutiny of him. Hadn't Felicity said that there were no young men in the neighbourhood?

He was holding out a couple of eggs in a sinewy and not too clean hand, and she heard him say:

"I caught one of your hens in my yard to-day, Miss Dale, and handed her over the wall to your maid; did she tell you? And now I've found these behind the woodshed. My own hens couldn't have laid 'em; they're all safely shut in."

"Oh, that's very kind of you," Felicity said. "One of the little wretches has been wandering off and laying away lately, but I couldn't discover where. You're quite sure it isn't one of your own hens?"

"Positive." Again that slight, casual lifting of a long, brown finger to the brim of his hat. "Good afternoon."

On the last word he had turned abruptly and was gone, his thick-soled boots echoing on the brick pathway, leaving Felicity gazing down in rueful amusement at the eggs which he had transferred to her own hands.

"Felicity, who in the world was that?" Camilla came quickly down the remaining steps of the staircase. "And what do you mean by pretending that this is an Adam-less Eden?"

Felicity put the eggs carefully down on a little table in the hall.

"As far as *this* Eve is concerned it is," she answered. "Oh, I never said that there weren't any men here outside my own class. This countryside, which you admire so, sees plenty of 'courting' and 'keeping company' among the labourers and the farmers' families. That was our next-door neighbour, George Bassett. He's only just come here, taken on the farm since his uncle died. You remember old Bassett, don't you? He talked broad dialect and used to call me



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'Missie.' This young man has had some sort of education, I suppose; he speaks quite nicely. But he's old Bassett's nephew, just the same."

"Bassett or not, I think I should be inclined to make friends with him," Camilla observed. But Felicity shook her head.

"You might, but you'd get no further than thinking if mother had any voice in the matter," she said. "Mother clings to the old ways; she doesn't believe in mixing. She says it's easier for big people like your aunt, for instance, to ignore class distinctions than it is for little people like us. The less weighty you are socially the easier you sink. Sounds a paradox, doesn't it? So we are on polite but distant terms with Mr. Bassett, and"—she broke into a little cynical laugh—"he dislikes us too much, in consequence, even to steal our eggs!"

Camilla laughed, too, but from the lips outwards, as the saying is. Her eyes remained sympathetically grave. She gathered from Felicity's tone that the latter had not been at all unwilling to be friendly with her decidedly personable neighbour, and she didn't believe it likely that any human young man would have adopted, without an inward protest, so politely aggressive an attitude towards a girl as lovely as Felicity.

She followed her now into the sitting-room, and found an illuminating comment on the situation in the amiable readiness with which Mrs. Dale received her suggestion to take Felicity's place at the cottage for a month or so—allowing herself, with scarcely any difficulty, to be persuaded into sparing Felicity from home, and falling in with Camilla's scheme.

It had probably, the girl thought afterwards, seemed to Felicity's mother a heaven-sent opportunity to get her daughter temporarily out of the dangerous zone of an undesirable acquaintanceship.

### CHAPTER II

#### Lady Montravers' Dinner Party

"SO it's philanthropy this time?" Lady Montravers remarked when they were once more seated in the motor and on their way home. She said it in much the tone of one who says, "So it's measles this time (or whooping-cough or mumps)." Camilla laughed.

It was just the veriest ripple of a laugh, clear and soft. There was one thing to be

said for her, and all her harassed relations said it reluctantly. Whatever startling thing Camilla might say—and she had the amazing frankness of her contemporaries—she was never noisy. And whatever outrageous thing she might choose to go and do, she did it gracefully. But her relations said a lot of other things, too, about Camilla. Old Admiral Kelthorpe, down at Torquay, said them with a good deal of explosive quarter-deck language; Cousin Emily, in Cadogan Place, said them with the scandalized horror befitting a mid-Victorian survival; while Uncle John, the bishop, said them with an emphasis which would have made the clergy in his diocese quake—and didn't have the smallest effect on Camilla.

Nothing that any of her relations said affected Camilla much. Why should it? She was an orphan, sufficiently well-endowed, and independent of them all. And she was a dear girl really; they were all agreed upon that. It was only what the admiral described as her "infernal restlessness" that drove her into the undesirable adventures over which the family sent frantic wires summoning each other to fevered and helpless conclaves.

Lady Montravers, looking sideways and meditatively at her niece, passed Camilla's various delinquencies in swift mental review.

There was that never-to-be-forgotten time when Camilla joined a weird little community in Cornwall who professed some kind of erratic socialism, and wore extremely unbecoming clothes made in one piece. ("We must be thankful, I suppose, that they wear any," Cousin Emily had sighed on this occasion.) There was that other even more terrible time when Camilla elected to travel in the East with a well-known woman explorer who was famous for her political indiscretions; and a harassed official had packed them both home just in time to save a small international complication. And there had been many others. Restless, that's what Camilla was. Always looking for something that would give her the best that was to be got out of life and always missing it.

"No ballast," snorted the admiral.

"A serious purpose in life would be the saving of her," declared the bishop. And:

"A husband and babies are what Camilla wants," chorused the various aunts and cousins.

But this last, apparently, was just what Camilla didn't want. The aunts and cousins

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had matchmade strenuously to no purpose, and detrimentials and excellent *partis* had so far wooed her in vain; for Camilla had undoubtedly "a way with her." Yet Lady Montravers had begun to have a shrewd suspicion lately that Camilla's obstinate state of single blessedness was not due to that particular brand of sheer perverseness of which everyone accused her. On the other hand, one may certainly call it perverse of any young woman, in these days of a shortage of men, to set her incipient affections on something entirely out of reach; and that was what Lady Montravers strongly suspected Camilla of doing.

Various little straws had seemed to show her lately which way the wind was blowing. And now here she was electing to bury herself for a month or longer in the depths of the country, and to lead a simple and domesticated life, out of a sudden impulse—or so it seemed—of charity towards a friend whom hitherto she had certainly rather neglected.

"You'll be bored to tears in a week," her aunt warned her unsympathetically. "And you'll get thoroughly fagged trying to do the sort of work that you're not accustomed to. I shall expect to see you come back looking like a washed-out dishcloth, and grown utterly dull and bucolic as a result of the narrow life you've been leading."

"Darling Aunt Hermione!"

Camilla sat up and hugged her knees, thoroughly enjoying herself. "And I who humbly thought that any change in me would be an improvement!"

"Not this kind of change," said Lady Montravers firmly. "I grant that there's a great deal about you that I don't approve of, but I won't deny, my dear, that *so far*"—she emphasized the words trenchantly—"I've always found you agreeable to look at and amusing to listen to—"

"Not always," Camilla interrupted sweetly. "Surely it wasn't so long ago that you told me that 'the banal chatter of the modern girl'—she mimicked her ladyship's weighty tones with affectionate impertinence—"had neither the wit of the eighteenth century nor the decorum of the nineteenth; that our complexions were as blatant as our disregard for other people's comfort; and that since not one of us could hold a really intelligent person's attention for five minutes, it was a pity we were incapable of doing the next best thing and holding our tongues, even for five seconds.'"

"I'm glad you remember it so well," her

aunt said crisply. "To be strictly honest, I should perhaps have put most of that into quotation marks."

"Who said it?" Camilla's tone was idly curious. "A suburban critic in a Sunday paper and a Monday frame of mind?"

"No. Very smart, my dear, but not quite appropriate in this case," Lady Montravers answered. "I fancy that 'suburban' is hardly a word you could apply to a very eminent K.C."

Camilla pursed up her lips in a long, soft whistle.

"Oh-h! So it was Peter Rainham, was it?" she said, in a carefully amused voice. But her colour had risen, and it was only after a brief pause that she added: "He likes to do all the talking himself, I expect. It's bound to become a habit with these professional orators. Wouldn't it be awful to be married to a man like that?"

"It's not a calamity that's likely to overtake you, my dear," the older woman reassured her dryly. That flush hadn't escaped her, and she wasn't in the least taken in by Camilla's *dégagée* air. There were some instances, she decided, when it was obviously kind to be cruel, and this was one of them. If the silly child was cherishing an unrequited affection for that shining legal light, Sir Peter Rainham, it was much better that the hopelessness of it should be brought home to her before she made a fool of herself.

Sir Peter's indifference to women was well known. It amounted to politely suppressed dislike. He had been engaged once and jilted. The actual facts of the story had never become general property; but it was said that the breaking off of her engagement had not been the only wrong which the girl had done him. People who were reputed to be better informed on the subject than others had hinted at a betrayed confidence which had nearly ruined Peter Rainham's professional career. So it wasn't to be wondered at if women—particularly the type to which Camilla apparently belonged, irresponsible, frivolous butterflies—were ranked in his mind as social evils. When he was obliged to meet them he was invariably courteous and pleasant, but his very courtesy was almost an insult in many women's eyes; and he never permitted any feminine acquaintanceship to ripen into friendliness. He gave no woman the chance to get to close quarters with him, and so to deepen any fleeting impression which she might have made. For the rest, he was a

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brilliant successful man, with a sardonic sense of humour. Not good-looking, since it's very seldom that humour and brain and great force of character are accompanied by regular features or good looks of the stereotyped kind. He wasn't a big man, either, or imposing in physique; but he was never negligible, even when silent. He had only to enter a room in any company for his presence to be felt.

A living challenge, that was the light in which Rainham appeared to most women; but Camilla, so her aunt decided, must be firmly discouraged from wasting her time on anyone so unresponsive.

So she made a few more casual remarks on the subject of the great K.C., under which Camilla—if she really cherished the ambition of which her aunt suspected her—should have writhed inwardly. Outwardly she bore herself with a cool and smiling indifference, neither agreeing nor disagreeing with Lady Montravers' firm relegation of Sir Peter to the realms of confirmed bachelorhood.

"There's always hope for a woman where a man is concerned," the older woman observed, "if she can bring the forces of propinquity or of habit into play. But no woman gets that kind of a chance at Sir Peter Rainham; he's probably wise enough to realize its danger."

"And that in itself is a sign of weakness," remarked Camilla placidly.

To which her aunt responded with a brief snort which was equivalent to a duellist's *touché*, and Camilla changed the subject in haste while the honours of the encounter were still hers.

They were rather barren honours, nevertheless, and as she dressed for dinner that night in her big, luxurious bedroom at Montravers Hall she owned it ruefully.

Of course, she was being an utter fool. Aunt Hermione was a shrewd woman of the world; her dictums held the ring of authority and experience. If she were to grasp the true inwardness of her niece's scheme, as outlined this afternoon, she would disapprove of it even more strongly.

"Well, I've got a month still in which to change my mind," said Camilla to herself. Her visit to Elm Tree Cottage had been settled for July, and this was only the beginning of June. To change her mind. . . . But, good gracious, she couldn't, of course. For the moment she had forgotten Felicity. Whatever happened, Felicity mustn't be disappointed. No, she

had burned her boats; there could be no question of changing her mind. Camilla mentally shook herself for her cowardice; but a rather terrifying feeling of irrevocability had gripped her. The claims of a thing that *had* to be done, that couldn't be wriggled out of somehow, were new to her. She had cultivated to such a fine point the art of evading anything that she didn't want to do that it was an unpleasant experience for her to find herself actually bound down to anything really important that she had begun to feel qualms about.

Perhaps it was as a protest against this feeling—a sort of defiant assertion of herself and her right to change her mind—that halfway through her dressing she decided not to wear the frock that had been put out for her—an airy creation of rainbow chiffon and crystal beads.

When she had selected it she had forgotten for the moment that the chief guest to-night was to be the well-known portrait painter, Paul Vanderlee. Now, remembering it, she paid him the compliment of dressing to please his artistic eye in a shimmering gold tissue that draped her slim figure in softly classical lines, held in below the waist with a girdle of green and gold, from which heavy barbaric tassels swung as she walked. The pearl necklace which she had been wearing she put aside also in favour of a long thin chain of platinum, at the end of which hung a solitary emerald, plainly set as a pendant. Camilla's jewels had been heirlooms inherited from her mother's side of the family, and her aunt had often protested that they were out of keeping—far too valuable for a girl to wear. But Camilla, when she looked at herself in her long glass, was tranquilly pleased with her own reflection. The gold of her dress emphasized the lighter tints of her soft brown hair, and the green found a reflection in her hazel eyes, whose predominant colour varied from one moment to another.

Yet there had been no conscious vanity in her choice. It was just one of the things to which she owed a great deal of her success, an unerring instinct for the appropriate.

To-night's dinner party wasn't to be a big one. The vicar and his wife were the only outsiders besides the Gilrays and Vanderlee, who were staying with them. The latter were members of a little artistic colony which flourished on the outskirts of Montravers Park. Lawrence Gilray ran a summer school of art, and was well known as a clever painter of rural scenes, while

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his wife was a minor poetess. They were given to entertaining a good deal at the week-ends with a lavish Bohemian hospitality, utterly regardless of the incongruity of the people whom they brought together in haphazard fashion under their roof. Gilray himself was the sort of person who would ask a missionary bishop to meet an American "bootlegger" and not think twice about it; while his wife would probably reach the desert stage of dinner without realizing which was which.

Lord Montravers took the deepest interest in their house parties—the kind of interest which one takes in a neighbouring menagerie of wild beasts. He was conventional and English to his backbone—a bald-headed, full-blooded county magnate with a kind heart, an irascible temper and a genial contempt for anything that he didn't quite understand. Art was decidedly one of those things; art, that is, of the sort that most of the Gilrays' friends professed. But a man like Paul Vanderlee, successful portrait painter, was a different matter altogether. His work was a business proposition; and a fellow who could indulge a peculiar and messy hobby and make money over it at the same time was to be respected. Besides, Vanderlee was a foreigner, though Gilray had assured him that one would hardly know it; and foreigners weren't to be judged like ordinary men—for which, read Britons.

Everyone was already assembled in the drawing-room for dinner when Camilla came down. The house party itself only consisted of about half a dozen people, all more or less intimate friends, whom Lady Montravers had felt able to leave to their own devices that afternoon with a clear conscience; and Camilla's quick eye soon picked out the new-comers among them.

The vicar and his wife she knew already, also hawk-eyed, enthusiastic Lawrence Gilray and his dreamy little wife. It was the tall man standing by the fireplace, discussing the English climate with his hostess, who drew her attention at once.

She had heard a great deal about Paul Vanderlee during the last year or two. He had come rapidly to the front as a portrait painter whose undoubted cleverness seemed to atone in feminine eyes for a candour in the treatment of his subjects that was almost brutal. For he painted women chiefly.

The critics had acclaimed him as a master of his art, so that to be painted by Vanderlee was to be in the fashion. And if he didn't flatter his sitter, at least he made her

interesting. He had the knack of cleverly accentuating what might be only the merest suggestion of some dominant quality, until the individuality of the sitter stood out, for good or evil, as a far more potent thing than it really was.

Camilla had been curious to see what the man himself was like. She had seen several portraits which he had painted of her own friends, and had decided, with reluctant admission of their diabolical cleverness, that the man who had painted them must be hateful.

Yet her first impression of him now surprised her. She had expected something older, more cynical looking. The searching glance which he had bestowed on her at their introduction seemed to her at first like the stare of a child. He was a man of about thirty-five, very fair, with thick yellow hair that fell in a loose sweep across his forehead. His foreign extraction showed plainly both in the high cheekbones and the slightly thick-lipped mouth with upturned corners, stretched flatly across his teeth. It was, as she presently discovered, a face of marked contradictions. The clever, idealistic forehead, the eyes with their almost childlike audacity, and then the mouth, markedly sensual and at variance with the clean-cut lines of the jaw.

At dinner he sat between her and his hostess, and she was amused by his naive frankness of interest in everyone around him. On the whole she wasn't sure that she didn't prefer it to his equally frank interest in herself.

Camilla wasn't feeling any too well satisfied with herself to-day. Her *amour propre* had been jarred. To feel a worm in one's own eyes—the state of mind she had so forcibly described to Felicity—may be wholesome, but it is apt to leave an ultra-sensitiveness behind it; and she couldn't help wondering whether this man, who had so inevitably sensed the worst side in so many people whom she knew, had already laid an unerring finger on the weaknesses in her own character. She was quite sure that five minutes after their introduction he could have described every detail of her personal appearance, and it was clear that her choice of a dress had not been wasted on him. Before they had finished their soup he had asked her to sit for him. She shook her head in laughing denial.

"I'm not so fond of myself," she said, and for the moment meant it, "that I'd care to see myself perpetuated. And everyone

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seems to be of opinion, Mr. Vanderlee, that your work will live."

"Perhaps. But all the more reason that occasionally it should preserve a memory that is worth while." He spoke English almost perfectly, with a suggestion here and there of foreign phrasing. A Dutchman by birth, he had spent most of his life before he came to England in Paris. "As a fellow-artist you should appreciate that fact," he added.

"An artist?" She raised her eyebrows in amused query.

He bent forward, and with one long, supple finger lightly touched a jade bracelet above her wrist. Then his eyes travelled rapidly from the bracelet to her emerald pendant, and rested on it a second before they looked straight into hers.

"You understand colours," he said, and added appreciatively, in an almost caressing tone: "A study in green and gold."

Camilla smiled. She was accustomed to pretty speeches; but, oddly enough, though this one should have pleased her, she found herself resenting it a little. Words and glance had been imbued with a mingling of bold intimacy and of utter impersonality.

She had an unerring flair in these matters, being herself a curious mixture of the sensitive and of the woman of the world. There was highland blood in her on her mother's side, and her impressions, as a rule, went very much deeper than the surface, without her consciously realizing the extent of them. The artist's glance into her eyes had been, as it were, the privileged impertinence of a man who had made a study of women; but it didn't very much please her. That touch of impersonality about it deprived it of the excuse which makes a woman tolerate such glances. She had an idea that the green glint in her eyes was outweighed in his by the gleam of her emerald pendant. It was an unusually beautiful stone, and she was proud of its having been a royal gift to an ancestress. But an attractive and rather spoilt young woman is apt to feel slightly piqued when she reads into a man's glance an invidious comparison between her eyes and her jewels.

"Why bother to perpetuate what is clearly destined to burn?" she retorted idly. "It's generally understood that *les yeux verts vont aux enfers*, isn't it? Though I never quite know why that should be so. But green seems to be a colour with a bad reputation. This emerald of mine, now, that you were just looking at"—she would make

him understand quite plainly that she wasn't the kind of silly little fool to be taken in by his conventional flattery, and to abrogate to herself an interest which was really manifested in the emerald—"it was given by one of the Stuart Kings to a Jacobite ancestress of mine, who was supposed to have green eyes; and certainly, to judge by her history, I very much doubt if they proved a passport into heaven."

"May I look at it?"

She was perhaps a little chagrined as well as amused to see how easily he rose to her bait, dropping the personal note for the artist's appreciation of beauty in any form. He took the pendant at the end of its long chain, and turned it this way and that to catch the light in its depths. It glowed like a drop of liquid green flame.

"It's rare to find so large an emerald without a flaw," he observed as he handed it back, "and the depth of colour is also remarkable."

Camilla agreed. The stone, she admitted inwardly, was unique enough to put its wearer in the shade where a connoisseur of beauty was concerned; unless—unless that owner were a Felicity Dale, for example.

After dinner, in the drawing-room, she was reminded again of Felicity. Mrs. Gilray and the vicar's wife were discussing the inevitable servant problem with their hostess.

"So difficult to keep them down here in the country," Mrs. Gilray said. "They want their weekly dances these days, and their cinemas; they can't do without 'company.' But, of course, *you* don't have that trouble, Lady Montravers, with such a houseful of servants as you've got. They make company for each other."

"Oh, we've had difficulties, too," Lady Montravers told her consolingly. "The 'dole' is a terrible rival to domestic service, no matter how many you keep. Even butlers—you'd have fancied there'd never be any difficulty in filling a butler's place, because really good butlers can ask almost any wages. But after dear old Wilkins was pensioned off we had at least four complete inefficients in succession. Either no manners or no method. Thank goodness this new man whom we've got, Blaine, seems to be quite an acquisition."

The vicar's wife sighed enviously. She had the reputation of keeping her servants a shorter time than anyone in the neighbourhood. A very capable and energetic woman she was, with the almost irritatingly

## THE QUIVER

brisk manner of the house mistress who persistently "drives" her domestics, and ends by driving them away.

"Well, I only know that if I were a free agent I should think twice before settling in the country, as things are nowadays," she said. "I can't think how people manage to let their houses. Yet Frederick heard this afternoon that Barstead Grange is let at last after all these years—to a widow. Quite well off, I believe; but, all the same, she must be an optimist if she thinks the servant question is going to be a simple one at Barstead. It is really at the back of beyond."

"Barstead Grange let?" Lady Montravers exclaimed. "Why, we were over in that direction, calling on the Dales, this afternoon. They never said a word about it."

"I don't suppose they knew," Mrs. Ardmont said importantly. (A purveyor of news in a country district always feels important.) "It was the Barstead agent who told Frederick, and the lease was only signed a week ago, I believe."

"Really? Do you hear that, Camilla?" Lady Montravers raised her voice a little, but Camilla had not needed to have her attention drawn to the information. It wasn't news to her. When Felicity had mentioned Barstead Grange this afternoon she had been on the verge of telling her friend what this tiresome busy-body of a woman had just told Lady Montravers; but she had refrained out of a most unaccustomed feeling of self-consciousness.

"Yes, Aunt Hermione, I heard." To her aunt, at least, there was really no necessity to say *when* she had first heard it. But Mrs. Ardmont's next words, as she realized ruefully, made any further admission on her part quite superfluous, as far as that terribly perceptive mind of Lady Montravers was concerned.

"It's a Mrs. Rainham who has taken it," the good lady went on. "Her son is Rainham, the K.C., and Frederick gathered that we shall probably have the great man in our midst for most week-ends. They say he's very devoted to his mother."

Her tone suggested that such filial devotion on the part of a celebrity was both surprising and gratifying; and Lawrence Gilray was starting to make an amused comment on it, when a sudden shrill exclamation from the woman who was talking to Paul Vanderlee interrupted him.

She was an American, a rather distinguished-looking, middle-aged woman, who

had married a distant cousin of Lord Montravers, and who dressed with the expensive perfection of most rich Americans, although at the present moment she was wearing rather too much jewellery for a dinner party of moderate dimensions.

Her little cry of dismay drew attention now to the fact that the Montravers' new butler had inadvertently spilled some of the coffee he was pouring out for Vanderlee upon her dress.

Camilla's eyes, while she listened to her aunt's conversation with the other two women, had been absently fixed upon the little group. Lady Montravers' remarks about Blaine had drawn her attention to the man in an idly interested fashion. He was a typical specimen of his class—deferential, dignified and deft-handed. There was nothing that called for special notice about him except the fact that he had so satisfactorily replaced his invaluable predecessor, who had been a lifelong friend and servitor of the family. This upsetting of the coffee was a very surprising piece of clumsiness on his part.

The American, after her first exclamation, laughed it off and made light of it, but the hot liquid had certainly wrought havoc upon her ivory velvet and chiffon; and Blaine's abject contrition made Camilla, who was always kind-hearted, feel more sorry for him than for the lady, to whom, after all, the price of a new dress was a matter of little moment.

She also thought it very bad taste on the part of Vanderlee to take it upon himself to rebuke his host's servant, as he did, in lowered tones, but with incisive sharpness.

The luckless butler literally wilted under the artist's tone and glance, and Camilla decided there and then that she didn't like Vanderlee. His bad manners surprised her as much as Blaine's clumsiness had done; but whereas Vanderlee's lapse struck her as quite unpardonable, she had secretly been a little grateful to Blaine. The incident had taken place almost simultaneously with Mrs. Ardmont's mention of Sir Peter Rainham (it was as if the sound of the great man's name had actually caused the butler's hand to shake, as effectually as it had shaken Camilla out of her self-possession). But the little commotion which followed had diverted Lady Montravers' attention from her niece and the light which Mrs. Ardmont's news had shed upon this afternoon's proceedings, and Camilla had been thankful.

The respite, however, was only temporary.





"'I must ask you to accept my apologies, my dear,' Lady Montravers said to her niece"—p. 556  
1820

Drawn by  
J. Dewar Mills

## THE QUIVER

as she discovered when the Gilrays and the Ardmonds had departed that night, taking with them Paul Vanderlee, together with a very vague promise from Camilla that some day—some time—she would sit for her portrait to him. "Portrait of an emerald pendant and a lady," so she mentally described it, with an ironical reversion of the usual order of such titles. The rest of the house party had retired to rest, when Lady Montravers billowed majestically into her niece's room, as Camilla sat in her dressing-gown brushing out her bronze-gold mop of silky hair.

Her aunt's first words were ironical.

"I must ask you to accept my apologies, my dear," she said. "When I accused you this afternoon of philanthropy I hadn't quite grasped the situation."

Camilla flushed scarlet under the falling veil of her hair, as she shook it vigorously forward over her face.

"I am ready to offer you my best wishes for the success of your experiment," her aunt continued inexorably. "Also, later, it is to be hoped, my congratulations. Propinquity, as I recently pointed out to you—"

Camilla interrupted, goaded into explaining herself hastily, while all the time she thoroughly realized that a dignified and passive indifference would have been her best defence.

"Yes, it's an experiment," she admitted. "But only an experiment, please, Aunt Hermione. To test the effects of propinquity doesn't necessarily entail taking full advantage of the consequences."

"H'm." Lady Montravers sniffed, unconvinced. "You're not leaving anything to chance, at least, my dear. You've eliminated a possibly dangerous rival very neatly—vai-ry neatly indeed. I wonder whether your friend Felicity, when she also grasps

the position, will be so grateful to you, after all, for your kind invitation to London."

"Oh!" Camilla put down her tortoiseshell hairbrush with sudden and genuine consternation. "I *never* thought of that! Believe me or not as you please, Aunt Hermione, but such an idea never entered my head."

"Yet it might be Felicity's one chance of meeting an eligible man in that dead and alive hole," Lady Montravers pursued her point unsparingly. "Mrs. Rainham might take a fancy to her—propinquity again. . . ."

"Ah, no!" Camilla protested earnestly. "And if I'd dreamt for one moment . . . but I'm *sure* the Rainhams won't be any use to Felicity as neighbours. Mrs. Rainham likes so few people; everybody knows that. She's fond of me, I think, simply because I'm my father's daughter, and she had a sentimental affection for the dear old parent in the old days. Besides, she says frankly that what she calls my 'impertinent adventurousness' amuses her. But Felicity would never do silly, impossible things that amuse and shock people like Mrs. Rainham. She's beautiful, she's a darling, she's worth ten of me. But there's nothing adventurous about Felicity."

She was quite sure that she was right, and in her heart Lady Montravers agreed with her.

Felicity herself, lying awake that night, gazing up at the slanting beams that traversed her many-angled ceiling, and weaving rapturous castles in the air about her visit to London, would have agreed, too. She wanted to live, to see, to enjoy; but she had no idea whatever of being really adventurous. Which showed, in the light of after events, how strangely wrong everyone can be when they speculate on that most unreliable of all things, human psychology.

(To be continued)

## "The World is Too Much with Us"

By  
William H. Hayne

"The world is too much with us." Night and day  
No time have we to pause beside the way,  
Where roadside flowers in tender beauty bloom,  
Or violets veil the dust above the tomb.

"The world is too much with us," yet, if we  
Linked earnest effort to high purity,  
Then we would cease through sordid care to grope,  
And see, at times, the shy, sweet face of Hope.

"The world is too much with us." Pelf and sin,  
The stress of self and earth's tumultuous din,  
The ceaseless probing into things unknown  
Eat through our lives as acids through a stone.

# The Birds of a Sussex Garden

## by H. THOBURN-CLARKE

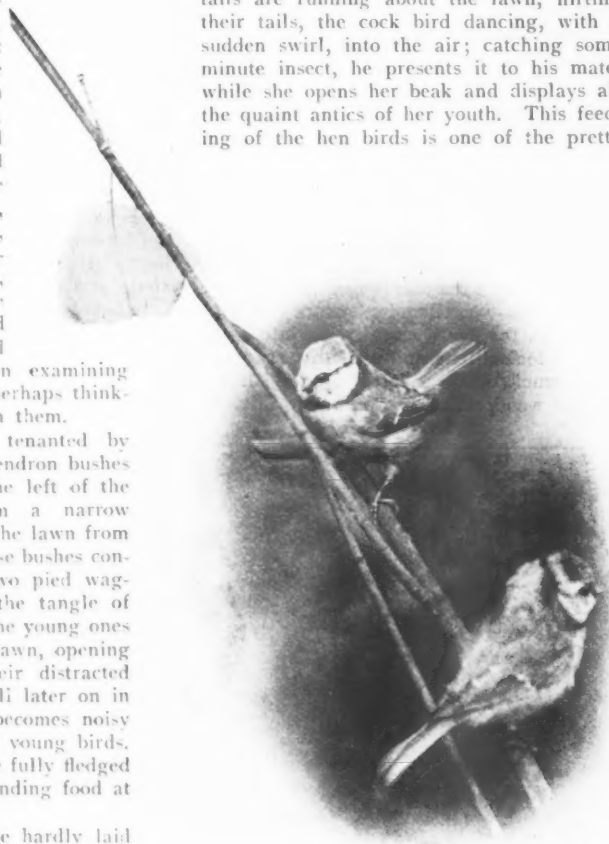
(With photographs by M. H. Crawford)

THE garden is a secluded one, shut in as it were with a frame of woodland trees. Great oaks stud the mossy lawns, and slim firs and larches struggle for existence with ancient chestnuts and cedars. Everything is much overgrown, nothing cut back or pruned unless it threatens to encroach upon the paths or drives. Even the wide lawns, that are mown frequently, are ancient and filled with small but deep holes. These have been bored by the many thrushes and blackbirds who use the lawns as feeding-grounds, and run from hole to hole, seeking worms and probing deeply with their bills, in a hurry for fear some other bird should demand a share. Even the spotted woodpecker may be seen examining the depths of the holes, perhaps thinking that ants may lurk in them.

The lawn is always tenanted by birds. Two huge rhododendron bushes grow to the right and the left of the lawn, and behind them a narrow gravelled path separates the lawn from the meadow beyond. These bushes contain numerous nests. Two pied wagtails have built among the tangle of roots and branches, and the young ones run hurriedly about the lawn, opening clamorous mouths to their distracted parents. But it is not till later on in the year that the lawn becomes noisy with the peevish cries of young birds. It is funny to watch these fully fledged but lazy youngsters demanding food at all times and seasons.

But as yet the eggs are hardly laid in the nests. Ardent love-making is the order of the day. The love-

making of birds is a pretty sight, for even the birds that pair for life woo their mates most gallantly in the spring-time. Some are shy and elusive with their love affairs, while others are extremely demonstrative and do not care who sees them. Just now the pied wagtails are running about the lawn, flirting their tails, the cock bird dancing, with a sudden swirl, into the air; catching some minute insect, he presents it to his mate, while she opens her beak and displays all the quaint antics of her youth. This feeding of the hen birds is one of the pretty



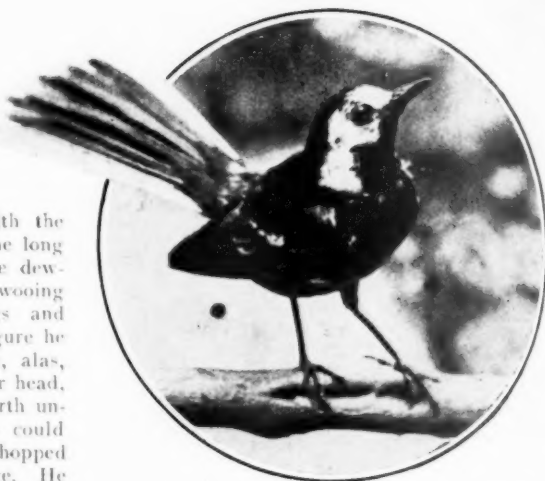
A pair of blue tits

## THE QUIVER

attentions that the bird lover always pays to his lady-love.

One rarely catches the song thrush love-making, and few know what a wonderful figure he cuts when he puffs himself out and looks three times his normal size. Only this morning, looking out over the lawn, with the sun rising over the tree tops, the long lines of light falling across the dew-laden grass, I saw a thrush wooing his love, with spreading wings and fluffed-out feathers. A brave figure he was in his spotted dress. She, alas, was coquettish, turning away her head, pretending to investigate the earth under the tall tulips. But one could see her sidelong glances as she hopped about with an air of indifference. He strutted between her and the tulips, but she became suddenly interested in something else. The pretty comedy was interrupted by another thrush, who evidently considered himself certain of securing the fair one's love. She, however, thought differently and, spreading her wings, flew off with her lover to a big barberry bush, while the intruder, much annoyed, vanished in the opposite direction.

A ringing tap! tap! made me look in the direction of the oak grove. Has anyone noticed the ventriloquist nature of bird sounds in the early morning or late evening? I looked long and earnestly, scanning every trunk, until at last I saw the lesser spotted woodpecker at work. He climbed



A pied wagtail, taken during an interval in his love-making antics

slowly up the tree, tapping and listening, until he heard the insect underneath the bark. Then this was torn away, the insect caught and captured. I watched him quartering every inch of that tree trunk. Ascending high up until lost to sight amid the leaves, then, flying down, he once more began at the bottom, repeating the process again and again.

I should think this garden is the one most beloved by the cuckoos. They begin their calling as soon as the grey dawn breaks, and they keep it up until many members of the household declare at breakfast that they haven't been able to sleep for the noise! But nightingales do not come into the garden, although they can be heard at the bottom of the meadow night after night. So it is impossible to say which one hears first in the spring — the nightingale or the cuckoo.

Strange to say, although I have looked many times, I have



The extraordinarily pretty, gaily-coloured little goldfinch, who comes up after the thistles

## THE BIRDS OF A SUSSEX GARDEN

never been able to find any cuckoos' eggs in any of the nests in the garden, though on the common, about a mile away, young cuckoos are frequently to be seen. Tit-larks are there, the foster-parents of the young parasites. Several flycatchers, common hosts for cuckoo nestlings, have nested for years in the wistaria and magnolia that cover one side of the house, while hedge sparrows are to be found nesting all over the garden, but no cuckoos lay their eggs in the nests of these birds. Perhaps all the cuckoos we hear are the tit-lark cuckoos, who do not care to use the nests of any other birds.

The flycatchers have once more appeared, but there is as yet no sign of nest-building. Every tall stake and dead branch, however, appears to be occupied by a flycatcher, who darts from his vantage point to seize a midge or a



Long-tailed tit and nest, which is lined with hundreds of feathers



An albino flycatcher from a nest among the magnolia branches

fly, and then instantly returns to his perch. Last year an albino flycatcher was hatched out in the nest built among the magnolia leaves, and was often seen flying about the garden. He was a wan, white, misty-looking flycatcher as he perched upon the dead branch of an apple-tree and darted after midges in the twilight. He was the very ghost of a bird. Although I have anxiously looked for his return this spring, there has been no sign of him. In all my experience of albino birds that migrate I have never known one to return the following year. Unfortunately anyone who sees an albino seeks to kill it, so that there is really very little chance for one to survive. With non-migratory birds the case is different. I have seen pied and white blackbirds year after year in the same district. Sad to say, there is—or was—in the museum of Reading a complete nestful of young blackbird nestlings, every one of them white. All were slain, alas! to form a museum.

## THE QUIVER

This garden has never sheltered an albino—or pied—blackbird, although these birds in their normal feathering are extremely plentiful. In the early morning a dozen or more will hunt energetically for worms in the holes they have bored in the lawn, while thrushes are to be seen in great numbers. Their nests are in course of construction now in every bush or tree; in many of them eggs or nestlings are to be found. The missel thrush is also to be found in numbers building in the fir and yew trees. His song has filled the stormy days of winter with melody, and, now that his young ones are almost ready to leave the nest, he spends his time in scolding all and sundry who venture within his sight.

Birds have a distinct sense of possession, and the rights of territory are very clearly marked. The lawns and front garden are the property of the blackbirds, thrushes, wagtails, turtle doves and a few robins. Starlings come at times, so do the sparrows, but the rest of the abundant bird life is to be found at the side of the house along the terrace walk and in the kitchen garden. Tits are very conservative. They belong to the kitchen garden, or perhaps I should say the kitchen garden belongs to them. They are to be found in every corner of it, while all the nesting sites in the tall wall, against which the peaches and apricots are trained, are fully occupied.

One hears the strident notes of the great tit's spring song in every direction. These great tits are busy among the fruit blossoms,



Starlings sing in the front garden sometimes

hunting for insects and tiny green caterpillars that feed upon the tender leaves of the fruit trees. The gardener accuses the tits of destroying the peas and fruit buds, but as they only attack the buds that contain grubs, which would injure the fruit later on, we ought to consider them valuable friends.

The tits are certainly the acrobats of the bird world, and are intensely active. Always busy, always on the move, they are extremely amusing. Sometimes, when a sprinkling drizzle falls, one may see the great tit enjoying a bath. He loves to sprawl, with wings outspread, upon a rose bush, turning first one side and then the other to the raindrops. All the time the very greyness of the day seems to make him more jewel-like than ever. The tiny blue tit does not bathe in the same way, but it loves to throw itself into the air, curling over in a circle, and displaying all its beauty of colouring. Seen against a stormy sky, or against the dense darkness of a pine, it



A fully fledged cock sparrow asking for food



## THE BIRDS OF A SUSSEX GARDEN



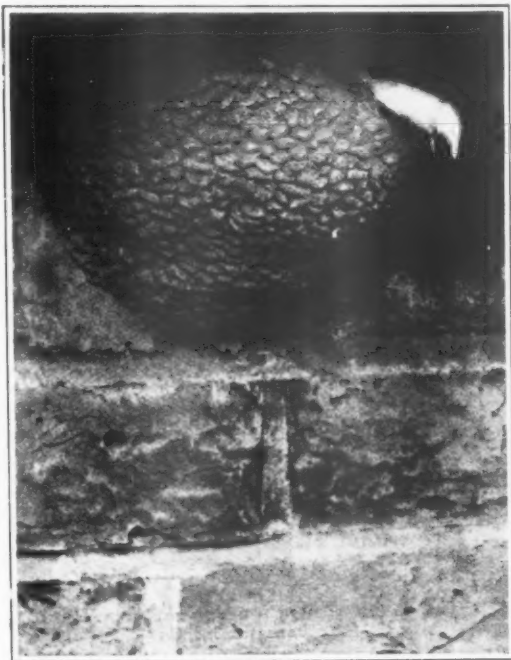
A nest of one of the numerous robins

resembles some small precious stone.

It takes a lot to drive tits from a nesting site. A friend had an avenue of trees sheltering the drive that led up to the house. Being an ardent bird lover, she had a nesting-box securely fastened to every tree-trunk. These boxes did not prove as attractive as she had hoped, and only one pair of great tits took possession of one solitary nesting-box. Unfortunately, they selected one on a very old, hollow tree, and, just when the baby tits were half fledged, a tremendous gale blew down the tree and hurled the nesting-box and its contents far and wide. An errand boy coming up to the house picked up the baby tits, and told of the accident when he reached the kitchen. My friend, dreadfully distressed, gathered up the poor mites and hurried to the scene of the disaster. The box was too much broken to be of any use, and two extremely angry great tits were scolding wildly from the fallen tree. My friend felt helpless, but, taking the scattered nesting material that was lying amid the

ruins of the great tits' home, she placed it in the nesting-box on the next tree. Scooping a sort of hollow in this, she placed the baby tits in the new nest, shut the door, and awaited events. Suddenly the mother tit, after a final bout of scolding, flew to the new home and peeped in. Evidently satisfied, she entered, and the male bird soon followed. They had adopted the fresh box and all was well. Strange to say, all the baby tits survived, and lived to grow up and fly off out into the wide world around their home.

Although the long-tailed tits are to be seen flitting from tree to tree in their dainty, undulating way, I had, till a short time ago, never found a nest, and had decided that they never built anywhere within the garden precincts. Judge, then, my surprise when, a little while ago, I saw a long-tailed tit carrying some nesting material in its beak. Close watching was necessary, for the dainty little tit was extremely wary and had no intention of allowing me to find her nest if she could help it. Gazing at me with her



One of the housemartins and its nest

## THE QUIVER

bright little eyes, she would drop the nesting material, and I was certain I saw an impudent expression in the way she flew off. A day or two later, as I watched, I saw her again carrying nesting material, and I finally ran her to earth building in a tangle of bramble and hazel close under the hedge, about four feet from the ground. Alas, I was fated to see only the completion of the nest, for some marauding boys crept through the hedge, tore it down, and strewed the ground with the hundreds of feathers that are used in the making of the long-tailed tit's nest. It is, however, an ill wind that does no one good. The sparrows descended in dozens and carried off the feathers in triumph.

The birds that nest in the terrace walk are many. The goldfinch dearly loves the depths of the sturdy yews and other shrubs, but they are shy, elusive birds in the spring. In the autumn, however, they are constantly to be seen flying in twos and threes among the plants of the herbaceous border, seeking seeds and such things. Then, too, they visit the meadow and eat the seeds of the tall thistles that the mower has left intact under the trees. The chaffinch nests in the terrace, and is far from shy, allowing one



Long-tailed tit, one of the daintiest birds in the garden

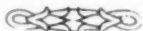
to come quite close to her and her wonderfully neat little nest.

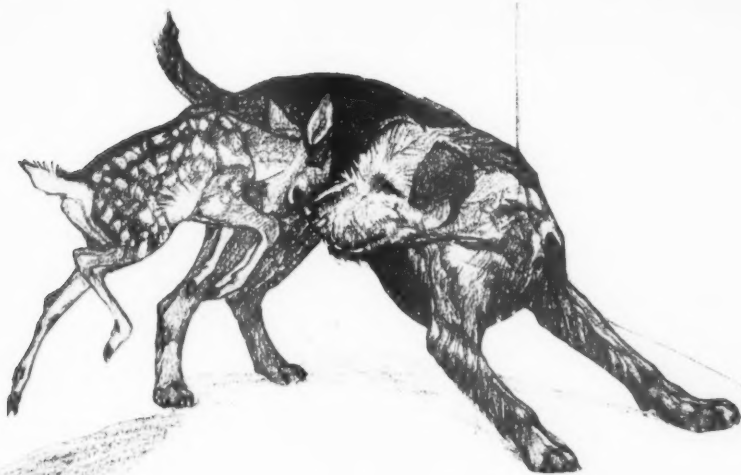
As I look across the garden I can see the turtle doves strutting and preening themselves. There are sixteen of them on the gravel path at the end of the lawn. Here is a robin coming pertly in at my window, demanding a share of my morning bread and butter. Picking up a crumb, he is off with it, and I know that his mate is waiting somewhere for his return, for, like the little red-breasted gentleman that he is, he shares all good things with his mate, who is nesting amid the budding roses that cover the veranda. Then a bullfinch flashes down upon the long, straggling stem of a rose bush, looking around for some food. He is a rare visitor, but he comes sometimes. I have never seen his nest, which no doubt is built in a wood not far away.

The sun slants more brightly over the lawn. The martins wheel and skim lower and lower, eager to catch the many insects that are waking into active life. Sparrows chirp on the eaves, and one fully fledged cock sparrow protests that he is frightfully hungry. Everything is alive and awake. The air is quivering with the vibrant notes of bird song, and is scented with the perfume of flowers. For spring is here!



The lesser spotted woodpecker tapping the bark for insects





WARWICK  
REYNOLDS

"He would butt old Bran, the Airedale, in the ribs, then scamper off, shaking his dainty head"—p. 564

Drawn by  
Warwick Reynolds

# Son of His Father

By

## H. Mortimer Batten

THE dogs were out with the governess and the children when they found the roe-deer in the birch wood. Why she did not turn and bolt was at first a mystery, for she could have lost them easily about her entanglement of runways through the thickets; but, instead, she tried to fight them off—an ambitious move, since an Airedale, a fox terrier, and an Aberdeen were concerned, all well bred and well fed, and out for a lark. They drove her back to the river margin, where the fight first came in view, and those who witnessed it were not likely to forget it. The dogs were in deadly earnest, and the doe was defending her life—something, indeed, which she held dearer. Time and again she knocked them back, but the Airedale was too strong for her, though she could probably have

managed him but for the other two. Edged between the rocks, she used her forehoofs with lightning quickness, but it was clearly a one-sided fight. The little boy seized a stick and began to scramble over the rocks in the hope of driving the dogs away, but so fierce was the encounter that the governess dare not let him, which, as things turned out, was fortunate.

Suddenly, above the tumult, there sounded a sharp "yap-yap" from the other side of the road, and a moment later a second roe leapt into view—the buck. He paused in the centre of the road and looked defiantly at the children, his big eyes very wide, his short, sharp horns upflung and ready for action. Then he glanced towards the river where the gravel was flying, while his lady did her best to keep the death-fight open;

## THE QUIVER

but, even as he looked, the doe fell to her knees, and the Airedale closed.

With another terrier-like yap, the buck leapt the intervening rocks, and his arrival cleared the air like the bursting of a hand grenade. Small he was, but quick as a weasel, and his short, forked horns were terrible stabbing weapons. The Airedale was discouraged in the twinkling of an eye, and the other two scattered. The doe staggered up, then she made a desperate leap for a single boulder out in the river.

It was a typical Highland river, swollen to-day from recent rains, and clearly that leap was the doe's last hope. Round the boulder the amber-coloured surge was racing, and not forty yards below there was a fall of twenty feet into a narrow, rocky gorge, filled with spray and the multitudinous rumble of heavy waters. The doe gained the boulder, but she was dazed and exhausted. They saw her struggle for a foothold on the wet and slippery moss; but, slowly, surely, she began to slide, and before their very eyes she was engulfed and borne away—over the brink and down, into the fern-draped doom of the gorge.

Meantime the dogs had returned to their human companions, the Airedale limping painfully, the other two badly scared; but the infuriated buck followed them. He began to crash up and down in the thicket, grunting and threatening to come out and finish the fight in spite of the humans; and the young lady experienced an uncomfortable five minutes till they reached the end of the wood.

A little farther on they came to the forester's cottage, and finding the man at home they described what had happened. He did not appear to be very deeply moved, for he had no special love for the roe-deer, which each year cost the estate a goodly sum in the way of young timber destroyed; but he promised the children that he would go along and see.

Evidently the forester did not go till some hours later, for it was near sundown when he arrived at the castle, carrying in his arms a tiny roe-deer fawn. This, then, explained matters.

"I found him under a windfall, where the dogs put up the doe," he explained, "and as he's too young to feed himself, I thought I'd bring him along. He'll make a bonny wee pet for the children."

They asked the man if he had seen the father, at which he nodded. "He was crashing round in the timber," he said, "and I

thought once or twice he was going to show fight. That was partly why I brought the fawn away—the buck might have injured someone on the road after dark."

But of the mother there was no news, nor was there ever likely to be.



Of all dainty children of the woods, the roe-deer is the daintiest and the most fairy-like, and this one was given over to the care of the castle children, whose hearts he won when first they met him. A calf stall was fixed up for him in the stable at the Home farm, while meantime the dogs found themselves in dire disgrace for having ruthlessly murdered the little creature's mother.

At first the fawn's instincts were to lie quite still, half hidden in his plenteous bed of straw; but before long he would leap up to meet the children when he heard them, just as he would have leapt up on his own mother's approach. He was still so small that the little girl of three could carry him about, his legs no thicker than a lead pencil, while the mottled markings, which he would lose in later life, gave a quiet distinction to his otherwise drab coat. Fed on new milk, a little and often, he soon began to thrive, and he was not long content to remain in the stuffy outhouse. Thus, in a few days, one of the prettiest spectacles might have been witnessed in the castle grounds—the mottled fawn playing with his little human companions, much as a terrier puppy might have played with them.

So, befriended by man, the deadliest enemy of his kind, and secure at man's threshold from the dogs which are a part of the human menace, the roe-deer fawn was growing up with no sense of fear at all. He would butt old Bran, the Airedale, in the ribs, then scamper off, shaking his dainty head; and since old Bran was big and dignified, he came in for more than his share of the fawn's playful impudence. A velvet collar, adorned with a silver bell, was hung about the little animal's neck, and many were the tourists in that quiet glen who paused to watch the children leading a scottled fawn through the village street during their daily constitutional to the post office or elsewhere. Even the local market town came to know him, for there he was taken many times in the back of the family car, and it was owing to one of these visits that his record comes to be written.

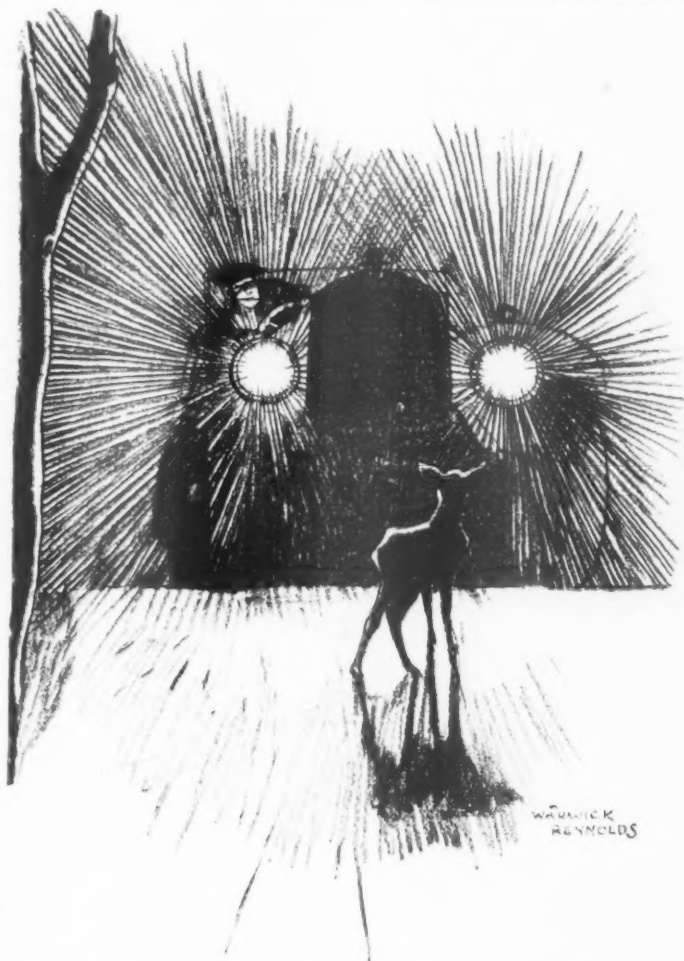
The fawn still regarded the calf stall as his own special quarters, and thither he

## SON OF HIS FATHER

would hie when the dogs decided on an organized fawn hunt, or when the midday heat tried him. He would leap lightly over the low barrier to stretch himself in his sweet straw bed, and since he came and went at will, it was customary to leave the door open. Among the farm hands he was a general favourite, and even among the dumb inmates of the steading he counted many friends. He would raise his small, wet nose to exchange friendly sniffs with the old brood mare; he was never absent from the cow shed at milking time; he came and went as he chose among the pigs and the bullocks, for the barriers which marked their prescribed boundaries were no barriers to him. With the farm cats he was on the best of terms, and one old tabby chose his stall as the birth-place of her kittens, and there, while the fawn came and went, she nursed them in a corner. The fowls he regarded as a joke, and nothing suited him better than to wait till the whole company was assembled in a compact mass at feeding time; then he would charge full speed through the centre of them, so that the air became thick with feathers and cackling, indignant egg-producers. Above all, the fawn loved motor-

ing and the rush of the hill air in his face, and doubtless it was this fondness, coupled with his fearlessness, which led to the incident which almost cost him his life.

The laird possessed a penchant for sporting cars, and among his choicest possessions in this line was a small white two-seater reserved for his own use. The drive from the entrance gates to the castle was straight and smooth, and since it carried no traffic, he was in the habit of "letting her rip" once the lodge gates were closed behind him. One night he was returning later than usual, when, a hundred yards from the



"He was startled to see the fawn leap into the centre of the way and stand there fearlessly"

Drawn by  
Warwick Reynolds

house, he was startled to see the fawn leap into the centre of the way and stand there fearlessly, its big eyes reflecting the lamp-light. There was a grinding of brakes and

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a skidding of wheels, but to avoid actual contact was impossible. The car struck the fawn and passed over him, pulling up a few feet beyond, whereupon the driver quickly dismounted and looked under the vehicle, expecting to find his children's playmate lying dead and mangled; but of the roe-deer there was no sign.

Later the laird went round to the steading to see if the fawn was in his stall; but he was not there, and the next day and the next brought no news of him. The children searched despondently, high and low; but their familiar call failed to bring their little playmate from the shadows.

"I'm afraid it is always so when you take a creature which rightly belongs to the woods into your keeping," said the laird. "Invariably it meets a tragic end, and, no doubt, the poor little beast crept away and died somewhere in hiding."

In part he was right, for after the accident the fawn did indeed creep away and hide. Not to his own familiar stall—no! That was where the wild beast in his veins came out. Had he been man's property by nature, he would have returned to man now in the hour of his need; but, being wild, he chose to be utterly alone. He went down to the big swamp above which the castle stood, and for three days he hid among the rushes and the twisted alders.

But the weather was hot, and insect pests filled the air, and it was really the latter which drove him out to seek at last man's aid. The family was at breakfast when they saw the fawn standing at the French windows, patting with a dainty polished forehoof for admission, as was his wont; but it was a wan and wasted little beast that looked in, for he was tottering with hunger, and down his right flank skin and hair had been removed by contact with the motor-car.

The old cattleman was a skilled and kindly vet, and ere many days were gone he had the fawn once more frisking merrily; but there was this difference—the little animal had learnt fear. His motoring days were ended, for at the sound of a petrol engine, he would ricochet off and remain out of sight till the car was gone. Previously he had loved to scamper round the motor mower, and to thrust his nose deeply into the bruised, cut grass; but now he regarded even the mower as a personal offence. He extended his antipathy even to delivery vans and the tradesmen who drove them, and he never failed to deliver a

spirited butt upon the legs of butcher or baker busy in conversation with the cook.



One day the fawn really distinguished himself, and in the presence of royal company. Not that that company was specially welcome at the castle; indeed, the visit was a purely diplomatic one, for the social standing of the laird was sufficiently high to embrace certain foreign obligations. So the much over-dressed party of visitors was to see over the house and round the grounds, and a certain dignified lady, whose bulk was in proportion with her standing, was taken by the son of the house into the stable to see the pet fawn. There the little animal was, peacefully curled up in innocent repose, and there after due admiration, they left him; but, ere the great lady was through the door he was up and out. What the honourable company beheld was a very stout and over-dressed lady hastening in a series of spasmodic jerks across the cobbled yard, each jerk inspired by a spirited butt from the rearguard by the little buck. Worst of all, the small son of the house appeared to be waving his hat and cheering lustily, for which conduct he was subsequently quite unable to account.

So the fawn lived his life of fun and plenty, and his accident left no scars until his horns began to grow. The first year there were just two upright switches, but the one on the injured side grew twisted and deformed, and the laird knew that so long as he lived he would thus bear the record of his encounter with the car. Not on his flesh, no; but each year the horn that side would carry its unchanging print, though each year the buck would shed his horns and grow them anew, as is the way of his kind.



The young buck was altered a little—not only in looks but in manners. He had lost the mottled markings of his baby days, save for a trace about his neck; and though he still loved human company, he would no longer allow himself to be touched. He would take a dainty from a lady's fingers during garden tea as daintily as ever; but if anyone tried to stroke him, he would lower his head and side-step out of reach. He would follow the children about the grounds, but he never played with them, which was perhaps just as well, since his budding horns were now dangerous weapons.



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One thing was noticeable—rather, it was not specially noticeable, though it chanced to be noticed—he would have no dealings whatever with old Bran the Airedale. It was just as though the fawn's wild kindred, with whom he was sometimes seen at the grassy margin of the swamp, had told him Bran's story, for Bran and the young-buck were rarely seen within hailing distance of each other. If Bran appeared across the lawn, the fawn would simply saunter off. If Bran were accompanying the children, one thing was certain—that they would see nothing of the fosterling. Sometimes now he disappeared for days on end, and often in the woods the keeper heard the tinkle of his bell as he made off, for though in the castle grounds he was still the "tame" fawn, in the woods he was as wild as any of his wild kindred.

When winter came again, with its driving chill and its days of northland wind, the caretaker often saw two roe-deer about the lawns and the terraces, the one a familiar figure, the other a little doe, who came at first wild-eyed and fearful, but who, following her mate, soon paid no heed to the gardeners and others about the estate. Thus, for her, as for him, that winter, which brought their big cousins, the red deer, trailing hungrily down from the heights to seek the friendly levels—for them that winter brought no terrors; but when spring came and the family returned, the two were gone. And they knew that they were gone for all time.



In yet another the touch of autumn had brought about a change—old Bran the Airedale. He was growing long in the tooth, and with his increasing years he was falling on evil ways. He preferred the village ash-pits to an honest meal, his coat lost its lustre, he had taken to hunting the woods on his own, so that the keepers promised him a charge of shot when a quiet opportunity occurred, and among the shepherds there were whispers of sheep worrying in the dark places at dead of night. Yet somehow old Bran, a friendless dog beyond the castle grounds, managed cleverly to hide his tracks, and that spring many a hill

vixen paid with her life for blood she had not spilt.

One day in June the forester—he who had brought the tiny mottled fawn to the castle that evening—heard a crashing in the undergrowth high up in the steep wood on the mountain face above the grounds. A wonderful wood it was, rich in ferns and mosses and flowers and graceful birch trees, and as the man climbed up through the wilderness, he still heard above the savage crashing the occasional yap of a roe-deer. He knew that something out of the ordinary was happening up there, and soon he found his way barred by a low cliff from the bracken-grown terraces above which the sounds came. Then, as he set his feet to mount, there was a crash immediately above, and a dark, unrecognizable outline burst into view at the very brink. It came on and over, spinning through space, to strike the leaves almost at his feet with sickening force—something, two things, interlocked in what was clearly the grip of death.

Silence followed. The things at his feet were very still. So intermingled were they that recognition was still impossible; but as he stooped, he saw and understood. The one was a roe buck, the other an Airedale terrier. Still as the leaves they lay, and well they might, for the roe deer was doubled up below, twisted and crumpled by the fall. As for the dog—he clearly would rise no more, for two dagger points had found their mark, and thus interlocked, held inexorably together, they had met their fate.

The woodsman took the two limp bodies up and tried to free them, but for a time he could not, though when at length he did so, yet another understanding came to him. He had lived all his life in the great woods, and he knew the strangeness of their stories.

"Son of your father!" he said aloud, addressing the roe buck, which still lay limply at his feet, for he saw that the right horn was twisted and deformed.

Still the forester wondered—wondered in what other way the two stories were interlinked; so he climbed to the terrace above the cliff, and there, hidden in the bracken, he found a tiny mottled fawn.



# CAROLINE WHITEHALL

by  
*F. J. Hudleston*

**T**HIS is not a lady's name, though I think it would make an excellent one for an official, or semi-official, Government office heroine. If I were writing, or rather re-writing, as it has been so often done before, a "Loss of the Secret Treaty" kind of story, Caroline Whitehall should certainly play a prominent part in it. In stories, officials are always so dreadfully careless about Secret Treaties. They leave them lying about casually on tables, mixed up with invitations from duchesses, muffins, and tea-cups, and then something generally happens rather like this: A street musician suddenly appears in the courtyard—the scene is, of course, the Ministry of Ultramarine Affairs—and bursts into some strange Balkanic or Bulgarian melody, such as *Si! No habe banana!* The hero, the Hon. Percival Posh, an amateur of music, rushes to the window to drink in the wild, exotic strains, and carelessly to cast silver, or even Treasury notes, to the performer, and when he returns to his writing-table the Secret Treaty is, naturally, no longer there. Percival rings the bell sharply. An aged messenger appears and salutes stiffly. "Have you seen a Secret Treaty?" "No, sir; but Baron Boko said he could not wait any longer." Merciful heaven! Baron Boko, the international spy! Who never goes anywhere, not even on the Tube, except in a special train! There is a turmoil. The Hon. Percival loses his head. Everybody loses his head. The office is full of lost heads. And then Caroline Whitehall—I am not sure if she is Percival's *fiancée*, or the official char-lady: both, perhaps, the latter, of course, being a disguise—finds the Treaty in the wastepaper basket, or under the muffin-dish, where, naturally, not even the Head of the Secret Police has thought of looking for it. General rejoicing, Britannia continues to rule the waves, and Percival and Caroline, as bridegroom and bride, sail to govern

some remote isle, where he will probably make a shocking mess of everything.

But I am not writing a story, but propose to give a brief account of Whitehall and its ruler *temp.* (as the guide-books say) Charles II—hence Caroline. I sometimes fancy that there is a slight look of astonishment on the face of that fine statue, Charles I, at Charing Cross. This is probably due to the fact that the Whitehall which he is contemplating bears no resemblance whatever to the Whitehall of the days of the Stuarts. It was then a large palace which stretched from Cannon Row—once corrupted into Channel Row, but now bearing its right name—up to what is now called Great Scotland Yard, immediately opposite the Admiralty. This got its name from the fact that the Kings of Scotland were lodged there when they visited London. On the west the palace of Whitehall was bounded by St. James's Park, on the east by the Thames. In the old days Thames-side was a long line of palaces from "that large and goodly house called Somerset House" to York Place, so called from the Archbishop of York, whose dwelling it was until the little trouble between Henry VIII and Cardinal Wolsey.

Whitehall Palace was what Dr. Johnson would have called "a congeries of edifices," and it had need to be so. It accommodated the King, the Queen, the Prince Rupert, the Duke of Monmouth, all the great officers of state, and a number of friends of both sexes of his Majesty. Moreover, there were what the modern house agent calls "the usual conveniences," such as, so Pennant the antiquary tells us, "kitchens, cellars, pantries, cyder-house, bakehouse, wash-yards, coal-yards, and slaughter houses." There was, moreover, a Banqueting House: it was from the roof of this—rather like Mr. Winkle on the roof of Mr. Pott's house—that Mr. Pepys saw Charles II and his Portuguese bride arrive by barge and land

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at the Palace in August, 1662. The garrulous Samuel, as usual, had an eye for the ladies, and was much struck by Lady Castlemaine and "one booted and spurred that she talked along with: and by and by, she being in her haire, she put on his hat, which was but an ordinary one, to keep the wind off. But it became her mightily, as everything else do." Amongst other amenities, there was the Privy Garden where Whitehall Gardens now stand. Here, in the same year, Mr. Pepys saw, and, as he says himself, it did him good, "the finest smocks and linen petticoats of my Lady Castlemaine." The Privy Garden led to the Bowling Green: Charles II had several sundials erected in these gardens, one of which, when the casual stranger was getting the hour by it, would, by an ingenious mechanical device, spout water over him. This must have been a constant joy to Charles.

For there is no gainsaying the fact that he was a merry monarch, and more often than not his merriment was of a somewhat unseemly kind. But it must be remembered that he admirably performed many of the duties of what Mr. Gerard, the United States ambassador to Berlin, in 1914 called "this King business." In his continental exile he had, perhaps, acquired the lax morals of the Continent; but, also, as a set-off, the pleasant agreeable manners which have won the French the reputation of being the most polite people in the world. We must not forget that his mother belonged to that volatile nation. With the possible exception of Edward VII, we have never had a more affable monarch than

Charles II. Always at ease himself, he set others also quickly at their ease. Even his reprimands were delightfully tactful: when the stubborn old Quaker kept his hat on, Charles doffed his. It is true he took bribes from France and sold Dunkirk; but he established a Council of Trade and a Council of Foreign Plantations, which were the ancestors of the Board of Trade as we know it. He neither drank nor gambled in an age when both were fashionable vices, and when great ladies like Lady Castlemaine would lose £25,000 at a sitting. He gave patents to two theatres—the King's and the Duke's—and was a generous patron of the drama: a drama which, it is true, would give a modern censor of plays a series of fits.

He appreciated the merits of Sir Christopher Wren and Grinling Gibbons, collected pictures, was a constant reader of "Hudibras,"



"The King was so affable and delighted to see the petitioner that the latter would go away as happy as if he had obtained the post he craved"—p. 570

and founded the Royal Society. For, like his cousin Rupert, or any modern side schoolboy, he was very fond of messing about with chemicals, and had a special laboratory for this purpose erected in Whitehall. He was also, according to Pepys, "fond of seeing dissections."

Whitehall was the most polite court in

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Europe. The King held daily levées, went in state to prayers, and kept open court. He was far more accessible than the solid, stodgy Hanoverians; any one of the style of gentleman who wanted to could generally get an audience with him. Perhaps they did not get what they wanted; but the King was so affable and delighted to see the petitioner that the latter would go away as happy as if he had obtained the post he craved.

In those days all patronage was in the hands of the King; it was not until the Hanoverians came over that it became the perquisite of the minister. Even those common folk, the "newswriters," would be admitted to the galleries at Whitehall so that the world in general might learn how the King looked and how he enjoyed himself. He touched 92,000 of his subjects for the King's Evil, and, in modern slang, he probably "touched" a good many of them for money, for it went through his hands like water through a sieve.

His court was as light-hearted and merry as he. Pepys made a special note of "the mad freaks the mayds of honour at the Court do have," and observed with interest Mrs. Jennings, who "dressed herself up like an orange wench and went up and down and cried 'Oranges—oranges, sweet China oranges,'" as the old London street-cry used to have it.

The poor were not forgotten. Hundreds of gallons of beer were given them weekly at the Buttery Bar, and all the broken meat and bread was gathered into baskets and distributed by two Yeomen of the Almonry, and there was plenty of it, as Whitehall was always feasting.

Though Charles attended prayers in state, sermons bored him: in the seventeenth century the preacher measured the merit of his discourse by its length. We must remember, however, that when the King came into his own again and landed at Dover, and was presented by its mayor with a Bible, he said "it was the thing he loved above all things in the world."

He was, as I think this anecdote shows, more of a courtier than any of those who formed his court. Yet, he was not a humbug, for once, writing to his sister, whom he dearly loved, he very frankly said: "We have the same disease of sermons that you complain of; but I hope you have the same convenience the rest of the family has of sleeping out most of the time, which is a

great ease to those who are bound to hear them."

The court followed the King's example. On one occasion Dr. South, preaching at Whitehall, observed that all his hearers were asleep: the Doctor certainly earned preferment in the Church by waking up only Lord Lauderdale with the words: "My lord, I am sorry to interrupt your repose, but I must beg you will not snore so loud lest you awaken His Majesty."

As for the ladies of the court, we all know what they looked like from Lely's portraits of them, and I think most of us have a sneaking fondness for Nell Gwyn, for she was, as Dryden described her in an epilogue, which she spoke herself, "A harmless little devil." The legend that she founded Chelsea Hospital is not true; but the mere fact that there was such a legend and that it persisted so long shows that it was just the sort of thing which this kind-hearted creature would have done. She was, as Mme. de Sevigné heard reported of her, "Very good company, and has no nonsense about her."

In 1691 the Palace of Whitehall was seriously damaged by fire "through the negligence of a maidservant," and in 1697 "the carelessness of a laundress" finished the work: in both cases, probably, some royal cat got the blame. Only the Banqueting Hall escaped destruction: it was from a window of this building that Charles I stepped on to the scaffold. Probably many people have often passed the Royal United Service Institution without realizing that they were passing one of the most historic scenes in London.

But the rest of Whitehall has altered sadly. There are now—why should I not say alas!—no tennis courts, no bowling greens, no sundials, no smocks, no petticoats, no cockpits, no Small Beer Buttery Hatches for the benefit and edification of the clerks in the Government offices. Nor are there in these somewhat severe buildings any secret back staircases for pretty ladies or their ghosts to flit up late at night. Which, perhaps, is as well, for the resident clerks in the offices are, I believe, mostly serious folk, who, if such phantoms were to appear and "state the nature of their business," would, I fear, view the saucy apparitions "with grave disapproval."

But if I were a resident clerk, I should very much like to see the ghost of Pretty Nelly.

# The Heroic Coward

by  
DOROTHY B. UPSON

THE wind howled and moaned, increasing in fury as the minutes passed, till it became a raging hurricane that seemed as if it would tear the thatched roof off the little cottage, or even sweep the cottage away.

Inside a girl crouched over the kitchen grate, her fingers stuffed in her ears as though she would shut out the sound of the tempest without.

Since a small child she had hated and feared the wind, had felt helpless in the teeth of its fury. Added to the crying of the wind was the booming of the sea, lashed into big waves that broke on to the roadway but a hundred yards away from the cottage.

Alone in the cottage, frightened and helpless, her own terrors were as nothing compared with the terror she felt for her man, John Seaton, who was somewhere out on that merciless sea, exposed to the fury of the storm.

She rose; she would go and seek the company of her mother-in-law, known to everyone in the little hamlet of Prawlton as "Granny Seaton." How Granny and the other women of Prawlton would laugh at her if they knew she was frightened of the wind; how they would scorn her as a "foreigner." For she was London born and bred, and knew nothing of the ways of the sea, and did not spring from the good red Devon soil as they did.

Bang! What was that? She started. What was that noise that rose sharp and clear above the racket of the tempest? A gun! She remembered that Granny Seaton had told her that the lifeboatmen were warned of a wreck by the firing of a gun.

Hastily she put on an old son's wester belonging to her husband and tied a woollen scarf round her head. She staggered out into the square, leaning against the wind with all her weight, buffeted and almost thrown off her feet by its violence.

In the summer time this square was

the haunt of artists and visitors from all parts of England. It was of the red earth of Devon, edged by a paving of rough cobblestones.

On three sides of it stood thatched cottages, with white-washed walls; on the fourth side was an orchard, in front of which was a rough wooden bench where the fishermen took their nets to mend of an evening and put the crab and lobster pots to dry. Flowering shrubs and creepers bloomed round the little porched doorways; ducks and geese, dogs and cats, and even goats wandered round the square, chased and harried by the children.

Truly an earthly paradise, a place to delight an artist, peaceful and quiet. Yet no rose is without a thorn, and Prawlton had many thorns: the cruel rocks and irregular jagged coastline that lay just beyond the tiny bay, away to the west were the moving sands that silted up at Barr Island.

Many a tale had the fishermen of Prawlton to tell of wrecks and of the old-time smuggling days, when Ralph the Red had his headquarters in the caves at the foot of Prawlton Head.

Small though the hamlet was, it had a lifeboat, and every able-bodied young man belonged to its crew. Indeed, so small was its population that even the old men had to help with the launching of the boat, and oftentimes the women had to lend a hand.

As Mary Seaton struggled across the square, she could see the doors of the cottages open and men hurrying out and making for the beach. When she reached Granny Seaton's cottage the door opened and young Jim Seaton stepped out, his mother by his side.

Her hawk-like old face looked grim and determined in the light that shone from the cottage window. She had one boy on the sea to-night, another was going out in the lifeboat; but she knew it was no time for weeping and wailing, she had work to do.

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Granny was the unofficial doctor of the village. She had a medicine chest comprehensive enough to deal with most of the ills of this healthy race of Devonians.

The nearest doctor lived six miles away—six miles of steep and narrow lanes that were not good for his motor-tyres or his temper. So Granny Seaton was the chief medical authority, and many a half-drowned man had been brought back to life by her efforts.

"That you, Mary lass?" Granny shouted, her words coming in irregular jerks as they were caught and distorted by the wind. "Come 'long Jim and me to see the lifeboat launched."

Mary longed to refuse, but dared not, fearing Granny's scorn. The people hereabouts were kind enough to her, but she had yet to prove her mettle.

All the inhabitants, save the bedridden and the children, were making their way down to the seashore, a silent, anxious, little crowd. The noise of the waves was deafening as they boomed right up on the roadway; the wind carried the spray in a cold, stinging mist that hurt and tingled.

"Where be the wreck?" Jim Seaton asked, shouting at the top of his voice.

"Out to Barr Island," a voice roared.

"We'll never make Barr Island in this weather," came another voice.

"Cox'n woa'n't let un try if he doan't think 'tis safe," said old Job Pengelly.

Owing to failing health, Job had been forced to resign from the lifeboat crew last year, at the age of sixty-nine; but he formed one of the launching crew, and his work was arduous enough for a man of his years.

They turned a corner in the road, and the wind was so strong here that they walked with difficulty. Mary hesitated.

"What is't?" Granny Seaton asked impatiently.

"The—the wind!" Mary faltered; her heart failed her.

"Aye, 'tis pretty rough; hold on to me and Jim. . . ." Granny Seaton held out her hand.

Crouched up by the lifeboat-house wall, the women watched the men put on their oilskins and their cork jackets; the man was at the windlass; the head of the launching party was giving final orders in a hoarse shout. The crew climbed up into the boat, a signal was given, and it began to move slowly; already it seemed as if the waves would engulf it before it was halfway down the slip.

Somewhere in the little crowd a woman gave a convulsive sob; had she set eyes on her boy's face for the last time?

"Now we'd best be getting things ready, 'gainst their returning," Granny Seaton said, as the lifeboat disappeared in the blackness.

She knew from experience that action was best for these anxious women. Who knew but that the population of their little village would have increased to double or treble its usual number before morning? They were used to putting up shipwrecked strangers, and must make every preparation.

So the women went back to their cottages to stoke up their fires and to put blankets and rugs to warm and to make hot drinks. Granny Seaton got out her medicine chest and packed some restoratives in a leather satchel, ready to go her rounds.

Mary was making up the fire and putting the blankets to warm.

"I have some soup at home; shall I go and fetch it and bring it here, Granny?" she asked.

"Aye, lass, and we'll make some hot coffee, too," Granny Seaton said.

She nodded her old head sagely as the girl went out.

"She were fair scared o' the wind; reckon they don't get winds like that up to London; but she's got pluck, for all that."

It was not long before their preparations were made, and now there was nothing to do but to wait.

There came a hammering on the door; a moment later and a woman staggered in. It was Ann Jarvis, who had a cottage that used to belong to the coastguard, high up on the cliff.

Ann was breathless and wellnigh exhausted by her fight with the wind. Granny Seaton took her by the shoulders and put her into a chair, then gave her a drop of warm soup.

"Drink it!" she said.

Ann did as she was bidden. "Oh! Granny Seaton," she gasped at last, "there's a ship on the rocks, down to Prawltown Point, under the cliff."

"Art sure, Ann?" Granny Seaton demanded.

"I were looking out of the window when I see a flare, then another, then another; seems to me they're burning a regular bonfire to attract attention. . . ."

Granny Seaton's face looked haggard and drawn—two wrecks in one night, and the



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lifeboat out on the sea, going in the opposite direction!

Furthermore, she knew, and this she had carefully concealed from her daughter-in-law, that her eldest boy John's boat was passing along this very coast to-night.

"We'd best go and see the rocket-men and see what they say about un," Granny Seaton said at length. "You stop and rest here, Ann."

"No, I be coming, too; they'll never get the rocket apparatus up the cliff on a night like this. The wind up there is something crool. I had to journey on my hands and knees, or I'd been blowed over the cliff." She held out her hands and showed the mudstains on them in proof.

Mary Seaton shuddered. Yet, when the two older women went, she went with them. Perhaps she dreaded being alone, perhaps a feeling of shame urged her to go.

The three women clung together as they went towards the shed where the rocket apparatus was kept. Here they found four men gathered.

Ann Jarvis repeated her story; some of the launching party came up to see what they were talking about.

"Were the ship near inland?" Caleb Jones, the head of the rocket party, asked.

"Yes, right under the cliff," Ann Jarvis said.

"Near enough to fire a rocket across her?" Caleb demanded.

"Yes," Ann Jarvis replied.

"Nothing can be done; you won't get the apparatus up the cliff to-night," old Job Pengelly said. "Specially wi' only four o' you."

"We could help," Granny Seaton said stoutly.

"You'll never get it up the cliff," Job repeated doggedly.

"Is there no other way to get there?" Mary asked timidly.

"O' course there is!" Old Job slapped his leg. "You could go right up the lane as fur as Marston Farm, and then go across Marston Down to the top o' the cliff, that way."

Caleb Jones immediately set to work. He went and took a neighbour's horse, without asking that neighbour's permission, and harnessed it to the apparatus.

"The horse can draw un as far as Marston Farm; we'll leave horse there and take the rocket the rest of the way ourselves."

It would be three miles' journey in all; three miles that would be as twenty with the

furious wind, the darkness, and the rough road.

Granny Seaton hurried into her cottage and brought out some restoratives in a bag; she also took two old blankets. Other women appeared out of the darkness, some armed with bottles of hot tea wrapped in sacking, others with blankets and wraps.

The launching party went back to their vigil; they must not leave their posts till the lifeboat was safely stored in its house. Launching the boat in a high sea was difficult enough, but it was more difficult to bring it safely ashore again.

The gallant little party struggled up the narrow lane, somewhat protected from the fury of the wind by the high banks on either side of them. Caleb Jones carried a big electric torch and led the way, the rest following that faint glimmer.

There were ten of them in all: four men and six women; a very small band to cope with the arduous duty before them.

At last Marston Farm was reached, and now there was another half-mile of hard going over the springy turf. The rocket apparatus was not heavy, but the wind and the darkness and the uneven ground added to their difficulties.

Caleb Jones unharnessed the horse and tied it up in the shelter of an old cowshed; then determinedly they braced themselves to the task before them.

The big acetylene flare-lamp, with its generator, was carried by two of the men; the other two men and the women pulled and pushed the rocket apparatus.

It was a mad enterprise; none of them were certain that the ship was even within firing distance; it was easy for Ann Jarvis to have misjudged the distance. Perhaps it would prove to be too close inshore. But they were doing the only thing possible; they knew they must leave no stone unturned.

As they neared the top of the cliff the wind was so strong it almost lifted them off their feet. Now they must go carefully, for the ground was very uneven, with small rocks cropping up here and there through the smooth turf.

"Halt!" Caleb Jones shouted suddenly. The little band, panting and breathless, stopped, yet still clung to the rocket apparatus, for fear of being blown over.

Down in the valley the wind had been fierce and strong, but up here on the cliff it was like pandemonium let loose. Caleb Jones stood on a small rock to prospect,

## THE QUIVER

when the wind caught him and blew him over as if he had been a baby.

In a moment he was up again; but Mary Seaton shuddered. Oh! this was awful! She wanted to cry out with fear, to run and run until she found some shelter from this pitiless wind, some hole in the earth where she could dig herself in.

Suddenly Caleb shouted out: "There un be, right down there!"

Alas! the ship was too far away, no rocket would reach it; they could not take the apparatus any further, the rocks were too jagged and too plentiful hereabouts.

They could see the signal light on the doomed ship; it died down. Something must be done!

"Shall we try to take un further?" Caleb shouted.

To a man and woman they shouted: "Aye!"

How they managed the superhuman task none could tell. Desperation often lends supernatural power to the weakest man or woman. Pushing, pulling, tugging, jolting, they slowly moved the apparatus across the top of the cliff.

Now the land sloped down a little and they must beware lest it should get out of their control. Again they stopped. They were within shooting distance now, but they were too high up on the cliff; the lifeline would be too perpendicular.

It was hopeless!

A faint glare burnt up on the ship.

"Get the flare light ready, signal we are coming to help!" shouted Caleb. He had decided to take a mad risk.

They would take the rocket partway down the cliff; it sloped steeply for some way before it dropped down sheer to the sea.

In that howling wind it was difficult to light the flare lamp; but the two men managed it and soon the message was being flashed out. It was immediately answered by a brilliant flare from the ship below.

Now they started on their perilous journey. At any moment the rocket apparatus might gain speed and hurl them all over the top of the cliff. Caleb Jones took a large piece of rock in his hand and blocked the wheels every few yards, while two of the men hung on to the spokes on each side.

At last they were down; the men with the flare had caught them up.

"Now signal that a rocket is coming," Caleb commanded.

He blocked the wheels with two fair-sized rocks; then, after a moment's delay, he fired the rocket. They waited, but there was no answering tug on the cord.

"Reckon that didn't reach there," one of the men said.

Again a rocket was fired. This time it evidently reached the target, for there came a pulling on the cord. It was hauled until the heavy rope that carried the cradle was told out.

"I'll go down in the cradle," Caleb said stoutly, "just to make sure everything's all right."

He waited and peered into the darkness; a flare went up from the ship, a signal that they had made the rope fast to the mast. Now Caleb went on his perilous journey. He got into the cradle and disappeared into the darkness.

The women, crouching together, watched eagerly. Minutes passed and still there was no signal from the ship. They strained their eyes in the dense blackness till little mirage-like spots seemed to dance before them, mocking them.

At last there was a flare. Caleb had arrived; he was safe. Eagerly they waited for the return of the cradle. In the dense blackness they could see nothing; they could only strain their eyes and their ears and wait.

A shout went up from the men. Granny Seaton rose to her feet, to be immediately knocked down by the wind. Ann Jarvis helped her up, and, crawling on hands and knees, they went up to where, in the light of the flare-lamp, they could see a man being helped from the cradle.

He was half frozen with the cold and only semi-conscious. He was in his socks, a pair of trousers, and a shirt; no coat or waistcoat.

Granny Seaton put her arm round him; she and Ann Jarvis laid him down on the ground and wrapped him in a rug. Granny was soon busy giving him brandy and chafing his frozen limbs. At last a little life seemed to come to him.

"They're frozen—frozen!" he gasped. "Worse'n me. . . . Capen's unconscious . . . want help . . ." He lapsed into unconsciousness.

"I'll go down and see to un," Granny Seaton said. She drew her old figure up stoutly, as though defying the wind to knock her down.

"No, Granny; you're too old," Ann Jarvis said.

## THE HEROIC COWARD



"Granny Seaton was at her side in a moment  
'Tis John, my man!' Mary cried"—p. 576

*Drawn by  
Arch Webb*

"Too old! I'd like to see the young woman as 'ud do what I can!" Granny said fiercely.

The men tried to stop her. They knew that they could not be spared; if anyone went down to the ship, it would have to be a woman.

"I'll go down!" she repeated doggedly.

"Will—will you want help?" Mary asked timidly. She held her breath, waiting for the answer; how she hoped and prayed that the answer would be "No!"

Granny Seaton paused a moment. "Yes, my lass; will you come and help on, too?" she asked, her words seeming to shrink in Mary's ears as the wind carried them.

"Yes!" Mary said.

"I'll go first," Granny said.

Mary felt she would faint. How could she go down in that light, flimsy-looking cradle on that swaying rope, down to the darkness below? She could not, dare not!

"Are you frightened, lass?" Ann Jarvis asked.

"No," Mary replied stoutly; yet she knew that she was sick with fear.

The cradle returned with another half-dead man. He was lifted out and Mary was helped in.

She shut her eyes and gripped the sides of the cradle tightly, her senses swimming.

An eternity passed, or so it seemed to her. In after-life she had only to shut her eyes to feel that mad rush through space, the wind howling and tearing at her like a wild animal waiting to devour her.

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Half dazed, she heard old Granny Seaton's voice: "Here she be!" The old dame helped her out on to the slippery, sloping deck.

"Half men be unconscious with the cold!" she screamed in Mary's ear. "Caleb be looking for un and gathering un all together here. Come on, lass; there's work to do and plenty."

The men had all discarded their heavy garments. Evidently they had given themselves up for lost and had made up their minds that when the ship finally founlered, they must endeavour to swim for the shore.

The boat was firmly on the rocks; but every big wave that came sent a shuddering jar through her and it was only a matter of an hour or two before she was dashed to pieces.

Some of the men were worse than the others. They found that two were conscious enough to be sent up in the cradle; they went, one at a time.

The others Granny Seaton worked on, rubbing them, giving them brandy, bringing them back to some semblance of life. It was a perilous enough journey up the face of the cliff for a conscious man; for an unconscious one it was wellnigh impossible.

Mary worked hard, forgetting her fears. They worked hard and silently. Now ten men had been sent up to safety. It had required herculean efforts to get them into the cradle, but somehow the three of them had accomplished it.

Mary was bending over the eleventh man, who lay huddled up, firmly gripping a rope, his wandering senses convincing him that he was safe so long as he held this rope.

She bent over him and began almost beating back life into his body. She felt his face—it was cold. She started. Surely there was something familiar about it?

"Granny, bring the torch!" she shrieked at the top of her voice.

Granny Seaton was at her side in a moment.

"'Tis John, my man!" Mary cried, and flung her arms round him. All her fears, her terrors were gone now; she worked like one possessed.

John Seaton came back to partial consciousness. He was conscious enough to grip the side of the cradle when they put him into it, just as he had gripped the piece of rope.

A wild joy came to Mary; she gripped Granny Seaton's hand fiercely.

"Lass, 'tis worth it, worth all the struggle to save un, isn't it?" Granny shouted jubilantly.

"Yes, thank God!" Mary shouted.

She worked with redoubled energy, till at last all were safely off the fast-sinking ship. Twenty-one souls in all had been saved by the gallant little band.

Exhausted, yet triumphant, Mary returned to safety. Quite a crowd had gathered here by now, the flares having attracted attention for miles round.

Kindly hands helped Mary up the cliff. She was wellnigh fainting now. Old Granny Seaton had given in at last and was being carried by two stalwart farm labourers.

"Put me down!" she said faintly, as they bore her away. "I can walk." But they only laughed at her and carried her home.

The whole village was awake; fires were burning on every hearth; every cottage was open to the shipwrecked men.

The lifeboat had returned but half an hour since, having rescued ten men from a small cargo boat; so the village had enough to occupy its attention for the whole night.

Mary was taken to her own little cottage, and there on the sofa lay her man—her John.

"Mary—lass," he said feebly, "I dreamed that I saw you on the wrecked ship; you seemed to be very near me——"

"And so she was!" came a voice as old Granny Seaton, exhausted, yet trying to appear brisk and determined as of old, staggered into the room.

"Mary went down the cliff and rescued you," she said.

"And so did you, Granny. I shouldn't have gone but for you," Mary said truthfully.

"Her be like one o' us—a real, true Devonshire lass!" old Job Pengelly said from the doorway—and this was highest praise!

"Her be best lass in the world—her be my lass!" John Seaton murmured drowsily as he sank back on the sofa already half-asleep, his hand in Mary's.

Mary sat looking into the fire—no one would ever know what a real coward she was at heart. She took no praise to herself for her action; she told herself she was a coward—yet, surely, a heroic coward!

# The Revolt of the Daughters

Where is it Going to End?

By

A Woman of To-day

*How far is this a picture of the Modern Girl? It is written by one of my most respected contributors, who, evidently, feels deeply on the subject. Is her picture a true one?*

EACH generation is confronted by its own special and particular brand of problem; but it is no mere figure of speech to assert that an unusually large number — economic, international, social and religious — have uprisen, hydra-headed, in the present day.

Never before, perhaps, since the early days of Christianity has Society been menaced from so many various quarters, nor the foundations of home life threatened to the same extent. We have grown accustomed to referring anything abnormal, perplexing, or unaccountable to post-war conditions; but the soldier's philosophic explanation, "*C'est la guerre*," no longer suffices for well-nigh broken-hearted parents, to whom the disposition of Mosul or Mesopotamia seems of small moment compared with the tragedy of the revolt of the daughters.

In the estimation of many mothers with whom I have discussed the matter the most amazing phenomenon of to-day is the inexplicable change which has taken place in the attitude of their dearly-loved daughters to life in general, and to those who gave them birth in particular.

They could find it in their hearts to make excuses for sons who had seen service in the Great War drifting away from the parental moorings; but the defection of their young daughters, whose mentality baffles and puzzles them sadly, is something which they cannot understand, and they ask each other piteously: "Where is it all going to end?"

The trouble is not by any means confined to one class of Society. One is up against it in the slums (where the young people hive off from the home as soon as possible and live with their "pals" in stuffy back rooms), in the villa homes of the middle class, and in the mansions of the aristocracy. I heard only recently of the youthful heir to one of the wealthiest dukes in the kingdom whose one idea of pleasure in the "Long Vac" was to slip out of the

house surreptitiously after dinner, taking with him his two younger sisters, to the local cinema, where the best seats cost 8d., and where fish and chips in screws of greasy newspaper were bought and consumed during the interval.

There is neither book nor newspaper to be seen in the home, and the only amusement is the grinding strains of Jazz records on the gramophone.

## Victorian Methods

Bewildered grandmothers and mothers, remembering their own sheltered, carefully-chaperoned girlhood, and the oft-times sweet and ideal relationships of mother and daughter, contrast their own placid experiences with those of the present day and are aghast at the liberty, if not licence, which modern youth does not merely demand, but takes for granted as its birthright.

Those women of a bygone generation — "back numbers," in the slangy parlance of to-day — however, consciously or unconsciously, overlook the fact that they, in their turn, were also regarded as renegade and labelled "The Modern Girl" and "The Girl of the Period," and their individual innovations were frowned upon, if not actually forbidden. The young woman of the 'eighties who dared to ride in a hansom was terribly fast; her younger sisters, who mounted bicycles, smoked an occasional cigarette, or took part in suffragette meetings and processions, were frightfully immodest. They were criticized as adversely as the flapper, with her abbreviated skirt, low neck, sleeveless frock, and shingled hair; but the boot is now on the other foot, since these same *fin-de-siècle* maidens are the mothers of this generation!

There is nothing at all shocking in any of these peccadilloes, and honestly one cannot trace any connexion between their defiance of strait-laced conventions and the laxity of moral principle to-day, unless it

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is, that rebelling against the over-strict repressions of an age in which parents were wont to isolate themselves in an atmosphere of cold, unapproachable idols, they have overthrown that fetish and exalted the day of the child, to whom everything is subservient.

The pendulum swung then to the other extreme and has not yet regained its true balance. Edwardian parents, who bore the yoke in their youth and were subject to parental authority if not autocracy, are conscious now that the rule of their youngsters is no less arbitrary.

Their own authority is set at naught, their expressions of opinion on almost any topic are pooh-poohed or peremptorily choked off as not worth listening to, and any attempts to coax, cajole—let alone reform—are looked upon with the amused contempt or sorely-tried patience with which their own mutinous conduct was exasperatingly treated by their elders.

### Wherein They Differ

The rôle of censor is a new one for me, and not at all congenial; but I am genuinely concerned at the state of affairs. I am neither prudish nor strait laced, neither am I contending that all daughters are difficult or defiant, and alienated from their best friend—their mother—because such a statement would be quite untrue. I grant that the majority of the girls in our homes to-day are just as sweet and lovable as their predecessors, and possess many admirable qualities; but there is a minority whose line of conduct is entirely different from what would have been tolerated even fifteen years ago.

One rarely saw girls and women smoking then; at least, outside their own rooms. Up to that period, in a wide circle of friends and acquaintances of all classes, I personally only knew two who occasionally indulged in a cigarette, and such an experience was by no means unique outside of London.

It would have been considered almost unthinkable that cigarette smoking should have become so excessive, and that girls should smoke in restaurants, trains, taxis, at dances, and even in the open air, as I noticed one amongst the shopping crowds in Regent Street only last week. Cocktails were unheard of, and in the average middle-class home, wines, liqueurs, and whiskies were regarded—and in great moderation and on very special occasions—as the pre-

rogative of elderly and ailing seniors, for the most part.

### An Insidious Vice

Equally unknown was the reprehensible vice of swearing, which has insidiously crept into ordinary conversation. It is an offence against decency in the estimation of those, other than Quakers, who were brought up on the Scriptural injunction: "Swear not at all." Profanity almost inevitably leads to vulgarity in talk, and the big, big D's, which are so common and yet so unnatural and unmusical on the lips of a pretty girl, are usually associated with wholly irreverent invocations of the Deity on the slightest pretext, or on no provocation whatever. One wonders, when they express themselves in these terms over trifles, what language will be used when they find themselves involved in a crisis in life.

These exclamations, picked up during the War from soldier brothers and friends, mean as little as the string of strange oaths with which the Tommies embellished their speech when describing some terrible experience. Through constant repetition, swearing has degenerated into a very bad and unpleasing habit, to say the least of it, and it is also having its evil effects on the children of to-day. I was shocked to hear a sweet childie of less than three exclaim: "My God, what's that?"; and it was all the more sad when I realized that she had but acquired it from her very young and modern parents.

Reverence for parents and teachers, to a very great extent, has gone by the board. What would have been thought, some time ago, had the vicar's daughter, calling with her mother on a parishioner, remarked: "You mustn't mind Mummy, Mrs. S., for she is the worst-mannered woman I ever met?"

### Young Iconoclasts

"'Tis true, and pity 'tis 'tis true," but many of the young women of this generation have become iconoclasts, and have boldly reversed all the family traditions. They are frankly pagan in their over-emphasis of the worth of the material things of life. Their chief aim is to have a good time at any cost, and they are prepared to pay the price. Their twin gods are Self and Pleasure, and nothing must be allowed to interfere with their worship of these. Old before their time, hard as only youth



## THE REVOLT OF THE DAUGHTERS

can be, independent, impatient of restraints or control, their slogan is: "Let us eat, drink, dance, and be merry. Life is short, and we are only young once." They flatter themselves that this is the cry of ultra-modernity; whereas it is as old as the hills, and but the echoes of the voice of the fool, who said in his heart "There is no God."

They regard the Bible as obsolete (they will tell you that they have no use for it), its truths have been riddled by the shot of Higher Criticism, hell is but a mediæval superstition, heaven a myth, and an after-life extremely problematic. And this, mind you, in households where the parents have sought to be true to the vows they undertook at their children's baptism!

### Turning Their Back on Church-going

Was it the family rule to attend church solemnly and regularly every Sunday, then they equally solemnly turn their back on church-going. The Day of Rest has been turned into a Day of Pleasure entirely—an extension of time in which they shall play tennis, or go motoring or dancing.

One broad-minded clergyman last summer instituted special early-morning services for tennis players, so that presumably the claims of God and of His worship need not interfere with their game!

One has only to glance casually at the columns of any Sunday newspaper and read the various advertisements of Sunday luncheons, dinners, dances, concerts, and entertainments to realize the change which has taken place in this respect since the war.

Lots of the girls of to-day are frankly ashamed of their parents and do not take their friends and admirers home because "Mother" has such old-fashioned ways and does not dress well, and "Father" puts the young men through a strict cross-examination as to their attainments, etc.

### Unselfish Parents

The unselfish spirit which prompted parents to practise plain living and high thinking in order that their children should be better equipped for the battle of life than they were was admirable, and was displayed in countless homes throughout the country; but in many instances it has begotten a corresponding amount of selfishness on the part of their children, who fail to recognize that these hard working parents of theirs have done any more than their duty.

Not, perhaps, until they are parents themselves do they bethink themselves of: "How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child."

Another matter which is occasioning mothers supreme concern is the growing custom of girls going off with their sweet-hearts to hotels and boarding-houses to spend holidays and week-ends together. Their relationships may be perfectly pure and good; but, in face of the modern disregard of the conventions, if not morality, there is a grave danger. Once upon a time a girl would have lost her reputation irretrievably by doing so; now it is regarded by really nice girls as quite an ordinary procedure.

Take one to task on the matter and she will ask: "Why shouldn't I? All the girls in the office do it as a matter of course, and if Bill and I are not suited to each other, it is surely far better to discover our mistake before than after marriage, and I can judge his character better if I see him under all circumstances." Apart from moral considerations, these young people are their own worst enemies, and are ruthlessly robbing their wedding day and their honeymoon of every vestige of glamour and romance.

### Whose Is the Fault?

Parents are often slow to realize that the fault must largely lie with themselves, that they have not insisted on perfect obedience and deference, and have spoiled their children from babyhood by giving in to their every whim. It is the day of the child, and they have been weak instead of strong, and have followed the line of least resistance with disastrous results.

At a recent Church Conference Canon Woods described the lack of discipline in modern life as something of a national disease, and pointed out this quality was lacking in parents who either could not or would not control their children, in politicians and in dramatists, novelists and film producers, with no sense of restraint.

There are some mothers who, in the training of their young girls, have erred through lack of sympathy, and the alienation started in nursery days, when they were too busy or too absorbed in other matters to spare time to cuddle and comfort the little one when she was in trouble. Thus repulsed, the child was either thrown back on herself, or nourished a spirit of defiance or distrust which was never overcome.

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Other mothers, and these are in the minority, positively refuse to recognize that conditions are vastly different—not necessarily evil, but new and strange—and that they, too, must move with the times, else they are bound to lose touch with the young lives around them.

Your experiences may be quite unconvincing to your daughter, and it only makes matters worse if you reiterate again and again the old cliché: "I never should have done such a thing at your age." Very possibly not, but each must buy her own experience in the hard school of the world. Each must draw her own weird, and learn Life's lesson, however bitter it may be.

### Nature's Methods

A celebrated philosopher remarked very truly that most of the trouble in matrimony and in other relationships arises chiefly from the fatal habit of expecting too much from those with whom our lives are bound up, and from looking for what is not there. Parents need not expect to compress their families into the self-same moulds as themselves. Nature is wiser than that, and pours her freshest treasures into new moulds, throwing away the old. She never repeats herself, and rarely, if ever, turns out two people identically alike.

In the bird world, the fledglings leave the nest and wing their flight at a very early age out into the world. The analogy holds good in human life, and in my opinion the non-recognition of this fact lay at the root of the discontent of Victorian daughters, whose mothers bound them to their hearths with chains, silken no doubt, but refused to let them leave home unless for a poorly-paid position as

governess. No other professional doors were open to them, and it was not considered "genteel" to attempt to earn a living or achieve independence. They lingered on, if they did not marry, leading in many cases useless, purposeless lives, performing trifling services unworthy the name of duties, degenerating physically and mentally, and then, at their parents' death, they were thrown on the world with a microscopic income, or were left dependent on relatives.

### Afraid of Growing Old

It has been suggested that, afraid of growing old, the fathers and mothers of the present generation have encouraged their children to call them by their Christian names, or address them as "Old Bean" and "Dear Old Thing"—even a bishop acknowledges himself as helpless in this matter—and have allowed themselves to be treated with familiarity, a very different thing from comradeship, which the modern boy and girl understands and appreciates, and thus, beginning on wrong lines, are reaping a sorry harvest.

The daughters of to-day, unlike their predecessors, are likely to escape their sad fate, since the majority of them are plucky, independent, and capable of considerable initiative and organizing powers. Many a frivolous, empty-headed girl, with no thought beyond the next dance or her latest frock, has married and proved an admirable wife and mother, and possibly the parents of the future, conscious of the lack of self-discipline in their own lives, may, in their turn, learn wisdom and revert to the long-forgotten adage: "Spare the rod and spoil the child."

May we all live to see it!



## YOUR OPINION WANTED

How far is my Correspondent correct in her charges against the modern girl?

I shall be glad to send One Guinea to the writer of the best letter of criticism of this article. Write to The Editor, THE QUIVER, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.4, before March 23, marking your envelope "Modern Girl."

# The Ship's Doctor

Medical Life at Sea

By

J. C. H. Beaumont

(Surgeon, R.M.S. *Majestic*)

THE Germans who built the three monster ships—*Berengaria*, *Leviathan*, and *Majestic*—have decreed that the *Majestic* is the largest of the three. This should settle a dispute that has been raging for some time.

## A Super-ship

Being a super-ship, it is right and proper that the medical department should be worthy of her rank.

*En suite*, there are an operating-room, consulting-room, private dispensary, and commodious waiting-room. Around and above are eight hospital wards containing sixty-one beds, of which fourteen beds are for the isolation of infectious, and forty for general cases.

Two surgeons are carried, and a third if the third class be full.

The staff consists of four male trained orderlies for day, and one for night duty; and not less than three trained and qualified female nurses amongst the stewardesses.

There is a large store of drugs, instruments, and hospital appliances, far exceeding the list laid down by the Board of Trade.

The senior surgeon takes charge of the crew—average number 1,050—and first-class passengers—varying in number from 500 to 850; the junior has the care of the second- and third-class passengers, and has his separate consulting-room and surgery.

During a "light" voyage, the consultations and visits average fifty a day; on a "heavy" one up to eighty a day. The "clinic" is, of necessity, a mixed one, including every branch of the profession and a good deal of dentistry as well.

There are ninety-two numbers on the central telephone switchboard. Not one of these leads to any specialist's office: the doctor on board has to be his own consultant, and has to act with promptness, decision, and coolness in all kinds of emergencies.

If a third pair of hands is needed, a

doctor amongst the passengers—if there happens to be one—is always willing to help. Special tact and resourcefulness are necessary, and, not less so, an intimate knowledge of human nature in dealing with patients who speak every language under the sun, and who belong to every rank of life from princesses down to humble peasant women from the Balkan States.

The doctor's responsibilities are four-fold:

- (a) To himself.
- (b) To his company—having in mind the far-reaching ramifications of the *Compensations Act*.
- (c) To the quarantine and emigration authorities of the port towards which he is steering.
- (d) And—most important of all—to the patient, who is in unusual surroundings, amongst strangers, and far removed from home and its sympathies.

The practice on board is, therefore, unique, and such varied experience falls to the lot of no practitioner on land.

## "Casualty Clearing Station"

Much of the work on what I call this "Great Lines of Communication" area is after the manner of a casualty clearing station. Many of the jobs are unfinished, and have, on arrival at port, to be handed on to other doctors to complete. This is a disadvantage, and often unsatisfactory to the surgeon.

*Per contra*, he can never have a number of chronic cases on his hands; and as these are apt to include many who can never recover, and many who grumble because they do not recover, this may be a distinct advantage.

But, with the marked improvement in the equipment on board, the professional work done is of a much higher standard. On the *Olympic* and *Majestic* I have done in eight years close on three hundred operations under anaesthetics. This includes general surgery, operative midwifery, and dentistry. On no single occasion was either

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ship ever slowed down for a minute—a high tribute to the steadiness of the modern liner. Bacteriological and laboratory work is done, as on land. Travellers of to-day expect efficiency, and the supply must keep up with the demand for the sake of all concerned.

### A Contrast

What a contrast between the conditions to-day compared with those of thirty years ago! Then, ships were small; passengers were fewer; they knew less, and submitted to treatment, much of which was "make-shift"; hospital accommodation was poor and nursing worse. These days are gone. It is well for the passengers that it is so. It is also good for the doctors. Their status to-day is established, and it is certain that their standard of efficiency is higher. Their pay, too, is much better—an item of some importance! For long years their salary was a mere pittance and most unworthy of any dignified profession. The suspicion, once common, that a doctor went to sea because he was a failure on land probably had some foundation. In those days there was no inducement for a good man to remain at sea. Most of them went for a voyage or two "to see the world," as they put it, and have a convivial time, which was open to those who were so inclined.

Even yet, with some travellers, the suspicion still lurks that the "ship's doctor" has nothing else to do than sit around on deck and flirt with a variety of bob-tailed flappers. (Tell it not in Gath, but I have known young assistants start out—but never finish—with the same delusion.)

### Not Just Sea-sickness

The last eight patients, and others I operated on while the ship was clipping along at twenty-seven miles an hour, know differently! Other folks think the work is limited to a few cases of sea-sickness. Of those I never see any real ones on the *Majestic*; only feeble imitations of what I used to meet on the tiny old *Majestic*.

The length, depth, and breadth of the modern huge liner have conquered *mal-de-mer*; the thousand and one so-called "cures" have not, but they are still on the market. I have no faith in any of them, and I dread the evil effects of some of them. Land-lubbers have the honour (!) of inventing most of them.

If ever I had discovered a "cure," I would long since have given up the sea and occu-

pied an elegant suite in New Bond Street, where my staff could hand out the stuff at half a guinea a packet while I was spending the winters in the Riviera, rushing round in a gold-plated car!

### Six Babies a Week!

In former years, when emigration was free, and we carried from one to two thousand third class—you must not call them steerage, for the word was forbidden long ago—I have had as many as six babies born at sea in one week.

The mothers got my services free; on arrival at port they were sent to hospital to convalesce at the company's expense; and often enough some charitable dame in the first saloon got up a substantial subscription for them. So that, from the business view-point, it was a good investment, and quite likely the event was timed to take place *en voyage*. Sometimes, if the infant was a weakling, I had—in the emergency—to act as parson and do the christening. On one occasion I named the child "Olga Beaumont Olympic Nashedar." The two middle names were for closer identification with the birthplace. Next day the nurse confided to me that Olga happened to be a boy, and that I must have got confused as to sex. In spite of all, the child lived and thrived.

Nowadays, emigration has been much cut down by the U.S.A. authorities, owing to the Quota Law, which admits only a small percentage of former entries. Besides that, the intending emigrant must now have the physique of a prize-fighter and the brains of a college professor before he is deemed eligible to settle in what used to be called "The Land of Promise."

Considering the large numbers of passengers and crew carried, deaths at sea are less frequent than one would think.

### Burial at Sea

Burial at sea was formerly the custom, but that has been changed for some years. It is now not permissible to bury anyone at sea unless with the express permission of a relative or friend on board. Failing this, the next of kin on shore—no matter in what part of the globe—must be notified by a Marconi message, and instructions awaited as to disposal of the body. If they desire the body to be brought to land, it is then embalmed by the surgeon in his extra capacity as undertaker and placed in a specially sealed casket. The same regula-

## THE SHIP'S DOCTOR

tion applies to any member of the crew dying on board. The one exception to the rule is that, if the person dies of any contagious disease, the disposal of the body is at the discretion of the ship's commanders. The above procedure followed on a decision of high law courts on the matter.

Sentiment—often of a mawkish nature—is frequently at work here. Personally, I do not mind confessing that if I died at sea—where I have laboured for many years—I would much prefer that the service was held by a shipmate, and that, in the stillness of the night, my body was quietly slipped into the deep, blue, clean, watery grave.

Every now and then suicides unfortunately occur. As it is so easy to jump overboard, the marvel to me is that more of them do not take place, especially amongst emigrants, of whom so many suffer from melancholia and homesickness.

On one occasion—making for Gibraltar—a fireman, frenzied by the heat, jumped overboard. A boat was at once lowered and sculled around for an hour, but no trace of him was found. Two hours later he was picked up by another steamer, being found calmly floating on his back and, apparently, little the worse for his long immersion. Later on he declared that he had neither seen nor heard anything of the first boat lowered.

### A Triple Tragedy

Another time, shortly after leaving New York, a third-class passenger hacked his throat right across and partially severed his windpipe. With a tube in it and many stitches around, he ultimately recovered! Within an hour a companion in the next bunk died of fright. A few minutes afterwards a third man close by died after a sudden and severe hæmorrhage of the lungs. A curious triple tragedy, which resulted in the other travellers refusing to remain any longer in the unlucky compartment.

The proper care of insane cases on board is always a source of anxiety, and the medico legal responsibilities connected with them are considerable.

Persons who become insane in the United States any time up to five years after they have landed as emigrants can be sent back to their original home, and are officially labelled "Deported Lunatics."

The routine treatment of them is easy and safe. They are placed in a special

ward, guarded day and night by nurses under supervision of the medical staff, and, on arrival at port, conveyed to their destination.

The trouble and difficulty is with passengers who develop insanity *en voyage*, especially if they be in the first saloon. On the one hand, the surgeon has to be very cautious before he takes away their liberty by isolating them or putting them under restraint. On the other hand, he may hesitate to let them remain at large, lest they have homicidal or suicidal tendencies.

### A Difficult Case

One can imagine, for example, the difficulty in "tackling" a gentleman in the first saloon who locked himself into his state-room and fired revolver shots from his porthole at any who came within range; or another who climbed half-way up the rigging, flag in hand, shouting wildly, and refusing to budge; a third, who went



"Sometimes, if the infant was a weakling, I had—in the emergency—to do the christening."

maniacal in the middle of dinner, and hurled dishes and tumblers right and left at his neighbours; and a fourth, who rushed all over the ship in the middle of the night, clad in her nightgown, screaming for the captain to come and put out the fire in her room.

## **THE QUIVER**

All those cases needed the services of the ship's police; but they are unpleasant to encounter, far away from any sanatorium.

Drink, too, causes much trouble to all concerned. Actual cases of delirium tremens are, fortunately, much rarer than they used to be; in fact, there is more sobriety all round than in the old days.

### **Isolation**

In olden days the isolation and care of fever and contagious cases was no easy job, for the ships were small, often crowded, and spare space was scarce. To-day in a big liner there is but little difficulty in dealing even with an epidemic. All these cases are reported to the authorities at the first port of call.

Personally, I have never had any difficulty dealing with quarantine authorities anywhere in the Seven Seas, least of all in the port of New York, where the doctors are ever ready to give a square deal and make matters as easy and expeditious as possible to the ship.

The secret of success is that the surgeon on board be frank with them and show every case he has with any temperature or rash. Any attempt to cover up a case is as a rule disastrous and is detected sooner or later, just as is the smuggling in of any other contraband.

The examination of emigrants on sailing day is one of the most important jobs of the voyage, easy to-day when the numbers are small, difficult in pre-war days when well over a thousand strangers might be present.

The immigration laws in America name a formidable list of maladies which may exclude an emigrant and render him liable to be deported, with a heavy fine, perhaps, for having brought him over at all. Therefore it behoves the doctor to look carefully for those and embark with as healthy a crowd as he can.

### **A Hardy Lot**

The impression that there is always a lot of illness amongst emigrants is quite a mistake. They are a hardy lot, brought up on humble enough fare, and do not know what sickness is. Rather is it difficult to find out if they are ill, for they are patient and will suffer without saying a word. They will even conceal any infectious trouble, fearing that they will be prevented from landing at the other end.

Plucky souls they are, leaving home and

motherland, and starting out with very little more than the clothes on their backs to an unknown land thousands of miles away.

Returning West, after tasting a few years of what we call civilization, they behave differently. Now they ask you for a tonic to make them eat, and some indigestion mixture because they have eaten too much, all in the same breath and quite impatiently.

Nor are they devoid of humour. A raw-boned Irish lad one day asked me for a couple of pills. I put them in a small box and handed them to him, saying, "Take that, Pat." Three minutes after he left the surgery a steward came tearing in and said, "Doctor, come out, there's a man over in the corner choking." Sure enough he was trying to get box and all down, and I had difficulty in extracting it. He had taken me literally at my word! Was there ever such faith?

A Jew came along twice, and each time got half a dozen pills "for the family." A young steward, watching him, saw him selling them to his neighbours for five cents apiece. With such business instincts in him what possibilities must he have dreamed of after landing in New York!

### **Fond of the Third Class**

I have always been very fond of my third-class passengers. Beneath rough exteriors there are many kind hearts. They help each other along the stony paths and mostly are grateful for services rendered. Furthermore they are quite natural, they have no pretensions, and hysteria is unknown amongst the females, which is always one anxiety less for the doctor.

Second-class travellers, many of them, are queer people, just as were the second-class folks in our English railway trains of bygone days. They think they are vastly superior socially to their third-class mates—which many of them are not. They think they are every bit as good as their first-class mates across the barrier (which at sea is never broken down)—which the most of them are not. Thus they have to be handled carefully by all officials on board—not least by the doctor when he has to distinguish the genuine ones from the humbugs.

The purser, chief steward and surgeon are the three officers who are thrown most in personal touch with the first-class passengers. Amongst a crowd, say, of eight



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hundred of them, there surely is an abundant and rich field for the study of psychology and human nature at its worst—and best. If not interested in psychology, much of the salt hath lost its savour, opportunities are lost and mistakes even are made.

Apart altogether from setting a broken leg, manipulating a childbirth case, operating on an appendicitis case, pulling a tooth, and diagnosing quickly whether the child before him has chicken-pox or small-pox, the doctor has to discern the different racial and individual peculiarities of temper and temperament in crowds which pass before him in weird, kaleidoscopic array.

### Babel of Tongues

There they are: folks speaking every language under the sun just as in the Babel days, white, black, yellow and copper coloured, high and low, rich and poor, professional stars and humble artificers, clever and stupid, saints and sinners, real and camouflaged, happy and sad, successes and failures, Jew and Gentile, Roman and Anglican, some cool and collected others everlastingly fidgety, chasing in vain after their own centres of gravity which they never find—all of them crowded together in a mighty ship which itself seems restless and bounds along at the rate of twenty-seven miles an hour as if sharing in the mad rush to get "somewhere."

But amidst all the noise and fretting and jazzing backwards and forwards in the ballroom, the Jap remains the eternal mystery, just as he did to me thirty-six years ago and more—when I first met him in Yokohama.

And yet they are all human beings, and not even the very worst of them but is beloved by someone who is anxiously awaiting for them in the home port.

I am often asked, "Doctor, don't you find



"Sure enough, he was trying to get the box and all down, and I had difficulty in extracting it"

this sea-life monotonous?" I reply, "Why should I? How can I?" surrounded as I am all the time by the ever-changing material on board. Rather is it that the life has work enough, play enough, study enough, and opportunities enough for you to make it highly interesting and even exciting.

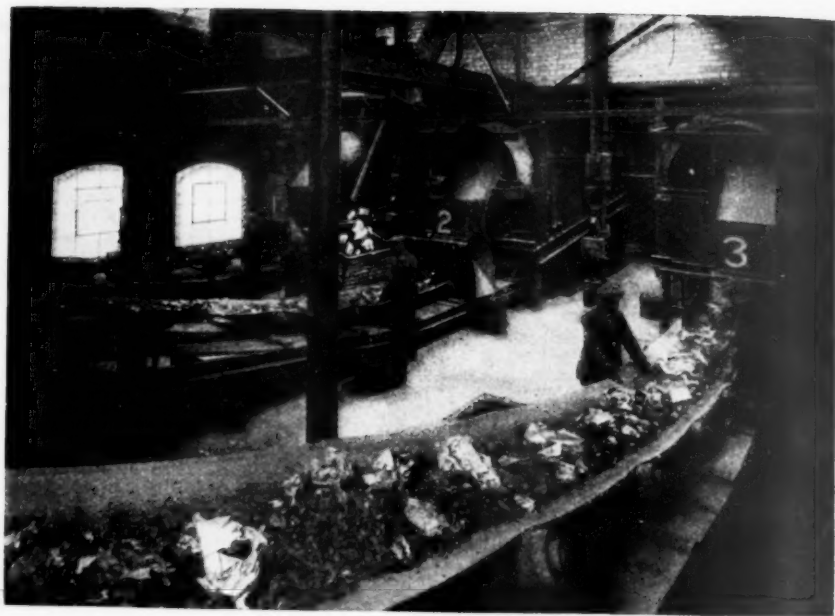
During my many pilgrimages across the North Atlantic I have made close friends of many hundreds of dear kind souls from all parts of the globe, not least amongst our wonderful cousins in the Land of Stars and Stripes.

May I venture to hope on and press on till I complete the four-figure crossing of the mighty Western Ocean?

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## THE POWER OF A WORD

A word is easily spoken, yet who knows the power of it? Put in a word for THE QUIVER. The recommendation of our readers is our best advertisement. Or send the name and address of your friend to the Editor, THE QUIVER, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.4, and I will gladly send him or her a free specimen copy.



Old rubbish being sorted and sifted scientifically

## Win Wealth from Waste

*Romance from Rubbish*

*By*

*G. Clarke Nuttall*

**W**IN Wealth from Waste! The notion is distinctly attractive and suggests allurements such as lie in digging for hidden treasure or retrieving gold from the bottom of the ocean, and when that waste is the household refuse in the unsavoury but necessary dust-cart, there is something quite intriguing in the very idea.

Week by week, or possibly day by day, we are relieved of the contents of our dust-bins. Dust, ashes, old tins, old papers, old bottles, old bones, any old thing, not forgetting bassinets, to our immense relief and without any effort on our part, disappear from our premises. It is not least of the amenities of our modern civilization that we can thus easily get rid of the things that we no longer want. But, as a rule, our relief is bought at a dear price, to wit, by the formation, often in some previously charming rural spot, of a dreadful, rat-

infested, vile-smelling "dump," a perfect horror to those having the misfortune to live in its vicinity. To this the refuse carts wend their way daily and "tip," leaving their traces, like some malignant paper-chase, along the roads, and the fact that dull smouldering fires, ever burning at one end, are supposed in course of years to reduce all to ashes is little consolation, for ever the evil thing is fed anew and grows rather than lessens.

With the growth of our cities and towns and the increasing density of our population the problem of the disposal of the refuse of our homes has been becoming more and more difficult to solve, localities where one can "dump" scarcer, and opposition to them more acute; but the very acuteness of the difficulties is bringing its own remedy, for science is now stepping in to take the place of rule of thumb, and Salvage is the new order of the day.

## WIN WEALTH FROM WASTE

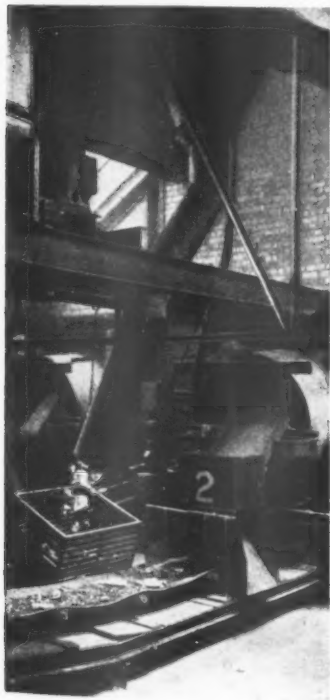
An invitation was recently given to the writer to follow the fortunes of the contents of the dust-carts at a certain salvage depot in one of the most up-to-date cities of the Empire—Birmingham—a depot where the household refuse of a population of 150,000 people is dealt with. The suggestion was a little daunting at the moment; but curiosity prevailed, and, in the issue, a most interesting and enlightening afternoon was spent, and one which, further, provided much food for thought.

The salvage depot proved to be a large, three-storied building standing on sloping ground, so that an inclined road, up which the loaded refuse-carts go, led to a yard level with the top of the building on one side.

Here were several great vats or coppers by the edge of the building, and into these the carts tipped their contents. Now each of these coppers had a sifting, revolving bottom, or percolating screen, so that the first thing that happened was that all the dust was separated out, and as this is nearly half of the whole mass, it is



The giant vacuum sweeper devouring waste paper



1822 Sorting the debris

obvious that the bulk left next to be dealt with is materially decreased.

To see the next stage in the process we descended a giddy and precipitous iron staircase which led into the top story of the building. There, at one end, was a cataract of the sifted refuse coming down a shaft, and at the upper part of it were powerful magnets which drew out of the falling matter all old iron, old tins, and metal pieces generally, and sent them travelling along a moving belt which passed above our heads. It was like a miniature overhead railway, and one caught glimpses of dilapidated travellers upon it. The rest of the cataract fell gradually upon another and lower travelling belt, barely waist high, which was moving in the same direction.

As the slow stream of debris passed under our eyes, men standing over it deftly removed any bottles or jars, whole or broken, and stacked them on one side; but the chief interest at this moment lay in the behaviour of any big pieces of paper that might chance to be lying in the stream. For the belt passed under sundry wide-mouthed conical chimneys—vacuum chimneys—and as, say, a crumpled newspaper came under one, it would suddenly rear itself as though alive, and then fly away up the chimney as if “possessed,” drawn up

## THE QUIVER

by the suction, to be followed, perhaps, by some brown paper, twirling and gavotting.

And now the residue—minus dust, tins, old iron, glass and paper of any size—came to the end of its little horizontal trip and made another fall into the story below again, and, venturing once more on that nerve-racking iron staircase, we followed it. Here, on this middle story, was another great room with big heaps of the fallen rubbish on it. In the cement floor we saw sundry trap-doors, closed. An attendant opened one at our feet and we stepped back in a hurry as if we had seen hell-fire—not a bad simile—for, indeed, below us a roaring furnace raged. Into its maw our guide shovelled a quantity of the rubbish, and then drew to the trap-door again. This was the closing scene, the end of all, the complete annihilation of the cartloads of rubbish we had watched earlier tipped into the coppers at the top of the building.

Yes; the annihilation of the refuse, *as refuse*, but not the end of the story by any means. It was only the end of the first act of the drama we had seen played. For the second act we turned to consider the course of the various episodes. First, there was the sifted dust of the preliminary stage. This is no longer waste matter, but an enrichment of life, for it serves as an excellent light manure that farmers are glad to buy for their fields. It is also serviceable for levelling up low or uneven ground.

As for the old paper that so gaily flew up those curious windy chimneys, that, too, had a future. In an upper room we found it again lying in big heaps which, bit by bit, were being pressed with great rapidity into thick bales some yard and a quarter long by three-quarters wide, and in this form it is disposed of to paper merchants, who cleanse and repulp it and work it up into paper anew.

The old tins and metal generally that were magnetized out and voyaged along the upper travelling belt ended their travels at an opening in the wall of the building and slipped down a slide into a yard, where they formed a miniature mountain. The biggest bits of bent iron, such as parts of old bedsteads, etc., had already been sorted out and placed in a separate heap; so the interest here centred in the empty tins, which, after all, formed the bulk of the heap, for these were being put into iron presses to be "bundled." A deft turn of the screw and they were squeezed completely

flat, and out of the press emerged a block some three feet long by two wide and, perhaps, nine inches thick—these figures are merely "eye-guesses"—and patchy with the gay colours of the tins' labels still flaunting in spite of their flattening. Stacked side by side they brightened up considerably that somewhat sordid yard, pending their removal by merchants of old metal. Eventually they would be "de-tinned," that is, have the valuable tin skimmed off the thin sheets of iron that form the body of the so-called "tins," which, in their turn, would be remelted and worked up afresh.

Next, what of the bottles and jars? Of these, the whole ones are sold to bottle merchants, who cleanse and resell them for ordinary use again; but even the broken and cracked ones are useful, for they are melted down to form glaze for certain kinds of tiles.

So far so good, but what of the residue that we saw shovelled into the maws of those great furnaces? We left the tin-stacked yard and went round to another yard, where, facing us, were the closed mouths of those furnaces all in a row. One was just ready to be drawn, so the iron doors were opened and out of it came red-hot clinker in big lumps—the residue in its new form. And this, too, in its new guise was no longer waste, but potential gain. The darkening masses were wheeled away to a separate building, where they were, later, crushed and graded, some being fine like gravel, some coarse like coal nuts, and some of intermediate size, and this material is, in its turn, used for making paths, or serves as the basis of concrete building blocks and paving stones.

But further, mark you, even the heat resulting from the burning of the refuse is of value, for that produced from the fires of one day serves to supply the electric power that drives the whole machinery of the plant the next day.

True, salvage cannot yet pay its way altogether—the plant and ground we saw cost alone £100,000—and some charge for the collection and disposal of the city's refuse must needs, for the present, fall upon the rates; so the slogan, "Burn Your Rubbish, Reduce Your Rates," that looms large on every dust-cart still holds good. But the future is bright, and upon the ashes of those old dumps will arise an edifice of knowledge that will bring health and contentment in its train and eventually truly "Win Wealth from Waste."

# THE PROPER PLACE

by

# O. DOUGLAS

## CHAPTER XXVI

"Oh stay at home, my lad, and plough  
The land and not the sea."

"O stay with company and mirth  
And daylight and the air:  
Too full already is the grave  
Of fellows that were good and brave  
And died because they were."

—A. E. HOUSMAN.

MEANTIME at Kirkmeikle, Nicole, absorbed in her own affairs, had little thought to spare for the doings of her cousin at Ruthesford.

On the day of the dance the sun shone brightly in the early afternoon, and Nicole, looking wistfully from the window, said she thought she would go out.

"Only to air myself, Mums. Only where the sun is bright on the sands road. Oh, surely!"

"It's a pity to be rash," her mother cautioned.

"So it is, and selfish in the extreme. If I got pneumonia it would be a horrid bother for everyone. But still—I feel quite all right. Isn't it funny how you go about miserably shaky and breakable, and quite suddenly, you can almost name the hour, you begin to feel yourself again? And nobody was ever the worse of fresh air and sunshine."

"I don't know," Lady Jane said placidly. "Wasn't it too fresh an air that gave you the chill? But if you wrap up warmly I expect you'll be all right. Keep a scarf over your mouth."

But when Nicole shut the front door behind her she had no air of a muffled invalid. She wore a new spring coat with a bunch of violets in front and a becoming little black hat with a white mount pulled down over her bright hair.

Out on the sheltered sands road it was delicious. She lifted her face to the mild

heat of the March sun, she breathed in the salt air, and was glad. Having walked to the far end of the road she was tempted to go farther. It was absurd to go back and sit in the house on such a living day. A little bit along were the Red Rocks and a favourite seat of hers, a sort of throne hewn out by the waves, which the Bat thought must be used by the mermaids when they came up to comb their long hair with combs made of ivory and pearls. She would go there.

How good it was to be out again, to be free of the feverish, choked feeling that a bad cold brings, to feel the sea wind in one's face, to watch the gulls sweep over the water and to know that spring was on its way, that the winter was over and gone.

Not that it had been a bad winter. She remembered pleasantly the walks and the games, the merry tea-parties in the Harbour House, the long evenings when they had read and worked and talked in the room with the four long windows; the short winter days with frosty sunsets, the red roofs of the little town, the moon making a silver highway on the sea. And the people—old Betsy with her passion for the Borders and her contempt for every other place; Janet Symington, narrow and dull, yet surprisingly human; kind Mrs. Heggie; harassed, happy Mrs. Lambert. How good it had all been! And even as she confessed it she felt a twinge. Ought she to have been so happy? Did it not show a certain lightness, a lack of feeling? Barbara had not been happy; she had made that fairly obvious. And her mother? Well, with her mother it was different; in a way, for her life seemed finished.

How strange, Nicole thought, to be done with life; not to waken in the morning wondering what new and glorious thing might be going to happen; not to expect to meet round any corner Romance. How dull, oh! how dull, to wash and dress,

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## THE QUIVER

knowing that the day would only hold meals and letters with dull domestic news, and conversations about trifles; to look forward to day after day filled with comfortable commonplaces, a level plain, with no heights of rapture, no depths of despair. But then, she reflected, her mother had known it all, the expectations, the uncertainties, the raptures, the despair. She had had more, perhaps, of loving and living than most people, more of suffering, too, and now she was serene, as the seas are calmer when the storm is over.

Nicole walked slowly with her eyes on the sea and did not notice Simon Beckett until suddenly he stood before her.

She looked up into his face and saw there what she had been seeking unconsciously always.

Neither spoke.

Then Simon took her, as Torquil took his Neuba, by the hand and they crossed the rocks to the mermaid's throne. Nicole seated herself and Simon knelt at her feet.

They whispered each other's names as if they had made a great discovery.

"Simon."

"Nicole."

Then Simon blurted out: "I'm going away. I've just heard I've got to leave on Saturday morning."

"And this is Wednesday?" said Nicole.

"And this is Wednesday," Simon agreed.

Nicole sat very still. "Two whole days together," she said at last. "Well, that's not so bad. We mightn't have had any. You might have gone without knowing."

"I've always known."

"Then, why in the world didn't you say so, Simon dear?"

"Well, but—why didn't you let me see?"

"Ah! It wasn't my place." Nicole dimpled at him as if it were a new game. "But it's sad to have lost so much time in this little flash of a life. Was it the day we met here in the storm, when the Bat fell into the pool, and we could hardly see each other for spray or hear each other for crashing waves, that very first time that ever we met, that you—?"

"That very first day," said Simon solemnly.

"Then we didn't really waste any time, did we? Kiss me, Simon."

They sat there oblivious of everything, trying to crush into an hour all they had to tell each other, in case these flying minutes were all the time they were to have together.

And yet it was not much that they said after all. Little more than—"I love you," and again "I love you."

At last prudence woke in Nicole and they turned to go home.

"Nobody must know," Nicole decreed.

"Not your mother?" Simon was surprised.

"It's because of mother that it must be a secret. Simon, she's had so much. I can't have her burdened with this anxiety. . . . Besides, it's partly selfishness on my part, it will be easier for me to bear it alone. I hate pity—I hate to be fussed over. If nobody knows I can keep cheerful and talk rubbish all the time; but if people are watching me—"

Her voice broke and she turned away her head.

Simon looked at her miserably.

"But you see, don't you, that I have to go?"

Nicole turned, her eyes shining with unshed tears, and said gently: "My dear, I wouldn't say one word to keep you. Of course you must go. I'd be a poor creature if the first thing I wanted to do to my love was to clip his wings. I wouldn't love you half as much if you were content to stay. I'm glad and proud to see you go, only—come back to me, my love, come back to me. If you don't, well, some of me, I suppose, would go on living, but most of me would die."

"Oh, I'll come back all right. I'll be so deucedly careful this time; no risks for me, only what's got to be done. . . . The nuisance is you won't hear from me much once we've started; but there'll always be the cables in the papers."

"Oh, yes," said Nicole. "There will always be the papers."

When they reached the Harbour House Nicole said, "You'll come in?" but Simon shook his head, looking at his wrist watch.

"It's the Bat. I asked him to tea and said we'd play at trains afterwards. I couldn't disappoint him."

"No," said Nicole, "you couldn't do that."

"May I come in after dinner? And what shall we do to-morrow and Friday?"

Nicole thought, leaning against the doorway.

"To-morrow I think we should give the Bat a treat. You've no idea how the child will miss you. He has never forgotten that day at St. Andrew's. Let's take him somewhere to lunch and give him a good time.





"Then Simon blurted out: 'I'm going away. I've just heard I've got to leave on Saturday morning'"

*Drawn by  
John Cameron*

## THE QUIVER

He yearns to see another cinema picture. And Friday must be our own day. Let's go away together somewhere in the car; it doesn't much matter where so that we have every minute of the day together. And you'll come to dinner with mother and me and we'll talk and laugh and read bits to each other and not think of anything. And in the morning you'll go away—"

Nicole went in and had tea with her mother, and Lady Jane said: "You look much the better of your walk. I was afraid you were staying too long. Where did you go?"

"Oh, just round the Red Rocks. . . . I met Mr. Beckett, and he told me he had got his marching orders. He goes to London on Saturday morning. Won't it be perfectly ghastly without him? The Bat will be inconsolable, and, Mums, I'm afraid you will miss him badly. We were planning to take the Bat somewhere to-morrow for a treat—won't you come too? And I asked him to dinner on Friday night. That's all right, is it?"

Later, about six o'clock, when Nicole was sitting alone by the fire thinking, Miss Symington was announced.

Nicole sprang up to welcome her, for Janet was shy and needed a good deal of encouragement.

"This is nice. Come over to the fire and settle into this really comfortable chair. Why didn't you come to tea? Mother's just gone to lie down to rest before dinner; she will be so sorry to miss you."

Janet was looking extremely nice in some of the new clothes that Nicole had persuaded her into buying; in fact it was difficult to recognize the Miss Symington of the sailor hat and the pulled-back hair in this comely woman in soft browns and fawns, her hair softening her face under a most becoming hat; but her manner was as stiff as ever as she said:

"It wasn't convenient for me to come to tea. Are you better?"

"Quite better, thanks; but I dare say I still look a wreck. It's refreshing to see anyone look as well as you do. I *do* like your new hat."

Janet gave it a little tug. "I feel queer in it, but I'm told it's the fashion."

Nicole assured her that it was, and conversation languished. Subject after subject Nicole tried, only to find it dropped by Janet, who seemed oddly ill at ease.

At last Nicole said rather desperately, "Well, how is life with you?"

To her surprise her companion blushed, and fixing her eyes on the carpet, said, "I had a proposal yesterday—my first."

Nicole blushed also, in sympathy, and murmured incoherently, "But—how very nice! And how good of you to tell me. . . . Did you accept?"

Janet fumbled with her gloves. "It was a letter of course, that gives you more time to think. It's Mr. Innes. You've met him."

Nicole remembered the rather unctuous gentleman with the soft voice that she had met walking with Miss Symington.

"Oh, yes," she said. "He came to preach, didn't he?"

"Yes. He has been a number of times, but I never thought . . . that he thought of me like that. But I did notice when he was here a fortnight ago that he looked at me a lot more than he ever did before. I was wearing one of my new dresses, and you had taught me how to do my hair differently, and I thought, *mebbe*, he found me unfamiliar, for I felt very queer to myself. And he did say several times, in a surprised sort of way, that I was looking very well. I've known him for several years, and we get on very well together. We never run out of conversation as I do with the other preachers. But I don't know. . . . He is a widower with two girls away at school, and lives in Morningside. He's got a confectionery business, but all his spare time is taken up with Christian work. He's a really good man and earnest, but I don't know. . . . The children are a difficulty of course. . . ."

"But," said Nicole, "does anything really matter except whether you care for him or not?"

Miss Symington stared. "You've got to look at it all round," she said. "You see, it means giving up a lot. My house is a real pleasure to me now, and I don't know if I'd like Edinburgh. And, remember, I'm nearly forty-seven, and at that age you don't make changes lightly. The question is, is it worth while? It is difficult, very—"

### CHAPTER XXVII

" . . . Now I find thy saw of might,  
Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?"  
—*As You Like It*.

SOMEWHAT to her mother's surprise Nicole had at once said she would go when Mrs. Jackson's invitation had come, followed by Barbara's less impassioned appeal.

## THE PROPER PLACE

"I could go on Monday for a few days and bring Barbara home with me," she said. "Mums, does it strike you that Babs isn't terribly keen on me going to Rutherford?"

"Why shouldn't she be?"

"No reason. . . . Are you sure you would be all right alone for a few days? I somehow feel I would like to get away just now."

"The change will do you good," Lady Jane said, "and don't give a thought to me. I'll be perfectly all right."

Mrs. Jackson was in a state of simmering excitement over Nicole's coming, though what she expected to happen it would be difficult to say. To Barbara she was almost overpoweringly kind, guiltily feeling that she was deliberately doing her an injury.

As for Nicole, her mind was so full of other matters that this coming back to Rutherford—at any other time a most poignant experience—hardly moved her at all. Sitting in the train, watching the familiar landmarks come one by one into view, she did not feel herself to be alone. Simon was with her. To him she turned when again there swam into her ken her beloved Border hills, his hand she grasped when the links of Tweed among their green pastures greeted her eyes.

Mrs. Jackson met her, explaining that Barbara had gone with Andrew and some friends to a point-to-point meeting. "And I dare say," she said as she tucked the rug round her guest in the car, "you'll be glad enough of a little peace and a rest in your own room before you see anyone. I know what it is like to be recovering from a chill; your legs feel like brown paper."

Nicole, thinking how Simon would have enjoyed Mrs. Jackson, looked into the kind, concerned face turned to her, and said:

"As a matter of fact my legs feel more like growing trees than brown paper. I'm really quite all right. I was so sorry about failing you, but I'm sure Barbara was of much more use than I would have been. She is so splendidly practical."

"She's all that, and a great help she was. Indeed, I couldn't have got on without her at all. Andy laughs and says I always need somebody to stand beside me and give me moral courage, but I do like somebody who knows how things should be done and could check me if I was going to make some big mistake. Johnson is all very well, but you can't just *lean* on a butler. You see, I feel so unsure of myself among all these people."

"You needn't," Nicole assured her.

"They all like you so much. I hear from Jean Douglas and others what a kind, hospitable place Rutherford continues to be."

"Ah! Mrs. Douglas, if they were all like her! She's such a grand laugh," said Mrs. Jackson.

"Isn't she? And don't you like her white hair, and her eyes so blue in her nice open-air face? . . . And I hear the dance was an immense success. Everything so well done, and the food divine! You're nothing short of a public benefactor, and how the girls must have blessed you at this dull time of year!"

Mrs. Jackson purred like a stroked cat. "Oh, well, I don't know, but they all seemed glad enough to come—and how's Lady Jane?"

"Well, thank you. I believe that Kirkmeikle is really rather a good place for her. She is away from the people who would constantly remind her of what she has lost, and she takes quite an interest in some of our new friends. You know we live right in the town, on the sea front, among a huddle of houses occupied by fisher-folk and others; most delightful, I think, and mother can go in and out among them. They love her. No, that is, perhaps, rather an exaggerated way to put it, for Fife people are not expansive. Let's say they don't mind her; they welcome her and tell her all their troubles. And mother doesn't seem to mind that there is almost nothing to do in Kirkmeikle. She is the least restless of women."

"I think she's a noble character," said Mrs. Jackson.

Nicole laughed. "She'd be very much amused to hear it. The thing about mother is that she never thinks of herself at all. Ah, here's Rutherford!"

"Yes, yes," said Mrs. Jackson nervously. "You'll try not to mind. I know it's hard to come back like this, but here's Johnson. . . . I am sure you're glad to see Miss Nicole back, Johnson?"

Nicole was out of the car in a moment, shaking hands with Johnson and asking for his wife and his son in India. "But I'll be in to see you and hear about everything," she told him.

"Very good, miss, thank you. Her ladyship is well, I hope?"

"Quite well, thank you. . . . I'll leave my coat. . . ."

"Tea's in the drawing-room," said Mrs. Jackson, "unless you'd rather go straight up to your room and have it there? No?—

## THE QUIVER

well, go right in; I needn't show you the road."

After tea she insisted on taking Nicole to her room, and when there, remained to talk and tell her favourite some of her troubles in the new life.

"But you're beginning to feel at home, aren't you?" said Nicole.

"No," said Mrs. Jackson, "that's what I never will be. You see, I can never be natural; I've to watch myself all the time, for the things I say, just ordinary things, seem to surprise the people here. And my voice sounds so queer. They say their words so clear cut, and I say mine so slushy, somehow. But uch! what does it matter? Andy gets on fine with them, and that's the great thing. They make a great fuss about him and he's asked out a lot and away to stay and all.

"But I'll tell you one thing I've told nobody," she continued. "When Andy takes a wife, Father and I'll be very glad to creep back to Pollokshields. Father has no use for the country; it was just a notion he took to have a place. If Andy's here, that'll please him, and he'll work away quite contented in his office. People'll laugh at us, I know that. Mrs. McArthur'll say to me, 'What did I tell you?' but I don't care. I've had about enough of being 'county,' and I must say I'd like to spend my last years comfortably, not always straining after appearing what I'm not. I'd like a nice new villa, not too far out for concerts and things, with a bit of garden and every modern convenience, so that it could be worked by two servants — I plan it to myself every night in my bed — but, there, I mustn't stay here chattering, you'll be fair wearied——"

Andrew Jackson and Barbara got back only in time to dress for dinner. They had had a very good day and came home much pleased with each other. As Andrew dressed, his thoughts were full of Barbara. She seemed to like being with him as much as he liked being with her. He admired her warmly and was contentedly aware of the direction in which he was drifting. It was time he married: this was an eminently suitable arrangement, and he felt perfectly content at the thought of a future spent with Barbara.

If she saw things in the same light, so much the better; but there was no hurry; things were very pleasant as they were.

Always a punctual person, Andrew found

himself downstairs, as he thought, before anyone else. He was just about to turn on the lights in the drawing room when he heard a sound. Looking round the heavy screen that sheltered the fireside from draughts he saw, kneeling on the fender-stool, a girl.

At first he thought he was dreaming, for the slim white figure bathed in the rosy light of the fire seemed more a thing of fire and dew than an ordinary mortal.

He leant forward. She was speaking, addressing the picture as a lover addresses his mistress. And what a voice — by Jove, what a voice! — deep, soft, caressing. What was she saying? —

"You meaner beauties of the night,

That poorly satisfy our eyes —

You common people of the skies;

What are you, when the moon shall rise?"

Then Andrew realized that this was the expected guest. This was the girl his mother had so often talked to him about. This was Nicole. He slipped out of the room and turned over papers in the hall till the others came down.

Nicole jumped up from her kneeling position and went to turn on the lights. She had dressed early and been ready for Barbara when she ran in to greet her on her way to dress, and had come downstairs, anxious to have a short time alone in the room she so loved. The sight of the picture had made her forget everything. . . . What a blessing no one had come in and found her kneeling there talking to a picture! She turned round as her host and hostess came in.

"Down first," said Mrs. Jackson. "This is Father," taking her husband by the sleeve and leading him forward like a reluctant schoolboy.

"Pleased to meet you," he murmured. "Did you come from Fife to-day?"

Nicole said she had and that it had been a pleasant journey.

"Left your mother well?"

"Thank you, quite well."

"That's right," said Mr. Jackson, and retired from the conversational arena.

Barbara came in, followed by Andrew.

"Oh, Andy," said his mother, "you haven't met Miss Rutherford?"

"No," said Andrew, and shook hands gravely.

Dinner was a lively meal, the hostess being in uncommonly good spirits.

She kept the conversation almost entirely in

## THE PROPER PLACE

her own hands, chiefly recalling episodes of her life in Glasgow. "D'you mind, Andy . . . Father, what was yon man's name that was always making jokes?" Later on, as they sat round the fire in the drawing-room, Barbara demurely stitching, the others idle, Mrs. Jackson looked at the picture above the fireplace and said:

"Who is it again? You remember you told me once, Miss Nicole, but I always forget."

"Elizabeth of Bohemia."

"Uch, yes, and who was she exactly? I get mixed with these foreign princesses."

Nicole turned to the son of the house. "Have

you got 'Q.'s' 'Studies in Literature'? You have? Then you must remember what he says about my Lovely Lady?"

"Only vaguely, I'm afraid," said Andrew. "I tell you what, I'll get the book and you'll read it to us."

"That'll be nice," Mrs. Jackson said comfortably. "I like fine being read to, but I nearly always fall asleep."

"No, no," Nicole cried, putting out a hand to stop Andrew. "It would be too wooden to read you solemnly a long extract. . . . 'Q' talks, don't you remember, about the certain few women in history who in life fascinated the souls out of men and still fascinate the imagination of mankind. Helen of Troy was one, of course, and Cleopatra another. . . ." She was sitting curled up in her favourite position on the fender-stool, looking up at the picture, and she now turned smiling to her hostess and said with a little confidential air, "What



"Looking round the heavy screen he saw, kneeling on the fender-stool, a girl"

Drawn by  
John Cameron

men called enchantresses, but what you and I would describe as *besoms*!" then continued: "But Joan of Arc was a third, a saint above saints, and Catherine of Siena—another saint; and a fifth was Mary of Scots, who was what you will—except a saint; and that brings him to Mary's granddaughter, Elizabeth of Bohemia, and then 'Q' rains out a perfect flood of adjectives, 'wayward, lovely, extravagant, unfortunate, adorable, peerless,' I forget them all, then breaks into Wotton's lines:

"You meaner beauties of the night,  
That poorly satisfy our eyes  
More by your number than your light,  
You common people of the skies:  
What are you, when the moon shall rise?

"Oh!"—she threw out her arms—"how I adore people who can be really enthusiastic!"

It was Andrew she addressed, Andrew, who was sitting spellbound watching her;

## THE QUIVER

but it was Barbara who replied, looking coolly up from her work at the rose-flushed face and shining, eager eyes of her cousin.

"For my part," she said, "I see nothing fine but merely silly in going into raptures over a woman who has been dust for centuries," and dropped her head again over her work.

Nicole laughed and made a rueful face to the picture. "Yes, it's you she's talking about. . . . Never mind, Queen of Hearts, you had your day, for no man came into your range but knelt your sworn knight. You rode, conquering all hearts and lifting all hearts to ride with you—to ride with you 'over the last lost edge of the world.'"

She almost whispered the last words and clasped her hands tight. It was not the pictured lady she was thinking of now, it was Simon, her Simon, who had gone into danger without her. How blessed were they who rode *together* over the last lost edge. . . .

She shivered, but in a moment recovered herself and smiled at Mr. Jackson, who was looking slightly affronted. He was not accustomed to the society of young women who sat in unconventional attitudes and apostrophized pictures.

"Well, I'm sure," said Mrs. Jackson. After a minute she added, "I knew a girl once—I was at school with her—and she had such a way with men . . . a little, quiet thing to look at she was, I never knew how she did it, but men fairly flocked round her." She pulled a cushion into a more comfortable position for her back, and continued meditatively: "And she made a poor marriage after all, a large bakery business but not very steady, so it just lets you see . . ."

Presently Mr. Jackson slipped away to his own room, Mrs. Jackson fell asleep, and Nicole and Andrew sat on a sofa and talked, while Barbara stitched and stitched.

When Johnson brought the tray in, Mrs. Jackson, waking from uneasy slumber, said, "No music to-night? I've quite missed it—we've been having great concerts these last few nights. . . . Your cousin sings awfully well, Miss Nicole; and Andy has a nice voice too."

"Oh, why did nobody suggest music to-night?" Nicole cried. "What I've missed!"

"Oh, we were much better employed to-night," Barbara said coolly.

Nicole looked from one to the other. So this was what had been happening! She

had greatly enjoyed her talk with Andrew—they had only discussed books and reminded each other of this and that character and incident—but she had not understood that she was more or less of an intruder and had probably spoiled the evening for both Barbara and Andrew.

She felt very contrite as she followed Barbara into her room for a good-night talk. But Barbara was rather aloof, though asking questions about her aunt and the household at Kirkmeikle and politely interested in everything her cousin told her. And when questioned in turn her replies were cool and crisp. Yes, she had had a very good time at Rutherford; the dance had been delightful, the Jacksons everything that was kind and considerate. No; she did not mean to go home yet. At the end of the week she was going on to Langlands for a short visit, and then to the Kilpatricks.

And Nicole presently slipped away to bed rather forlornly, wondering why she had left the Harbour House and her ever-understanding mother!

Next morning, when they were idling over the newspapers, Mrs. Jackson demanded to know what the plans were for the day.

"Would you not like a nice round in the car, Miss Nicole?" she asked. "You haven't seen this countryside for a while."

"What I'd like to do," said Nicole, "is to go for a really long walk. Up the Farawa, and down into Langhope Glen and home by the Moor Road—if we might have a sandwich with us? We'd be home in time for tea. Who will come?"

Andrew, throwing down the *Glasgow Herald*, sprang up, and Nicole could have slapped him for the eager light that was in his eyes. She knew that though Barbara appeared immersed in the *Scotsman*, she saw it too.

She turned to her cousin: "Barbara, you'll come?"

"I'm afraid I can't. I'm going with Mrs. Jackson to make a lot of calls this afternoon," and Barbara turned to her hostess for confirmation.

"So we are," said that lady in a delighted voice. "So, Andy, you'd better go with Miss Nicole—she might easily meet a tramp. I'll see about sandwiches." She bustled out of the room.

Nicole looked thoughtfully at her cousin, whose head was again bent over the newspaper, and then turned to Andrew.

"Will you come? I'll go and get ready, for it's a fairly long walk."



## THE PROPER PLACE

Mrs. Jackson not only saw that they were well supplied with sandwiches, but begged them to have some sustenance before they started. She had an idea that if people were more than an hour or two away from the offer of food they must collapse.

It was a steel-grey day with a high wind rustling the dry heather and the bent grass and sweeping the clouds across the sky. Nicole and Andrew walked together in almost complete silence.

Nicole was realizing that Barbara had reason to feel coldly towards her. She had arrived at exactly the wrong moment, and Andrew, by some evil mischance—she could not feel herself to blame in the matter—seemed inclined to turn aside from the path he was on and take an interest in her unlucky self.

Well, she had to put it right somehow, even if it meant a sacrifice. . . . No one knew of her love for Simon Beckett. She held her happy secret warm in her heart; it was like a lamp that lit her days, but to speak of it seemed like sacrilege. She had not meant to tell a soul till Simon came back, but now she turned to her companion. "It's lovely, lovely!" She swept her arm round.

"Yes," said Andrew, "but I feel an intruder here. The place is yours, will always be yours; the fact that we have bought it makes no difference. We go out and in, but the spirit of the place is yours."

"No. No. I'm glad you're here. I don't know of anyone I'd prefer to be here—I'm afraid that sounds rather cheek, for what business is it of mine after all? But I feel, quite honestly, that it's a good thing we had to go to make room for you."

Andrew shook his head. "I can't bear to think that we turned you out. I never realized what we'd done until I went into the drawing-room last night and saw you kneeling in the firelight before the picture—"

"What? Did you come in? What a posing idiot you must have thought me! The fact is—I used to do that as a child. My father taught me Wotton's poem, and I used to kneel on the fender-stool and say it to the picture. My Lovely Lady, I called her."

Andrew went on. "I've always been a very prosaic person, but last night, when I heard your voice . . ."

Nicole broke in. "Did you by any chance feel that we were meant to be friends? Because I did, whenever I saw you. Your

mother had talked of you a lot, so of course I seemed to know you quite well. And because I believe we're meant to be good friends I can't bear you to have that foolish idea of being a usurper. I'm going to tell you something that nobody knows, not my mother, not Barbara. I'm not to be pitied. If we hadn't left Rutherford and gone to our funny little salt-sea house in Fife, I'd have missed the most wonderful thing that ever happened or ever could happen to me." She stopped and looked away for a minute, then turning again to Andrew, said: "There I met a man—Simon Beckett. At first he seemed to me only an ordinary, quiet, rather dull Englishman. No, that's not true. I tried to tell myself that, for I was ashamed of my own feelings; but from the first moment I saw him I knew, quite without doubt, that he was the one man in the world for me. And most wonderful of all, he saw in me the one woman. . . . He is an explorer, a mountaineer—and now he's gone, Andy, he's gone! He sails for India this week to make another attempt on Everest."

Andrew cleared his throat. Presently he said, "So he is that Beckett. I heard him lecture once at the Geographical."

Nicole had flushed into one of her moments of sudden loveliness. "*You saw him!*" she said, and poor Andrew felt that he had taken on an entirely new interest in her eyes. "Tell me, was he very bad?"

"Oh—it wasn't much of a lecture; he never let himself go. . . . But I wouldn't have missed it for anything. Why, just to see him was enough! This was the man who had been *liaison* officer between the gods and mortals. . . . And what a good-looking chap he is!"

"Isn't he?" Nicole laughed softly. "He always said he was such a rotten lecturer; but you see he was there—I like that idea of yours about the *liaison* officer—it was he who left his friend dead and struggled back alone, so how could you expect him to be eloquent? He could only harden his poor voice and repeat it like a school lesson."

Andrew nodded, and they walked on, Andrew slightly in front. Presently he turned round. "It was most awfully good of you to tell me this. Thank you. . . . I've always taken a tremendous interest in men who did that sort of thing, I mean to say, attempted what seemed impossible heights, and went to look behind the ranges! I'd never do it myself, I was born cautious; but I like to think that there are such men;

## THE QUIVER

it seems, somehow, to make life more spacious. I wonder if you noticed in the papers not very long ago the death of a man—an ordinary business man who had been on a climbing expedition with some friends in the West Highlands and lost his life in an attempt to get a golden eagle's nest? Wasn't it rather fine?"

"Yes," said Nicole, "it gives one a thrill to think of. The commonplace, regular life, going backwards and forwards to an office, and then the wild, romantic end. I'm glad you don't condemn it. So many people can't for the life of them see anything but idiocy in it, a wilful throwing away of life. Anyway, there it is——"

"Yes," said Andrew, "there it is," and he sighed.

### CHAPTER XXVIII

"Viola. Ay, but I know——"

Duke. What dost thou know?"

Viola. Too well what love women to men may owe."

—*Twelfth Night.*

BARBARA was far from happy. She had, to her own rather horrified disgust, dreaded the coming of Nicole, and what she had foreseen had almost at once come to pass. Andrew had obviously eyes only for her cousin, and Barbara did not blame him. She had never suffered from too good a conceit of herself, and she did not under-rate Nicole's charm. Andrew, she realized, though prosaic enough to look at and talk to, had hidden depths of romance and poetry, and to these depths Nicole, that fairy's child, appealed. And there was no use in blaming Nicole. She had not willingly enchanted him; she did not want his worship. When Andrew found that out, Barbara wondered, would he come back to her? She was very humble now, this Barbara, for the truth had come to her that it was not Rutherford that counted with her, it was Andrew alone.

While she sat in the car as they made their round of calls, and laughed and chatted to Mrs. Jackson, her thoughts were all the time with the two who were walking over the hills. What were they talking about? Was Andrew going at every step farther from her?

They refused tea when calling, and got home about five o'clock. "Now I wonder," said Mrs. Jackson, "would they go in somewhere and get their tea or come home? What d'you guess? Will they be home before us?"

"I guess," Barbara said, as she got out of the car, "I guess that they're ravenously devouring tea in the drawing-room at this moment."

"You're right; here they are!" Mrs. Jackson cried as she burst into the room. "Well, what kind of a day have you had?"

"Fine," said Andrew, springing to his feet, "and we've eaten all the tea, so I hope you aren't hungry." He rang the bell as he spoke.

"Poached eggs and plum cake," said Nicole. "I feel like the greedy king in the fairy tale. But it has been lovely. . . . Has calling given you an appetite? Barbara, how disgustingly nice you look!" She put up both hands to her face. "What with the hill winds and the fire, and my greed for tea, my face is like a harvest moon! We were too hungry even to wash our hands and smooth our hair! We just rushed at the food with a cry. Now I am gorged. I must go and tidy. . . . But tell me first, whom have you called on?"

"Well, we were awfully fortunate about getting people out," said Mrs. Jackson, "so we got over quite a lot. I'll not give you this tea, my dear; they'll be bringing fresh tea in a minute. The only one we found at home was Mrs. Scott at the Manse, and she was as kind as could be, I must say that. She *would* have us to stay to tea. The maid was in with a table and a cloth over her arm before we had hardly sat down, but we said 'No' quite firmly. She's a good manager, yon woman. I knew it before the door opened. Such a clean mat and bright scraper, and inside everything as shining and neat as you like—tasteful too."

Nicole nodded. "Mrs. Scott's a noted manager and can not only get servants herself but manages to find them for other people. Wasn't she frightfully glad to see Barbara? We used to go to parties at the Manse when we were all children."

"She told me that," Mrs. Jackson said. "Oh, she made a great fuss of Miss Barbara, and they had so many things to talk about that I had plenty of time to sit and look at the room. It's awfully nice, I must say, to meet old friends. I quite envied them their talk."

"I always liked Mrs. Scott," said Barbara, helping herself to bread and butter, "and I enjoyed our talk. I'm afraid, though, you must have been bored, Mrs. Jackson. We had so many things to recall. She was telling me, Nikky, that James is doing extraordinarily well in India."

## THE PROPER PLACE

"I can well believe it. D'you remember how he was always held up to Archie as a pattern? And poor Archie said bitterly, 'He's so beastly clever that he's abnormal!' Oh, James will surely get his 'K' in no time, and then won't his mother be proud?"

"The only thing," said Mrs. Jackson, "that I don't like about the Manse is having the churchyard so near. The funerals come past the front door!"

"Quiet neighbours, mother," Andrew said.

"Uch, Andy, be quiet. I suppose you get used to it, but I must say I'd hate to sit there alone on winter nights and think of all the graves outside, and not very healthy either——"

That evening Nicole went to her cousin's room and asked her what dress she meant to wear. Barbara looked at the bed to see what Esther had laid out, and Nicole protested: "Not that. I don't like you in that." She went to the wardrobe and began to pull things about. "This, I think," producing a white dress embroidered in black. "Now let me do your hair. I haven't done it for ages, and I do enjoy it."

"Why this sudden interest in my appearance?" Barbara asked, not quite sure whether to be pleased or provoked.

"Because, my dear, I didn't think you were looking your best last night. . . . I saw someone with her hair done like this, and I thought at the time it would suit you. Now, that's very nice. Tucking your hair in like that shows the shape of your head—do you like it?"

Barbara considered herself in the looking-glass. The new style was a distinct success, and she said so.

Nicole looked over her cousin's shoulder and made a face at herself in the mirror.



"Nicole was sitting beside her hostess, telling her stories of Kirkmeikle"

Drawn by  
John Cameron

"What a horror I look! I must do something about it." She yawned. "I'm really very sleepy. It was a gorgeous walk to-day, Babs; I do wish you had come. . . . Andrew is a nice fellow. I knew he must be good and kind and dependable or his dear, funny mother wouldn't have adored him so whole-heartedly; but I also thought he would be very dull. He's anything but dull. No wonder everybody about here likes him."

"Yes," said Barbara, studying the back of her head in a handglass. "He makes a very interesting companion," and her tone was as light and placid as if Andrew were nothing to her but the merest acquaintance; but Nicole was not deceived.

That night Barbara did not feel out of it; rather, though how it was she did not know, she found herself the centre of things. It was easy for her to be amusing and amused; a becoming flush and sparkle in her eyes transformed her.

She sang, and Andrew hung over the piano. "Sing this, please," he begged.

## THE QUIVER

"You sang it the first night you came. . . . Don't you sing, Miss Nicole?"

Nicole sadly shook her head.

She was sitting beside her hostess, keeping her awake by telling her stories of Kirkmeikle.

Nicole left Rutherford to go home the day Barbara went to Langlands. Mrs. Jackson implored her to stay, but Nicole pleaded that her mother really needed her and that she had to go.



While Barbara was at Langlands, Andrew rode over one morning and asked her to marry him.

They were standing together in the little winter garden which opened from Lady Langlands' sitting-room, looking at a climbing rhododendron, and Barbara answered nothing for a minute, just went on looking thoughtfully at the white blooms. Then she turned to him and said:

"Are you sure you want me?"

He flushed a little but met her eyes steadily.

"Quite sure." He took her hand. "I think I could make you happy, and I shall count myself a very lucky man if you will take me."

"Well—" Barbara let her hand lie in his and gave a sigh which ended in a laugh. "You realize, don't you, that in me you will get a most ordinary, unexciting wife, not too costly to wear every day?"

Andrew as in duty bound protested, and added, "Where would you find a more ordinary workaday fellow than I am? Andrew Jackson, born and bred in Glasgow, in trade up to the neck, distinguished in no way at all. I wonder I have the impudence to ask you."

Barbara smiled and said, "Andy!" It was enough. He was answered.



That night Andrew told his mother. They were alone. Mr. Jackson was in Glasgow. Mrs. Jackson had been nodding over a magazine while her son pretended to read a book.

"Mother," he said suddenly, "I've got something to tell you. I'm going to marry Barbara Burt."

Mrs. Jackson stared at her son as if she had not understood him.

"But, I thought—I thought . . . Oh, I

did hope it would be the other one," and suddenly she began to cry.

Andrew threw the cigarette he was smoking into the fire.

"Mother," he said, "it isn't like you to be cruel."

"Me cruel?"

"Cruel to Barbara! What would she feel if she heard you?"

"Well, I can't help it. Everything's gone wrong. If only Nicole had come to the dance and you'd seen her first you'd never have looked at Miss Burt."

Involuntarily Andrew looked up at the picture.

*You meaner beauties of the night, . . .  
What are you when the moon doth rise?*

He sat down by his mother and put his arm round her shoulders. "Mother," he said, "you're the best mother ever man had."

"Oh, Andy, I'm not. D'you think I don't see how I affront you at every turn?"

"And for my sake I want you to be good to Barbara. . . . And, mother, I want you to understand, once for all, that Nicole Rutherford would never have looked at me, so don't worry yourself about what might have been. And you like Barbara and get on well with her—you know you do."

Mrs. Jackson sighed. "She's all right, but she's a buttoned-up creature compared to my girl. I don't know how it is, but when I'm with Nicole I just feel as easy and comfortable as if I were sitting at the parlour fireside at Deneholme with a daughter of my own beside me."

"But Barbara's your choice, so I'll say no more. It might have been worse. If it had been one of those half-naked girls that came to the dance—" She sat up and dried her eyes and smiled at her son.

"Oh, Andy, I hope you'll be happy, my dear. And she's a very handsome girl to show to our friends. I suppose we'd better send it to the papers, that is after Father knows, and Lady Jane. How would you put it? . . . 'and Barbara, daughter of the late Somebody Burt'? We'd better put, 'and niece of the late Sir Walter Rutherford and of Lady Jane Rutherford, the Harbour House, Kirkmeikle.' That sounds quite toney. I wonder what Mrs. McArthur'll say when she reads it in the *Herald*?"

(To be continued)

# Banishing Ailments

For Women—and Others

By

Olive Mary Salter

THOSE who admire the work of Jane Austen will remember how frequently her tongue strays towards her cheek over the subject of "feminine" ailments: the headaches, hysterics, and fainting-fits, which she subtly points out to us as delicate methods employed by weak woman of bending man to her will. It must have needed courage, of the peculiarly Austen sort, for a woman thus to expose such useful stratagems, especially as they appeared, on the surface at least, to work so well. There is no doubt that the male of that period showed a healthy terror of illness, and would do almost anything to escape the scenes invariably connected with it. Even in our own mothers' time he had not yet unmasked this bogey of the family life, and small blame to his wife that it was so. Consider what an easy way of ruling! There is not much inconvenience in a faint - to the fainter, that is; or in a burst of wild laughter. A dose of sal-volatile, some hours prostrate on the couch, with waiting-maid in anxious attendance, smelling salts to hand, and whatever the invalid happened to covet at the moment, was assured at small damage to anybody, unless it were to the master of the house, off post-haste for the doctor with his fingers in his ears.

## Fair Warning

Nevertheless, we owe such women as Miss Austen a great debt for giving us fair warning of our female tendency to malingering—though so slightly, though so charmingly before exposure came by the rude hands of Time and Circumstance. There is less and less room in the world of to-day for feminine ailments, and they do us less and less service with the opposite sex. The unfortunate male, in 1926, is put to it to provide bread and butter for his dependents, let alone luxuries. You cannot get blood out of a stone, nor a trip to the Riviera out of a husband on the dole, though you scream your head off and survive four heart attacks within the hour.

In the war man learned something about the inefficacy of illness in a hard world, and

he has since been busy passing his lesson on to his womenfolk. He is quick to detect malingering, is the returned soldier; even excusably apt to confuse malingering with the real thing. Pity his scepticism; he has seen too much of sickness and disease, and has been taught in the brutal school of war to regard the unfit as a burden upon the fit, better out of the way while stern work has to be done.

## Small Peace for Sufferers

Not only from the enlightened male, but in "bachelor" establishments all over the country women are now learning the meaning of that same tyrannous creed the survival of the fittest. In an all-feminine household of two, and two with their living to get, there is small chance for ailments, small peace for sufferers. If Joan has a headache on Wednesday, it means that Jane has got to work double tides. The washing-up, which is tolerable when shared, becomes infamous when the whole dreary process devolves upon one pair of hands. The ironing, which Joan generally does, comes upon Jane like a malediction after she has been standing all the evening at the wash-tub. By Thursday the balance of the household is thoroughly upset; Jane is prostrate, and the benefit Joan has derived from her day's rest is soon dissipated in trying to catch up the cog which has slipped in this nicely adjusted machinery of two.

Joan and Jane wring their hands and wonder why life has grown so difficult. In the old home days, when anybody felt out of sorts, mother put them to bed and fetched the doctor, and they knew no more about the mundane cares of this life from that moment onwards. Delicious beef-tea and home-made lemonade floated into the room at intervals, upon a background of smiling and sympathetic faces, while, subsequently, the invalid allowed herself to be carried downstairs, and to receive homage from the family, enthroned in the big arm-chair, with her feet on a hot-water bottle and flowers thoughtfully sent by aunts and cousins at her elbow.

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Where is now this proper and encouraging ceremony of illness? Vanished! with other blessings of family life; in its place there is only the whole flat in a mess and Jane in a temper because she cannot do everything at once, and her hands-to-morrow will be a sight. It seems hard, yet all hardship has its uses, and one of the results of this broken-up family life, so much deplored by conservative people, who assert that the British Empire is founded upon it, and cannot believe that it could ever rest upon any other basis—one of the happy results is that we are beginning to see illness as a whole from an altogether more enlightened point of view, such as may help to banish it from our lives for ever.

### Self-reliance

Egotism is generally its own cure, and the comparative egotism of our self-chosen bachelor establishments, in contrast with the old family days, when all made sacrifices, has been a very salubrious experience for men and women alike, in that it has taught them that they must rely upon themselves for what they want in this life, if real independence is to be theirs. One of the first bogies banished by self-reliance is the bogey of illness, for one cannot be ill and independent at the same time. Even the slightest *malaise* is bound to put one at the mercy of others, and the quality of mercy among the present generation is, it must be admitted, decidedly strained.

Parents are not the only well-meaning fosterers of illness as a harmless relaxation of the human race whom we have blithely disclaimed and now, sometimes, wish we had back again. There is growing up amongst us a distinct tendency to slough that once-essential appendage of families—the doctor. "I can't be bothered to go to the doctor," "I haven't time to go to the doctor," "I can't afford the doctor," "I don't believe in doctors." These are the timid shibboleths of the present generation—and they have their echo in medical statistics, which tell us quite definitely that there are too many doctors at present on the strength. Circumstances tend in every way to bring each one of us face to face with sickness, between us and its crude reality neither physician nor nurse, nor mother nor aunt, nor kind sister nor attentive housemaid, nor even father walking noisily on his tiptoes with a bottle of port concealed behind his back. It is significant that we seem to have chosen for our national dis-

order the ubiquitous flu, which, though an unpleasant disease, is one through which the sufferer can, at a pinch, struggle alone, without having to call upon any aid more particular than that of the nearest chemist, whose tonics we take more as a matter of habit than because we feel they do us any very great good.

It is as if we have been brought to realize, in a hard school presided over by hard young people who are having a hard struggle to live, the lesson which the animal kingdom is taught at the point of death—that when we are ill we are, for the time being, nothing more nor less than wasters; that society at large has neither leisure nor inclination to look after wasters, and the whole responsibility of whether we are to live, or to die before our time, must therefore fall upon our own shoulders. "Do your share or get out," says a harassed world, represented by the doctor whom we cannot afford to pay, the hospital which is too full to take us in, the employer who is short-handed already and cannot put up with shirkers, or the friends who have plenty of sorrows of their own and not unjustifiably are a little bored at having to add ours to their burden.

The question immediately brought to one's mind is this: if sickness be proved to have its roots in selfishness, why are we taught and adjured to show tenderness towards the sickly? The simple answer is that only by unselfishness can we finally combat and overcome selfishness. The brute law of the survival of the fittest has never yet put an end to disease and death. But out of the fear and misery caused by the stern application of that law to our individual selves has come the knowledge which is power—power to rid ourselves of the bogey of disease for ever.

### A Giving Way of Will-power

Each one of us has tracked illness, for his or herself, to its lair in the dark recesses of our consciousness, and found it to be, not the mysterious and apparently causeless visitation we used to think it in former days, but a definite giving way of our individual will-power—which, in its result, amounts to an act of treachery against society. We have seen for ourselves, and have had it, politely, perhaps, but ruthlessly, pointed out to us that we must not give way, that we must not be selfish, that we must make an effort, and so on, and very true and salutary it is



## BANISHING AILMENTS

But we have also to realize that the solitary effort of the invalid is of no avail, alone, against the great collective pressure of selfishness in the world which was responsible in the first place for his temporary "giving way." If a mob knocks a man down and tramples on him, it can hardly expect that man to get up on his own legs again without assistance and proceed on his way whistling. It is up to the mob to fetch the ambulance, if it does not want the nuisance of a dead body lying about the streets.

Sickness is the relaxation of effort in one quarter of the world, or of the country, or of the household, and to cure sickness, to restore the human balance, extra effort must be put out by another quarter of that world, that country, that household. We need to remember this when we are tempted to "give up," to do things which we know are prejudicial to our own health, or to make life so difficult for the other people around us that they are justified in trying to escape it by taking refuge in a sick-bed.

### New Labels for Old

Slowly we begin to realize that our whole complicated etiology is merely a collection of labels denoting the various circumstances of life which have an over-depressing or over-stimulating effect upon us. Doctors and psychologists are eternally busy substituting new labels for the old. Toothache is now said to be merely a label for tinned salmon and white bread. The nervous debility label has been re-affixed to a quite extraordinary collection of objects and eventualities: noisy streets, alarm clocks, air raids, evil consciences, love affairs, public affairs, domestic affairs—I give only a few of the most common for absolute lack of space. The nervous form of disease, at least, has been tracked to its origin in the demands made upon us by our complicated daily life, and it is the nervous ailment which has been the speciality of women ever since the days of burnt feathers and mysterious declines.

At last, in this difficult period of recovery after war, the question of women's infirmities is clearly before us, to answer once and for all as we will. Is life going to be too much for us? Are we going to let

it drive us back into excuses about our weakness and our highly-strungness, or are we going to hold fast to our post-war tradition of wiriness?

Are we going to be strong enough to do our bit, to pull our weight, and a little bit over as well? If everybody pulled that weight fairly there would be no more illness, because nobody would have a heavier burden of life to carry than he or she could naturally support. But in the past women have shirked, by way of these same convenient little headaches and fainting-fits now made impossible to us, and the male portion of the world had to shoulder the responsibility of themselves and their womenfolk as well.

### Shouldering the Burden

To-day the male world is exhausted and unfit. Everywhere there is complaint of male inefficiency, male weakness, and few of us, probably, pause to realize that we are in some part responsible for this collapse. In typical feminine terms, masculinity has gone to bed with a sick headache brought on by over-responsibility. While it gets rested up women will have to share among themselves the extra labour which sickness always entails. By shouldering that burden and by not allowing ourselves to give way when the male recovers and the burden is finally lifted, we have a chance to scotch infirmity for ever.

It will mean an immense effort, an effort for which women, through centuries of condonation of their "weakness," are ill prepared. We have to keep the home running and the office as well, to see to the disinfecting of a whole universe, to nurse the invalid, to be tolerant of his weakness and to keep our temper with him when he begins to convalesce. Above all, we have to stand by each other both while the effort is being made and when the cure is finally accomplished. A hospital without loyal co-operation among its staff is no hospital worth the name. Such a task has never been attempted by women before: such a world, freed from pain and infection, has often been contemplated, never yet materialized. Is the result worth the means? It is a question for each one of us to decide.



# The Optimist

A Love Story  
By  
Helen M. Turner

SHE was always expecting something wonderful to happen. Fate, which had denied her so much, had endowed her primarily with the gift of optimism. But her optimism did not cause her to see her depressing surroundings and unattractive relations through rose-coloured spectacles.

No, even when quite young she had had no delusions about the dreariness of her present life, the hardness of her father, and the indifference of her mother. Her optimism had taken the form of believing some event must happen, or meeting take place, that would result in bringing her freedom, transforming her present existence into something beautiful and care-free, removing her for ever from Kirktown.

Every morning, as she had lain on her hard bed in the tiny room she had shared with her mother, she had assured herself that before night-fall something would happen. Life simply could not always go on being so ugly, so depressing.

A rescuer would be sent to her.

As a child, the imagined rescuer had naturally taken the form of an angel, fairy princess, or prince. Every time she went out she had hoped to meet him or her. She was always awaiting the wonderful Fate that never came.

Even when childhood, with its delusions, had passed, she still hoped. Though the form of her imaginings naturally changed, her saviour took a less supernatural, more practical form.

She imagined him now as some forgotten relative of her father's or mother's who, having made a fortune, wrote to invite her to share his affluence with him; or, better still, as some romantic lover who, apparently, would come from nowhere in particular, but who, after an impetuous wooing and marriage, would carry her away from Kirktown.

Yet, after all, wealthy relatives or romantic lovers would almost have been as unlikely visitors as supernatural beings to the mean little Scottish town where Mary lived. Romance and wealth had no place among its poor streets and ugly houses,

where men and women were far too busy getting a living out of a dying industry to dream dreams or see visions.

So Mary said nothing to anyone of her hopes, but she carried them with her far beyond childhood.

On the rare occasions when a letter came, she was always the first to fetch it.

"Anyone would think you were expecting a fortune," her father sneered at her once, "the way you're aye running after the post-man."

She blushed and said nothing. Had she done so, he would have sneered the more.

James Scott had no imagination nor delusions himself, and he doubted their rightness in other people.

From whom Mary had inherited her priceless gift, and how she fostered it so long in the hard soil of the troubles and disappointments of her life, it is difficult to say.

No invitation either to leave Kirktown or to change her virgin existence came to Mary. Many girls of her age left the mean little town and sought their fortune farther afield, while others still found lovers and husbands among the lads of the neighbourhood.

Not so Mary. To some extent her imaginative, romantic nature made her fastidious. How could she have endured the rough advances and embraces of the ignorant youths of Kirktown, when she had dreamt of such another fate? Yet had she been desirous of their attentions, her father would certainly not have encouraged them.

James Scott was, as he described himself, a "God-fearing man"; but he treated his daughter as he might have done an unruly slave, denying her the few relaxations her life might have possessed.

He quoted St. Paul to her, and threatened to beat her should she so much as wear a gay ribbon or linger out an hour after supper.

Thus, while other girls of her age snatched what amusement they could out of the hard life of Kirktown, Mary was kept wellnigh a prisoner at home. Evening

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after evening she sat with her parents in the parlour-kitchen, which, with its bare walls and shabby deal furniture, seemed to her a prison cell; while her father, sitting before the fire with a large Bible on his knee, was a veritable jailer. Would or could anyone ever rescue her now? Optimism died slowly and hardly in Mary's heart.

By day she went to work in a fish shop at the other end of the town. She hated the smell of the shop, the touch of the fishes' cold scales against her warm hand; but because the pay was certain, her father would not allow her to give up the work.

"With your poor weak body and pale cheeks you couldn't get anything better," he told her with cruel honesty; and she, looking at herself in the cracked bit of glass that served as a mirror, was forced to admit that perhaps he was right.

She was a little frail thing, with none of the handsome robustness that marked so many of the girls of Kirktown. There was a certain softness about the moulding of her face and sweetness of expression in her grey eyes; but in the town of grim realities these things hardly counted for beauty. Besides, the years were passing over her, and among her neighbours a woman was considered middle-aged by thirty-five, and was either an over-burdened wife, or else a confirmed old maid. They had never heard the modern fairy tale of a woman being still a girl at forty!

Mary had not alone to help support her father, who, crippled by rheumatism, could not do more than half a day at the mill, but had to keep house for him as well. Her mother was dead. She had died of weariness and despair when only in her middle fifties.

Was it wonderful that Mary no longer dreamed dreams; that an optimism, even such as hers, was dead?

And then, when she had ceased to expect it, the thing that she had always waited for, happened. The bars fell from her prison-house, and she was able to catch a glimpse of another world without.

It had been a severe winter even for Kirktown, where most winters are hard. Mary hated the cold. It is true that at one time she comforted herself for the discomfort of her chill, thinly-clad body by the warm, rich visions of her mind; but now that she had lost hope, she went wearily about, only feeling the hardness and discomfort of life. How she hated the even-

ings, when, after a hard day's work, she had to battle her way through driving sleet and biting winds to her cheerless home.

One night, more depressed than usual, she lingered in the shelter of the shop. Outside the ground was covered by more than an inch of half-melted snow, while the feeble street-lamp did little to break the surrounding gloom.

At last, screwing up her courage, and wrapping her thin coat round her, Mary stepped out. But the darkness outside, after the light within doors, was intense, and Mary made a false step.

She would certainly have fallen had not a man stepped forward and caught her in his strong arms.

For a full minute he held her, her little thin body pressed against his robust one. Then he let her go, and gently placing her on her feet pulled her hand through his arm.

"You will be quite all right like this," he said. "It is not safe for you to go home alone."

She did not protest. How could she when his voice was so gentle and kind? Besides, the comfortable security of his shoulder against hers awakened something in her heart which she had believed to be dead.

Who could this stranger be? Of course, it was absurd to suppose him to be anyone but a chance passer-by, some visitor or inhabitant of Kirktown. Yet visitors were rare in the little town, and with all the inhabitants she believed she was thoroughly familiar.

Mrs. Smith, who lived in the next street to the Scotts, had a middle-aged English lodger. He had come to Kirktown, many knew, as assistant to the new foreman of the mill, who, it was said, was going to do so much towards reviving the now half-dead industry of the town. Mary had never spoken nor was likely to speak to either, but she had heard of both. In Kirktown, as in most small places, gossip is always busy. It was impossible to associate either men—one because of his reputed shyness and aloofness, the other because of his roughness and brusqueness—with her present gallant escort. Besides, she did not wish to associate him with them or, indeed, with anyone she knew.

In the atmosphere of romantic darkness she was reliving the dreams and optimistic imaginings of her youth.

She could feel his proximity, but his face, like her aim, was altogether hidden. She

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"She would certainly have fallen had not a man stepped forward and caught her in his strong arms"—p. 605

was glad. Feeling her fragile frame, and the grasp of her little hand, he might think of her as a girl—a young, beautiful girl, just as she was thinking of him as the wonderful knight-errant she had wished for all her life.

Just before they reached her home Mary stopped. She did not want him to see the poorness of it, to hear her father's angry, protesting voice, worst of all to catch a glimpse of her own tired face in the lamp that burnt over the door.

"I can manage now," she told him; "please let me go."

"Take care of yourself," he said. It was the first time he had spoken since his command to her to take his offered help. The bitter wind, driving in their faces, had made speech difficult. Yet Mary dreamt of his voice, of its clear, deep tones and soft unfamiliar accents as she lay on her hard bed, and the lazy winter sun, peeping in the window the next morning, saw her set-

ting out to work with an expression which her face had not worn for many a day.

All day, as she went about her uncongenial tasks, weighing and cutting up fish, her mind was a prey to wild fear or unreasoning hope. Fear that she would never meet the stranger again; hope, kind sweet hope that he would be waiting as on the night before to help her. He was. She saw his form dimly outlined against the blackness of the street as she emerged from the shop door. Hastily she wrapped her scarf round her neck and over part of her face. She preferred to remain invisible.

Almost without greeting he tucked her arm into his.

"You'll want more help than ever to-night," he said. "It's freezing hard and the road is like glass."

It *was* like glass; yet, even so, Mary, supported as she was by the stranger's strong arm, need not have slipped. If the truth had been known, she did so to feel the delight of his strength holding her up.

"You are not hurt?" he

asked anxiously, bending over her so that she felt his warm breath on her face.

Yet, though their lips were almost touching, the darkness made them invisible to one another.

"I might be a beautiful princess for all he can tell," Mary thought happily.

They parted, as on the night before, a few hundred yards from Mary's home. It was as well, for her father's protests at her late home-coming reached her ears before she had closed the front door behind her.

She heeded them not, however; she was far too happy in her thoughts for anything to depress her.

For a month Mary was absolutely happy.

Every night he was waiting for her, when her work was over, and every night he walked with her almost to her door. When the wind allowed them, they talked intimately, naturally. Mary told him of her life, of its hardness and loneliness, then of her dreams and hopes.

She spoke of things she never would have spoken of had daylight revealed her identity to him.

He listened. In the darkness she felt his sympathy and understanding around her, though he said little. She did not question him as to his name and identity. Somehow she was afraid, afraid of placing their relationship on a more materialistic footing, afraid of him thinking her inquisitive, worse still, doubtful of his good faith.

Towards the end of January, when the short winter days showed their first signs of lengthening, he told her he must go away.

"I shall write to you and you must write to me, and some day we shall meet again and talk," he assured her.

The last night he kissed her. It was the first time any man had ever kissed Mary.

"Take care of yourself till we meet again," he said. She sobbed, partly from sorrow at parting, partly from joy at feeling his lips against hers.

He told her to send his letters to a post office in London.

"Wherever I am they will reach me," he declared.

Mary's letters were also to come to the *poste restante*.

Even yet she did not want him to know where her home was. It never struck her he might have found out, been more practical than was she. Mary was in a dream world.

Mary had written very few letters in her life.

In the night watches she formed beautiful expressions and phrases to send to her lover; but once the pen was in her hand, her ink and notepaper before her, her mind seemed to become a blank. Only the phrases her father used in his rare attempts at correspondence came back to her: "Hoping this will find you, as it leaves me, well; we are enjoying fine weather for the time of year." She interspersed them, the crude phrases, however, with many crosses and noughts, and even impressed a kiss on the folded letter. He would understand her inadequacy with her pen just as he understood so much else about her.

His first letter arrived before hers had been in the post-bag a few hours. She found it awaiting her at the post office, and brought it home to read in the privacy of her own room.

Her hand trembled as she broke it open.

She was almost afraid of the beauty and

grandeur of the expressions that she believed she would find written within. How poor her own composition would seem beside this! But he had written very simply: "I miss you very much. . . . I love you. . . . We shall soon be together again."

The words sent the blood rushing with joy to Mary's face.

"He writes lovely, yet not grand at all; just what I could do myself!" she murmured; and that night she slept with the letter under her pillow.

She began to count the days between his letters. One, two, three, four, five, six; on the seventh a letter always arrived. Once he wrote that the primroses were out. "They remind me of you, Mary, with their delicate, wise faces."

Mary smiled at the foolishness of the idea when the next day she looked at a bunch of primroses that a child had given her. In the woods round Kirktown spring had come.

"Shows he's never seen my face," she said.

Yet he was going to do so before long!

In June he wrote to ask her to meet him in Edinburgh: "On Thursday 22nd, your half-day off, at 5 o'clock." Then followed minute instructions as to the exact spot and seat in Princes' Street Gardens at which he would be waiting and when she must come.

The meeting would be in daylight. He would see her face, her tired worn face!

For a moment Mary thought of writing to postpone going. How could she, however, give an adequate excuse for doing so? He would suspect something.

No; she must let Fate take its course, even if by so doing her dream-world was shattered. Besides, there was just a chance; but Mary, looking at her worn face in the glass, would hardly allow herself to hope.

Mary had £5 in the post office, her entire savings from twenty years of hard work. She took it out, and in order to spend it to the best advantage sought the advice of the cashier in the fish shop, a smart young woman ten years her junior.

"You're wanting to buy proper clothes to meet your young man?" the girl asked.

"Yes," Mary answered. Then, noticing the expression of contemptuous surprise on the young woman's face, she added humbly: "Though I'm feared smart clothes winna set very weel on the likes o' me. If only I had grand red cheeks and lips like yours."

The girl bent forward: "A pot of rouge

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and a lip-stick will do the trick for you," she said.

Mary stared horror-struck, but the girl laughed.

"You've a gae lot to learn if you mean to catch him."

It seemed as if she had before her association with the cashier was over and the £5 was finally spent. Mary would have kept back one pound. She was not wholly wanting in the sagacity of her country folk; but her new friend was firm: "You'll need every penny of it, if you want to be fit to be seen."

She further promised not only to dress Mary, but to accompany her to Edinburgh for the purpose.

"You're not wanting all the folks, least of all your father, to see you in Kirktown." (Mary had told her her story.) "I'll get my aunt in Edinburgh to allow you to change there. I'll come with you. If you were left to yourself, the chances are you would put your lip-stick all over your face."

Mary fidgeted. The lip-stick and the rouge pot had been purchased under protest from her.

"Me, that's always been that respectable, to put paint on my face," she murmured. Yet, if by risking even the respectability of her appearance she were to win her wonderful lover, surely it was worth while.

And so she allowed her friend to do her best or her worst, according to the point of view, with her.

On the day of the appointed meeting they journeyed into Edinburgh, and for two hours were shut up together in a tiny bedroom in an airless flat in the Caledonian Road. At the end of the time, however, Mary felt that she had been rewarded for her mental and physical suffering.

She stood in front of the little mirror, her eyes wide with astonishment. "If I had met myself in the street, I wouldn't have known who it was!" she exclaimed.

Her ordinary straight hair curled about a surprisingly rosy face, while her fragile body looked almost robust in its handsome covering of royal blue silk.

"What age would you tak' me for now?" she asked anxiously.

"Not a day more than twenty-three," her friend answered triumphantly; and the kindly lie sent Mary to her trysting-place in the highest spirits.

She had meant to walk. She had plenty of time to do so, but once in the street anxiety got the better of her. What if she

were late? In her new shoes, which hurt her at every step, her pace was necessarily slow. What if he arrived at the appointed place to find nobody there? He might doubt her integrity—worse still, her love!

In a fever of anxiety she boarded the first tramcar, and arrived at the east end of Princes' Street Gardens when the clock on the Waverley Tower still pointed to only a quarter to four.

She did not look at it, however. She entered the gardens and looked towards the appointed seat—the seat nearest the famous flower clock. There was nobody there. Mary went over and sat down; but she could not rest, her heart was beating so that she felt it must burst her new bodice. Five minutes to her seemed an hour. In her agitation she forgot the existence of clocks on either side of her. She gauged time by her own sensations. It must be after four o'clock, perhaps half-past, she told herself. Could he not be coming? Had he missed his way, worse still, met with an accident?

"They city streets are fair death-traps," she murmured.

The early afternoon had been beautiful, but now a damp mist—a real Scottish haar—had laid its depressing, obscuring mantle over everything. The other visitors in the gardens, a nursemaid and her charges and a couple of schoolgirls, moved away. Mary was alone in the grey, damp world, her mind tortured with anxiety.

She touched her lately-curled hair and rouged cheeks. The damp-laden air would work havoc in her appearance. She would be uglier a thousand times than she would have been had she left nature unaided. Then, when she already felt tears rising to her smarting eyes, she saw through the gloom a figure approaching. In the mist it appeared colossal. Could, could it be he?

Mary had always imagined him as big and strong, his arm had such security in its touch.

Just as her heart was beginning to beat with expectation, the approaching figure took on an odd familiarity. It was the figure of someone from Kirktown, the figure of someone who, morning after morning, she saw going to work. The figure of Mrs. Smith's lodger.

With the recognition Mary's courage gave way altogether. If he saw her, knew her, what sort of story would he take back about her to Kirktown? Would he not tell



## THE OPTIMIST

everyone of her painted face, her dress, her presence alone far from home? Why, why had she ever let Bessie Smith make such a fool of her? Why had she pretended to be other than she was?

She fled out of the garden gate, down the steep hill to Waverley Station. Her breath came in short gasps, and her hat—into which Bessie had stuck a red feather—fell over one ear.

It was hardly wonderful that the ticket-collector looked at her with an expression of ill-concealed amusement.

"Kirktown? Well, ye had better hurry up, the train will be away in two minutes."

Mary made one last effort, and dashing along the platform almost fell into an empty compartment and slammed the door.

But the physical jar caused her to recover her mental balance, to realize where her

cowardice had led her. She had run away from the trysting-place, where even now her lover might be waiting for her. She saw a clock opposite the compartment window; it was five minutes past four. She had not even allowed her lover five minutes' grace! She, who had always prided herself on her patience! What did it matter what Kirktown heard or thought about her?

She jumped to the carriage door, and was about to tear it open when the handle was wrenched from her grasp by someone turning it from outside.

A moment later the someone had thrown himself into the carriage, and with a shrill whistle the train had started.

Even yet Mary would have tried to get out, but the someone caught her by the sleeve. She turned round in order to protest, when her heart almost stood still with horror and surprise.



"She turned round in order to protest, when her heart almost stood still with horror and surprise"

Her eyes looked into those of Mrs. Smith's lodger.

"You!" she gasped, as she sank back.

The game was up now! She had lost her lover, and for ever would be a laughing-stock at Kirktown. Even now she could hear her father's words of contempt and anger.

"Yes, me; why did you run away?" Mrs. Smith's lodger said.

Almost unconsciously Mary answered: "Because I was feared."

"Of what were you afraid?" he asked gently, sitting down beside her.

Of whom did his voice remind her? Could two voices possibly be so alike. Was she dreaming?

"Of you—" she began, then angrily: "but who are you, anyway? What for are you acting being someone else, tormenting me?" In her frenzy Mary forgot that most

## THE QUIVER

likely her words were incomprehensible to her neighbour.

"I'm not pretending. I'm just myself," he protested.

"But I don't understand," Mary said, puzzled.

"Well, I'll explain everything if only you'll answer me one thing—why were you afraid?"

"Of you seeing me!" Mary said; then, noticing his surprised face, "And I'm feared still," she added, turning away.

"But I've seen you every day for the last six months. Have I not lived in the same town as you for a year, seen you every morning go to work—yes, and walked and talked with you?" he added with a smile.

His words made Mary realize the deception that had been practised on her.

"And I wld like to know what right you had to deceive me, mak' believe to be awa' when all the time you were at hame just like mysel'! You were no acting like an honest man."

Mrs. Smith's lodger nodded. "I know," he said; "it seems horribly fishy, but—well, I was afraid to. From the beginning of our friendship you told me of your dreams and hopes, of how ever since you were a child you had believed some rescuer—a fairy prince or a gallant knight-errant—would appear to rescue you from your present sad life, carry you away from Kirk-

town; and, well, there is not much of the fairy prince or gallant knight-errant about me. I am just a poor, middle-aged fellow, whose work lies among all the surroundings you hate!"

"And what about me?" Mary laughed. "Wasn't I forty on my last birthday?" In her joy Mary made the confession that, in her calmer moment, she might have withheld. Then her curiosity being not yet satisfied, she turned to her companion again.

"And after all your pretence, why did ye show yourself to me in the end?"

"Because I wanted you so badly."

"Wanted me!" Mary gasped. She herself had wanted so much, but it had never occurred to her anyone should want her!

"Yes; I simply could not wait till the winter came till the darkness hid me from you. I had to meet and talk to you again, feel your little hand in mine!"

"And we might have been meeting all the time if we hadn't been such a muckle pair of fools!" Mary exclaimed, laughing.

He would have kissed her, but she pushed him away.

"My face is no fit to be seen, let alone for a fellow to kiss, till it's had a proper wash. I'm done with romance!"

"Why, you've only begun it," he said, and kissed her in spite of the artificial colour on her cheeks.

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## Systematizing the Family Sewing

By Bertha Streeter

THE mother with small children who does her own work often finds it quite difficult to find time to do the sewing. Housework and dressmaking don't go together very well in the average household, principally because the latter must be done in the dining-room. Clearing away goods and taking care of patterns before each meal take so much time from the sewing and the regular tasks that it quite discourages most women from constructing any garments that they can possibly buy ready made.

However, the home sewing may be accomplished very easily just by making a few changes in the method of doing it. One mother with five children has worked it out this way:

"One night, when the dining-room was in order and the children all in bed, I cut out four shirts for the boys, and three slips and three tunics for my girls. I folded each garment with all the pieces I'd need for finishing it, put two of the packages on the sewing machine and the rest in the cupboard. Then I put the room in order and returned all the patterns to their proper envelopes.

"The next morning the children were slow with their breakfast, as usual. Although Daddy and I finish our meal in about twenty minutes, it is often twice that long before all the children are away from the table. Some are slow in their eating and food must be passed to them, and often I must feed little Marian or she would run away to play without sufficient food to carry her over till the next meal. So I had concluded that it was best for the children if I stayed

in the dining-room until all were through. Heretofore, I had considered that time simply wasted. But this particular morning, instead of sitting at the head of the table watching the progress of the meal, I had one of the children change chairs with me and I began sewing up those garments. By the time the youngsters were through, I had two shirts so far along that I was eager to see how soon I could finish them.

"At noon I made the same use of the minutes I had formerly thrown away, and again at night. And I was surprised to find those two shirts all done but the buttonholes and sewing on the buttons. I folded them up with a reel of thread, a needle, a thimble, the buttonhole scissors, and a card of buttons, and laid them on the table in the living-room. And next morning, when a neighbour came in on an errand, I made four buttonholes; in the afternoon I did six more while I had to listen to an insurance agent who would keep talking; and after dinner, while Daddy and I had an evening together, I finished those little garments as we talked.

"It seemed as if those shirts had made themselves. So next morning I changed the furniture around in the dining-room so that the sewing machine would be near the window, and I took the place at the table nearest to the machine so I could swing around to the sewing when Daddy and I were through with our meals. Since then, I've never had an orgy of sewing; a little is done every day. Work that used to be a perfect bugbear now seems to be done by magic.

## THE QUIVER

"I cut out garments only at night after the children are in bed, when I probably will not be interrupted, which saves considerable time and confusion. I do the machine work only at odd minutes while I am waiting for something else in the dining-room or kitchen. When there are button-holes to be made, I leave the work in the living-room, where it can be picked up at odd minutes spent there. Handwork done out of doors or while visiting with someone seems like play; that same work done indoors, alone, seems like just so much more sewing that has to be done!"

When garments must be cut out during the day, two sheets may be made to save considerable time. Lay one smoothly over the table and pin it securely to each table leg; lay the other sheet on the floor to catch the scraps. Cut out the cloth in the usual way. If you cannot finish the work before time to set the table, pin to the cutting sheet the goods and the part of the pattern next to be cut, then unfasten the sheet from the table legs, fold the corners over so that no cloth will fall out, and lay it aside until you can continue the work. Pull the other sheet aside with all the scraps on it and the floor is clean. When the cutting is done, shake the scraps from the sheet on the table to that on the floor and fold the first sheet. Shake the rags from the sheet on the floor and fold that and the mass is cleared away in almost no time.

Another way to save time when cutting out garments is to place each piece of the pattern on a chair, say, after it is used, with the cut pieces of material together somewhere else. This brings all the parts of the pattern together at the last so they may be folded quickly and placed in the proper envelope. This practice also prevents cutting the same part of the pattern twice, as well as waste in time pulling the pieces of cut goods over to see where one left off or whether something has been forgotten.

Another aid is to pin into position the part of the pattern next to be cut before answering the door-bell or other calls. It takes but a minute to do this, but when you come back to the work you see at a glance just where to begin, and while cutting that part of the pattern the mind quickly reviews the work already done and determines what should be started next. It is only by some such expedients as these that the waste of time incident to constant interrup-

tions at this stage of the family sewing can be avoided.

In using a pattern for the first time, it is best to cut out only one garment even if there are a number of them to be cut from it.

Sew the parts together and try it on. If any alterations are made, make the same changes on corresponding parts of the pattern; when that is impossible, note them on the envelope. Generally you are so eager to finish the garment that you dislike to take the time to do this, but seconds so spent will save hours later. With the altered pattern, one may cut out as many garments as needed and put them together without fitting or any other interruption. Indeed, in such cases, a woman can make two garments in little more time than it takes to make one alone if seams are sewn one after another without cutting the threads at the end of each one.

One secret of quick work is to keep the pieces flat as long as possible. In making a boy's shirt, for example, finish the front edges and sew on the pocket before closing the shoulder or under-arm seams. It takes fully half as much time again to do these things when the work is more "bungly" to handle on the machine. When the fronts are finished and the yoke is on the back of the waist, if a yoke is desired, sew up the shoulder seam. Either the sleeves or the collar-band may be sewn on next, but if there is a turn-down collar, that should be sewn to the band before the band is attached to the larger piece. If there is no right or wrong side to the material, hence a danger of getting the placket at the cuff on the wrong side of the garment, finish these openings after the sleeves have been sewn in instead of before—to avoid ripping if such work is new to you. Now sew up the sleeves and under-arm seams, attach the cuffs and finish the bottom of the garment, and all is finished except button-holes.

Seams that may have to be ripped for alteration may well be made with a slightly loose tension. If no alteration is necessary, the sewing will hold; if the seam has to be ripped open, a steady, slow pull to the under thread will bring it out in much less time than would be required for ripping the same seam made with a tight stitch.

In sewing, as in all things else, make a plan before you begin work if you want to accomplish your task in the least possible time.

# First Aid in the Home

A Practical Article  
By  
Agnes M. Miall

EVERY mother of a family, or, indeed, anyone in charge of children, gets her fill of minor accidents and emergencies to deal with. As in most cases promptness is the essence of satisfactory treatment, she should always know exactly what to do and where to find her remedies instantly.

A small hanging cupboard—hanging in order to be out of reach of exploring little fingers

Friar's balsam, permanganate of potash crystals, and a tiny tin of mustard.

Stock the upper shelf with clean, old linen, a packet of absorbent cottonwool, another of lint, some oiled silk, a small



Fig. 1.—Probing with a sterilized needle to extract a thorn or splinter near the surface



Fig. 2.—Sterilizing a needle in the flame of a candle

—should be kept for emergency remedies only. If used as a family medicine chest as well, the difficulty in a time

pair of scissors, a needle-book containing different-sized needles, a finger-stall, and assorted safety-pins. Stock all contents in quite small quantities, and replace them promptly as they run out.

Children's hands are so inquisitive that they suffer minor damages oftenest of all. Small cuts are best painted over with iodine or new-skin to stop the bleeding and pre-

of stress is to find the bottle required among so many. Quite a tiny cupboard of cheap white wood—this is easily stained dark brown at home with Brunswick black thinned down with turpentine—costs very little and serves admirably.

It should contain on its lower shelf such remedies as boracic powder and ointment, vaseline, olive oil for burns and scalds, a packet of kitchen salt, a bottle of new-skin, aspirin, spirit of camphor, tincture of iodine, smelling salts,



Fig. 3.—Applying the bread poultice to a punctured finger

## THE QUIVER



Fig. 4.—A flannel bag containing hot salt or a hot boiled potato cures earache

vent the entrance of germs; a rag sprinkled with boracic powder and bandaged on is better if the cut is large or deep. Needless to say, the area round the wound must be thoroughly cleansed before any treatment is given.

Punctures in the fingers, often neglected because they don't bleed and hardly leave a trace, are more tiresome. The bleeding from a cut, and its comparatively large opening, make the escape of any septic matter easy; but in the case of punctures, caused most often by the entrance of splinters, needles, and thorns, the microbes are often imprisoned in the flesh and cause festering in their efforts to escape. A thorn or splinter remaining in the flesh will have the same effect.

If attended to as soon as the sharp substance has entered, it can generally be extracted quite easily by gentle probing with a needle (Fig. 1). But this, of course, must be sterilized—surprising how often this vital point is omitted!—or it may simply introduce fresh infection. To sterilize a needle, scissors, or any other instrument used on exposed flesh, boil it for two or three minutes in water, hold it in the flame of a candle till a black film of carbon forms on it (Fig. 2), or immerse it in a strong solu-

tion of lysol and water. To preserve sterilization intact, the sterilized part must not be touched by the fingers, linen, or anything else before being used on the wound. After extracting the cause of trouble, dress the puncture as for a cut.

If the thorn or splinter has penetrated deep, or been left in for some time without being noticed, it is unlikely that the needle will probe far enough to bring it out. Prompt attention is then needed to prevent festering, or to cure it if it has already begun. Heat is the best agent for bringing the thorn to the surface, and sometimes merely holding the affected finger in very hot water is successful. If not, bread poultices must be applied every hour or two until the thorn becomes get-at-able.

To make a bread poultice, soak some bread pulp—no crust—in boiling water. ~~W~~ain off the water, place the bread in a square of linen, and mash it with a fork. Then apply it to the punctured area as hot as it can be borne (Fig. 3), keeping it there by pressure or a bandage

Fig. 5.—Warm almond oil dropped into the ear gives relief in mild attacks of earache





## FIRST AID IN THE HOME

until it has cooled. Repeat frequently as long as is necessary, keeping the place bandaged damp between poultices.

During the cold months earache afflicts many unfortunate children. It causes such intense pain that everything possible should be done to ease it quickly.

Hot water, either plain or as poultices or lotions, cools too quickly to give more than momentary relief. But common salt heated on the stove or gas-ring in a shovel, or a large boiled potato, both retain their heat for some time. Either may be placed in a flannel bag and laid on the bad ear (Fig. 4). If the bag can be placed on the pillow and lain on, so much the better; but sometimes the pressure is too painful for the child to bear.

For a slight attack it may be enough to heat a little almond oil in a teaspoon and drop it into the ear (Fig. 5). Great care must be taken not to get it too hot. The ear is more sensitive to heat than the hands, and if a child is once startled and frightened in this way, he will never allow this remedy to be administered again.

If a person complains of feeling faint, or sways without becoming senseless, the attack can often be cut short by putting him



Fig. 7.—For a severe pain of neuralgia put small lumps of ice in a waterproof bag and apply it to the painful spot



Fig. 6.—Forcing down the head and shoulders of a fainting person to restore the blood to the brain

or her on the floor or a seat, and pressing the shoulders forward in a bowed position. This causes the head to hang, and in this position the blood of which it has been temporarily emptied will quickly rush back again (Fig. 6).

When consciousness is lost, lay the sufferer flat in as airy a place as possible. If a boy, loosen his collar and tie and the clothes over the chest. This is a case where brandy is useful, or hot, strong, black coffee, a tea-spoonful at a time, may be given; but stop this at once if the lips make no movement of swallowing when the spoon touches them. In this case hold smelling salts to the nose, dash water on the face, and chafe both wrists. When consciousness returns the patient should be kept resting in a lying or sitting posture for some time.

For the severe pain of neuralgia, either heat or cold is a good home remedy. Try a hot salt bag, as already suggested for earache, or put some small lumps of ice in a waterproof bag—such as a sponge bag—wrap it in flannel, and apply it to the painful spot (Fig. 7). As neuralgia is always a symptom of physical or mental strain, a doctor should be consulted if attacks are more than occasional.



## THE HILL OF FRIENDLY PEOPLE

### "The Lonely Woman"

SINCE publishing the article on "The Lonely Woman in the Country" in my February number I have been inundated with letters. Most of my correspondents send communications which they wish to have forwarded to the author. Some send "replies"—one or two of which I am printing in this number. The fact of this large expression of feeling on the part of my readers shows that, underlying the reserve which is supposed to be one of the features of our national character, there is a good deal of kindly feeling and sympathy. No doubt if things were just a little bit different the "lonely woman" would find friends and be lonely no longer.

At the same time, those who know are only too willing to acknowledge the truth of what the "lonely woman" alleges. For six years I lived in one of the prettiest villages in Sussex. I never expect in this or any other country to find a spot so beautiful and so entirely satisfying. When spring is in the air and the primroses are in bloom I long with an almost intolerable ache to be back in what I shall always regard as my "spiritual home." Yet, I am afraid I must confess that socially the place was rather impossible.



### A Turn of the Kaleidoscope

Referring to quite another matter, a correspondent of mine wrote feelingly about the changes of life: she remembered those queer little telescope-like toys we used to play with in times past—kaleidoscopes, I believe they are called—where by a movement of the hand a queer conglomeration of coloured beads at the end of the telescope changes form and an entirely new

pattern is evolved. "Life seems to me just like that," my friend wrote.

Well, so it is, and for myself I have shaken up the pieces and a new pattern has evolved.

Three years ago we moved from the lovely Sussex Weald and built a little house on the bleak North Downs, just at the fringe of the ever-growing circle of huge London's suburbs.

In beautiful Sussex we were low-lying and moss-grown, with flowers in our garden all the year round and sunshine gladdening the heart even in the short winter days. Now we are on a hill exposed to the cold north-east winds, with wide-open views and bracing breezes alternating with tiresome fogs.



### A Social Change

The kaleidoscope has brought us changes with a vengeance.

Curiously enough, if the outward circumstances are different, there is even greater difference in the social atmosphere.

We felt it at once.

At the outset, when we surveyed the bare wind-swept spot, the gentleman who had built his house on the adjoining plot came out of his gate, made us welcome to the neighbourhood, and asked us in to tea. We found afterwards that his good lady had a soul for gardening, and in spite of chalk and wind and mist she had created there a veritable little paradise. She loved that garden, had, during a few short years, put her whole being into it, and now that she has passed hence her soul still haunts that beautiful, quaint little garden on the hill. From her we obtained the address of the man, born and bred on the estate, who knew every inch of the ground, what it could grow and what

## BETWEEN OURSELVES

wouldn't thrive. We put ourselves in his hands; he levelled our rough, sloping plot, raised beautiful roses where, logically, they never could grow, turned bare chalk into grassy lawns. He is "one of the old school." He has retired now. You can visit him at his tiny cottage where the big family Bible occupies the centre place in the front room. But every Christmas he remembers us, and a Christmas tree duly makes its appearance in the nursery.



### The "Oldest Inhabitant"

Whilst the wilderness of waste was being turned into a place of habitation, we were surprised one day to behold an old gentleman slowly walk inside the gate, survey the scene and apparently give instructions to the gardener. The latter introduced us. He was the "oldest inhabitant." He it was who first had the courage to build a house upon our hill. He gallantly planted it right at the top, and now takes a fatherly interest in all new-comers. After he had departed a great load of cuttings arrived from his garden to give us a start—and most welcome they were. We have a standing invitation to call in at his house at any time for a talk or to listen to the wireless.



### The Spirit of Youth

When once we had laid the foundations of our little house, the land which had been vacant for ages suddenly sold like wildfire, until now practically every plot on the hill has been sold to people eager, like us, to make the great venture with post-war houses. A little farther up the hill, past the beautiful little garden, we saw a plot reserved, and in due course a quaint, old-world cottage arose from its foundations. It is apparently an exact replica of an old-time Sussex cottage, and in due course it was occupied by a newly married couple. We had been told that both man and wife have all sorts of scientific achievements to their credit; we disregard the rumour: they are two children with the frank, indomitable spirit of youth who will never grow up. They professed not to know a thing about gardening, yet they set out, with rare courage and devotion, to create a garden out of an acre of downland. Not, true, with the vision and the help of the lady next door, but just with their own hands and the spirit of boundless youth. They are at it morning and night—and always as you pass they call out a gay invitation to come inside and trace the

future lily-pond or watch the rock-garden grow. I do a bit of gardening fitfully, but, after seeing them down on their knees on their lawn pulling out the weeds one by one, I have grown ashamed of my lesser zeal, and told them that the care of a car absorbs my spare time.

Now we have one small son, aged three, by disposition friendly and nothing if not sociable. Taking him up the hill is like piloting Hercules past the sirens. He wants to pay a call on everybody, and, strangely, every house on the hill has a welcome. If by chance one is able to drag him past the house of the couple who never will grow old—though ten to one he will have to inspect their garden thoroughly first—he will insist on calling at the next house on the hill, where two little friends of his own age dwell. In all probability this will mean him staying there the whole morning, to mutual delight.

This is another home to which we have a standing invitation to come any evening—an invitation of which we often avail ourselves. There never was a colony without one family at least from bonnie Scotland, and this is the one. If we enter the garden gate and start to chat in five minutes we are wafted away to the lochs; our Scottish friend lives still, in mind, on the sea, and every illustration he uses is drawn from sailing craft or nautical lore. He recently bought a little car and I taught him to drive; he said reversing came naturally to him from his rowing experience, and even now I believe he conducts his small craft by the rules of the sea. When he is not—mentally—sailing he is deep in the eternally youthful Gilbert and Sullivan's operas, which he seems to know from beginning to end; the glorious times we have had hastening through *Iolanthe* and the *Yeoman of the Guard*, though most of my part has been dumb show.



### Open Hospitality

We have nearly reached the top of the hill by now—the very top, it will be remembered, is occupied by the "oldest inhabitant." On a glorious eminence, filled with huge vistas of earth and sky, is another new abode, this time built to the design of a family from South Africa. If possible, in this little colony of sociable people, they are the most sociable of the lot. Though new-comers like ourselves, they know everybody, entertain everybody, have an affection for us all. When you are well

## THE QUIVER

and strong you can go and play tennis on their lawn; when illness creeps into your house you can go and borrow a camp bed, blankets, sheets, or any other requisite; if you are making jam or marmalade there is the necessary pot at your disposal. But more than all these kindly evidences of neighbourliness there is always, as the sun goes down, a place for you on their—stoep, do you call it?—a little veranda where you can sit and watch the light of the setting sun on the miles of downland at your feet, or count the little twinkling cars winding their way along the main road. Or when the sun has finally set, you can pass inside, sit by the wood-log fire and listen to stories of life on the veldt. Nothing exciting—no bridge, no dancing—but just that air of freedom and welcome and sociability.

I have not, of course, enumerated the whole extent of our colony: I feel somewhat guilty in leaving out the others. But one and all seem imbued with the same kindly, sociable spirit. You can find a welcome at any house on the hill; an invitation to come inside, and to come again.



### **The Reason Why**

Why this should be so is rather strange; just as strange as that it should be so otherwise in that other little community where Nature is so lavish and kind.

Perhaps it is not merely the kaleidoscope, not just chance. Our little Sussex village is old, and its traditions go back to the days when Dr. Johnson found and admired its beauties—and longer even than that. Its genial climate has drawn to it the old people whose battle with life is over and who now only long to retire into their shells and warm their hands at the fire. Alas that it should be so, but the young and the enterprising, the restless and the ambitious leave our little villages to find fame and fortune in the towns. The old people who remain have found all the friends they want, or—as with the Anglo-Indians and retired army chiefs—still dwell in the world where their word was law and their eminence fame. They do not knowingly leave “lonely souls” out in the cold, but they cannot now adjust themselves to new friends, new conditions.



### **Explorers**

Our little colony on the hill is different: it is comprised of men who have had to push out still farther from crowded London. Like

the explorers of old, they have found a new country, and they have the will and the daring to conquer. The old Pilgrim Fathers, setting foot on New England shores, must perforce have been friendly enough to one another; co-operation was a prime necessity under prevailing conditions. So, too, in a mild degree, it may be with us. We are explorers together, adventurers in a new and untried land.

More than that, we are, by art and nature, rather set aside by ourselves. We are not exactly suburbs, nor are we country; a mile of open road separates us from the shops and the station, from the part where, with bewildering rapidity, street on street is growing, to witness to the overcoming of the housing problem. In the suburbs proper perhaps there is not time to make friends; houses grow too rapidly for recognitions. We on the hill are not quite so crowded or so hurried.



### **Spared from the Spirit of Snobbery**

But beyond all that, somehow or other, by some strange chance or fortune, the spirit of snobbery has not overtaken us. We none of us pretend to be better than we are; none of us aspire to worldly position or social eminence. Adjoining us on the other side, way off the main road and nearer the country, is a pretty little village with its ancient village church and its modern golf club. They say—and we whisper it in fear and trembling—that the people are elegant and distinguished: the men play golf and the women play bridge. Rumour hath it that the social distinctions have their proper place, that society is fitly divided upon orthodox lines, that ladies forgather for afternoon tea, and that, in a word, all the proper appurtenances of social well-being obtain. It may be so. We do not care, we do not trouble to explore. For ourselves, the freedom, democracy, sociability of the men on the hill; we'll face the winds that blow, grow roses on hard chalk, chat over the hedge, and enjoy ourselves. For those who love the social climb, the exclusive set, there are sedate communities to be found. But we are free and friendly, and if any “Lonely Soul” comes to live on our colony on the hill we hope and trust that we shall not be found wanting.

*The Editor*

# The Breakfast for "Braves"!



THE  
BREAKFAST YARNS OF  
MONDAMIN, THE GREAT CHIEF  
(With apologies to "Hawatha")

## Number One

Tell the tale of Stalwart Redskin  
To your children, in the morning  
When you serve them their Post  
Toasties,  
Their Post Toasties, crisp and  
"crunchy."  
Tell them how the Indian Warrior  
Grew his corn upon the Prairie;  
Indian Corn, so good and

strengthening,  
Strengthening him for all his battles.  
Tell them how the Indian Corn is  
Transformed into crisp Post Toasties,  
Ready for the breakfast table,  
Food for little British "Redskins";  
Of the strength that Toasties give

them,  
Tell the tale to all the family.  
If they've never tasted Toasties,  
See they try this treat to-morrow.

It won't cost you anything to try Post Toasties,  
the Double-Thick Indian Corn Flakes that stay  
crisp in milk or cream. Ask your grocer for a  
FREE SAMPLE.

When next you buy Post  
Toasties, ask your grocer  
for the Redskin Village  
"Cut-out" to take home  
to the kiddies. It'll amuse  
them for hours.

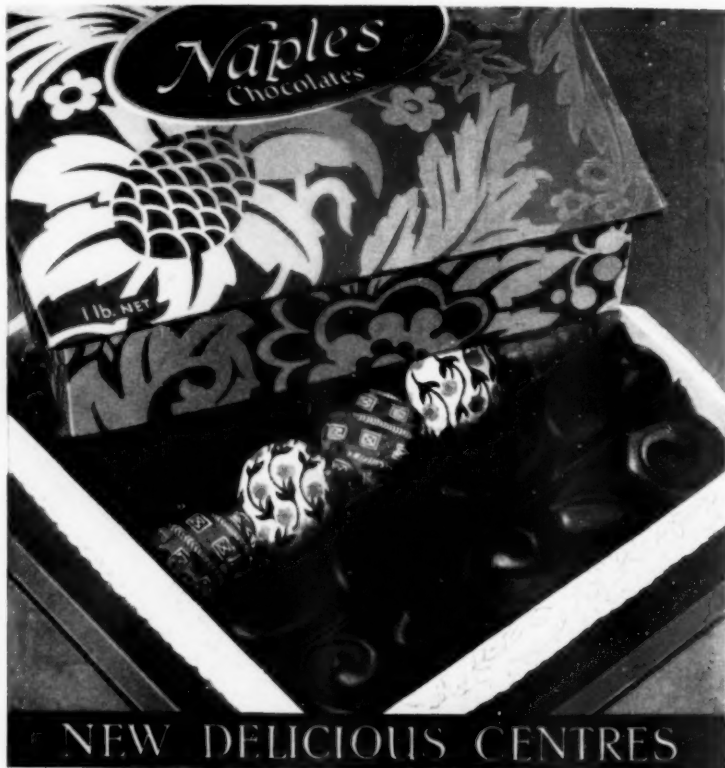


# Post Toasties

DOUBLE  
THICK INDIAN  
CORN FLAKES

Stay Crisp in Milk or Cream

# The chocolates for 1926 Cadbury's



**ALMOND BALLS.** Fine roasted Almonds, surrounded with rare pistachio marzipan and roasted almond pate.

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# *Things that Matter*

by Rev. ARTHUR PRINGLE

## RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE

IT is possible that some readers may be disappointed when they see this title. Religious experience, they will say, is something that comes to only a small minority, and it is generally discussed in a way that ordinary people find it difficult to enter into. With this latter complaint I fully sympathize, and it is for that very reason that I want to deal with the subject, for it ought to be possible to talk about it in a plain, straightforward way that will command the interest of anyone who wants to take fair stock of the meaning of his own life.

### Every Man has His Religious Side

And how can a man do this if he leaves his religious experience out of account? For, say what you will, every man has his religious side and the experience that results from it. The ways in which it shows itself are extraordinarily varied, but it is there, none the less. Indeed, in talking of religious experience, the first mistake we have to get rid of is the idea that it is always uniform and cast in the same mould.

It would scarcely be too much to say that there are as many kinds of religious experience as there are different individuals. And the narrowness that has so persistently been the enemy of religion has seldom done more harm than when it has laid down certain hard and fast rules to which all religious experience is supposed to conform. What is our humanity worth if, especially in the highest concern of all, you rob it of individuality and distinctiveness? God having made us different, where is the sense of trying to reduce ourselves to one pattern?

We must bear this in mind in all our praiseworthy desire for religious unity. Every sensible person wants to break down needless barriers and do away with "unhappy divisions." But, all the time, let us remember Bacon's warning, "they be two things—Unity and Uniformity." Fortunately, uniformity is a will-o'-the-wisp we

can never catch; for if we could, we might live to regret it. There is serious point in the half-playful way in which one of our modern leaders of religion puts this to us: "Have you ever reflected that it is only the existence of a large number of diverging bodies—each of which must show some toleration if it expects to be tolerated—that enables you and me to lead peaceful lives and evade persecution? Don't you think that, if all were gathered into one fold, with stereotyped views and a fixed code of doctrine, the very few stragglers who dared to think originally would have a rough time of it?"

In religion, as in all else that matters, there can be happy divisions as well as unhappy; and, with good sense and temper, diversity of view and expression make for health and truth. But my point at the moment is that the varieties of religious experience are as worthy of respect as the varieties of belief. Christianity, properly understood, leaves us free to develop along the lines of our temperament and individuality. Churches make a great mistake when they insist on a particular kind of "Christian experience" as essential to membership. Any such test is bound to exclude some of the most genuine and sensitive people.

### Dead Against the New Testament

What is very much to the point, any such narrowness is dead against the whole trend of New Testament teaching, which, it is interesting to note, recognizes three main types of Christian experience which we all know something about, either at first- or second-hand. They are not in tight compartments, and to an extent they merge into each other; but we shall see them with sufficient distinctness if we call them the mystical, the practical and the unconscious.

Among my readers there will be representatives of each type, and they will recognize their experiences as I describe them. The *mystical* type stands for the sure, definite consciousness of Christ and of

## **THE QUIVER**

spiritual things generally which Paul possessed, at least in his greatest moments. To him it was given to realize the living Christ as a central vital fact that transformed everything. It was his to be "caught up into heaven" and to hear what could never be put into words. His generous, passionate build made his soul the home of ecstasies and assurances so real and intense that the heat of them still reaches us.

And in varying degree this same order of experience has belonged to numberless other enviable souls who have been very sure of God, and to whom the living Christ has been an overmastering reality. This, of course, is the classic and distinctive experience to which all should aspire; but the point is, most of us are very far from having got there. Yet it by no means follows that, for that reason, we are "out of it" as regards true religion.

### **Slow Learners**

For quite plainly there is another and larger category of people who, by temperament and circumstance, are slow learners in spiritual experience, but who are no mean exponents of Christianity in action. They hear the words of Christ and do them; strangers to rapture, they have fine intimacy with loyalty, which is much more important. Followers of the Master in daily living, are they to be "unchurched," or spiritually suspect, because they do not know Him in the ecstasy of spiritual communion?

James, with his prosaic, common-sense epistle, is in the New Testament, as well as Paul, by way of reminder that the pedestrian, humdrum Christian need not be discouraged because he is incapable of spiritual flight or adventure. And, if you take the original circle of disciples, you can scarcely say that the religious experience of most of them is on a very lofty plane. The simple fact is that, in the Bible or out of it, the practical type of religion is much more prevalent than the mystical; and, even among the experts in devotion and prayer, there is considerably less direct consciousness of God, and mystical communion with Him, than we are apt to think. There is, in short, every reason for encouragement to us of the religious rank and file, who, in the main, have to be content with doing our best to fulfil Christ's commandments in our daily lives.

But we must go even further if we are to

follow the lead of the New Testament; for it is significant that, in one of His most solemn moments, Jesus indicated that many of His truest followers, so far from having had any "Christian experience," are *unconscious* that they have ever served Him. "When saw we thee hungry and fed thee, or thirsty and gave thee drink?" There it is, plain for everyone to see: a man may be unaware that he has ever come into relationship with Christ, and yet may all the while be His true servant.

### **Shadowed by Doubt**

Is not this the very clue we need to solve the problem of the manifestly good man who cannot share our faith, but who, meanwhile, is living up to what light he has, and who often goes so much higher than many who are consciously rejoicing in *the Light*? Is the Church never to be catholic enough to embrace those who, consciously or not, have the spirit of the Master, but whose faith has been broken by doubt or clouded by sorrow? At all events, let those of us who cannot "mount up with wings," but can only "run" or "walk," be of good heart. Everyone who honestly tries to live up to the best he knows not only has religious experience of the true kind; he is laying the foundation of all other kinds that are worth having.

Nowadays, especially, it is important to make this clear, for there is so much unsettlement of thought and so much clashing of beliefs, that the plain man may well despair of finding sure anchorage anywhere. Let him find it in himself—in the ideals and promptings of his higher nature. If these be obeyed, he will be in touch with God, whether he know it or not, and all else will come in due time.

### **Not Unhealthy Emotionalism**

To realize this will preserve us from the foolishness of associating religious experience with what may be unhealthy emotionalism or hysteria, while denying it to the unpretentious loyalties and heroisms by which everyday life is continually illumined. We shall bring the whole subject out into the open, and shall gladly admit that everything good is, in the best sense, religious, and that there is no truer communion with God than the faithful performance of duty.

If we accept this, with all that it implies, it will carry us a long way towards a sane faith and a happy life. But there is one aspect of the subject on which it is specially desirable to clear our minds. What of the

## THINGS THAT MATTER

experience known as conversion? No one who knows anything of life will doubt the reality of conversion. He might as well deny his own existence. But here again people have been needlessly "put off" by the constant suggestion that conversion always comes in the same way. Hence the distress of numbers who, because they have never been through a certain kind of "experience," or undergone a sudden crisis in their spiritual life, think that there must be something wrong.

As a matter of fact, conversion comes to people in various ways, according to their circumstances and personality. Take the case of a boy or girl brought up in Christian surroundings and under the constant influence of happy religious associations. From the first their lives are set in the right direction; their religion is like the light of day, beginning with the dimness of the dawn, and gradually opening out to the fullness of noon. In the literal sense of being "turned round" there is no need for them to be converted—they are already going in the right direction. Their "crisis" comes when, of their own accord and by their own will, they definitely dedicate themselves to the ideals on which they have been brought up. This is one side of the matter—a gradual, quiet development, with no sudden crisis or sensational happening.

### Sudden Conversion

But this does not mean that there is no such thing as sudden conversion. Modern psychology throws a good deal of light on our mental and spiritual happenings; but the power of God has ways of working beyond anything we can explain. From the earliest days of Christianity until now its records are full of genuine, unquestionable instances of lives that, in a moment, have been completely changed. All of a sudden, like Bunyan's pilgrim, men have felt the burden fall from their shoulders, and there has come the glorious sense of a peace and blessedness that they have never known before.

Because there are many—including possibly ourselves—to whom this particular experience has never happened, we must not question its reality. It stands beyond denial, and belongs to the essence of Christian faith and life.

I have suggested that in many cases it baffles explanation and can only be attributed reverently to the undiscovered powers of God. But, along certain lines, modern

knowledge is showing us more clearly than ever before how "sudden" and wonderful changes come about in our lives. We are learning how within us all, and underneath our conscious life, there is a vast storehouse of thoughts and impressions and desires constantly being added to. Little noticed, perhaps quite unnoticed, at the time, these subconscious elements of our life have come in and taken their place, and there they stay until something happens to wake them up.

### Downward as well as Upward

If these subconscious influences are healthy and good, then their "waking" means our "conversion" to what Christ stands for. If they are unhealthy and wrong, you get—what the newspapers make us only too familiar with—the sudden, unexpected fall of someone who, to all outward appearance, has been leading a good life. For conversion, sudden or gradual, can be downward as well as upward; and change can be for evil as well as for good.

Thus looked at, religious experience is full of variety and practical interest, reminding us afresh of the wonder of our human nature, with its strange mixture of possibilities; above all—let it be said again—full of encouragement to the man who, whatever his temperament or circumstances, is bent on doing his best.

### The Quotation

*"Of that great change of campaign which decided all this part of my life, and turned me from one whose business was to shirk into one whose business was to strive and persevere—it seems as though all that had been done by someone else . . . All I mean is, I was never conscious of a struggle, nor registered a vow, nor seemingly had anything personal to do with the matter. I came about like a well-handled ship. There stood at the wheel that unknown steersman whom we call God."*

—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

### THE PRAYER

HEAVENLY FATHER, we bless Thee that there are many roads leading to the one goal, and many diverse voices that mean the same thing. May we have courage to think our own thoughts and pray our own prayers, and give ourselves faithfully to our own work. And may we ever remember gladly that all forms of truth and goodness have their source in Thy eternal love.

# Cassell's Great Holiday Ballot Competition

**First Prize £100    Second Prize £50**  
and Twenty other Prizes of £5 each

## Which is your Favourite East Coast Holiday Resort?

Perhaps it is SCARBOROUGH, or FELIXSTOWE, or SKEGNESS. WHATEVER IT IS, BY SELECTING YOUR SIX FAVOURITES, according to what you think will be the most popular vote, YOU STAND A CHANCE OF WINNING £100, or one of the other 21 Prizes. THIS COMPETITION IS SIMPLICITY ITSELF. BELOW YOU WILL FIND A LIST OF 20 of the most popular RESORTS—ALL ON THE LONDON AND NORTH EASTERN RAILWAY, which, as you know, runs from King's Cross to Lissiemouth and from Manchester to Grimsby. ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS TO STATE, IN THE SPACE PROVIDED BELOW, which you think will prove to be the most popular among all the competitors. FOR INSTANCE, if you think SCARBOROUGH will be at the top, put that FIRST, or if you think FELIXSTOWE, put that FIRST, or if you think SKEGNESS, put that FIRST, and so on in order.

**YOU MAY ONLY SELECT SIX PLACES—NOT MORE—AND ONLY THE PLACES NAMED BELOW MAY BE USED.**

*Read what the residents themselves say on the opposite page.*

### LIST OF TWENTY RESORTS

SCARBOROUGH	YARMOUTH	CLACTON	SALTBURN
BRIDLINGTON	LOWESTOFT	SKEGNESS	DUNBAR
WHITLEY BAY	FELIXSTOWE	REDCAR	NORTH BERWICK
NORFOLK BROADS	YORK	CLEETHORPES	EDINBURGH
WHITBY	CROMER	HARROGATE	ABERDEEN

ALL ENTRIES MUST BE POSTED TO CASSELL & Co., LTD., "HOLIDAY BALLOT COMPETITION," La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.4, NOT LATER THAN MAY 12th, 1926, and the result will be published in the JULY ISSUE of this magazine.

**No Entrance Fee—Free to All. Simply Fill Up This Coupon**

### COUPON

*The following are, in my opinion, the SIX most popular Resorts on the East Coast.*

- |        |        |
|--------|--------|
| 1..... | 4..... |
| 2..... | 5..... |
| 3..... | 6..... |

Name .....

Address .....

# CASSELL'S GREAT HOLIDAY BALLOT COMPETITION

(Particulars on opposite page)

**Before deciding on your favourite six East Coast Holiday Resorts,  
read below what distinguished residents say about them:—**

**SCARBOROUGH.** By COUNCILLOR G. WHITFIELD,  
His Worship the Mayor.

"There are entertainments to suit every taste, and it is the Children's Paradise. Scarborough, as the 'Queen of Watery Places,' still 'reigns supreme.'"

**YORK.** By COUNCILLOR W. WRIGHT, The Lord Mayor.  
"York is unique. It is surrounded by medieval walls with ancient Bars and Towers. Its Minster is the largest and most beautiful in the Kingdom. It is the centre for excursions to the Coast, Moors, Rivers, Abbeys and Castles of Yorkshire."

**YARMOUTH.** By COUNCILLOR A. W. YALLOP, His  
Worship the Mayor.  
"Yarmouth's health-giving breezes and invigorating air are unsurpassed. It provides all that is best in amusements, has the most up-to-date attractions, and its golden sands make it the ideal resort."

**REDCAR.** By ALDERMAN W. WARDMAN, His Worship  
the Mayor.  
"Redcar possesses the finest stretch of beach to be seen in the United Kingdom. These sands are unparalleled, and at low water there is a width of sand of three-quarters of a mile."

**WHITBY.** By F. W. HORNE, Esq., Proprietor of *The  
Whitby Gazette*.  
"You can spend a fortnight at Whitby, have the beach, bathing, tennis, etc. in the morning, visit a different beauty spot every afternoon, and come back to music and entertainments in the evening."

**FELIXSTOWE.** By H. F. DOUGHERTY, Esq., Chair-  
man of the District Council.  
"Felixstowe is Peter Pan's own playground. For the first rest and recuperation; for the virile—games galore. Merry entertainers, bright music, clean air, sparkling seas and golden sunny days."

**SKEGNESS.** By COUNCILLOR F. COOPER, Hon. Sec.  
Skegness Advertising Association.  
"The bracing air of Skegness acts as a tonic. There are miles of golden sands for the kiddies. If it is for life and health, will you not find it where innumerable others have done?"

**NORFOLK BROADS.** By H. BLAKE, Esq.  
"A Norfolk Broads holiday is 'better than the seaside' because it is 'the holiday that is different,' being free from the usual routine. For health and rest, the Broads are best."

**EDINBURGH.** By SIR W. L. BLAIR, the Lord  
Provost of Edinburgh.  
"Edinburgh is the most beautiful city in the world. Its picturesque charms appeal to all lovers of nature; its culture and history to all students. With its bright sunshine and bracing climate, it forms the ideal holiday resort."

**NORTH BERWICK.** By A. D. WALLACE, Esq.,  
Town Clerk.  
"North Berwick is the world's golfing centre. It has 9 first-class golf courses within 6 miles; tennis courts; finest safety swimming pool in the country; safe sandy beach; picturesque sea-bath."

**HARROGATE.** By F. J. C. BROOME, Esq., Publicity  
Manager to the Harrogate Corporation.  
"Harrogate offers the money-and-time-saving proposition of a 'cure' and a holiday combined. 'The Mecca of the Ailing,' the Playground of the Robust,' expresses Harrogate in a few words."

**CROMER.** By COMMANDER LOCKER-LAMPSON, M.P.  
"Cromer has the record for sunshine of any seaside resort in England, and its sands, its sea, and its surroundings are as charming as anywhere in the United Kingdom."

**LOWESTOFT.** By COUNCILLOR W. SMITH, His  
Worship the Mayor.  
"Lowestoft is the first town in the British Isles to greet the rising sun, and it is the most invigorating resort on the English coast. Its inhabitants welcome visitors."

**BRIDLINGTON.** By W. A. STONE, Esq., His Worship  
the Mayor.  
"Bridlington is one of the most delightful and popular health resorts on the East Coast. With its glorious sands, aptly described as 'The Children's Paradise,' its facilities for sports, it offers unrivalled attractions."

**WHITLEY BAY.** By ARTHUR PARKER, Esq., Clerk  
to the Whitley Urban District Council.  
"Whitley Bay is well known as Northumbria's happy holiday centre-by-the-sea. For bracing air, and facilities for every form of outdoor recreation and indoor amusement, it would be hard to beat."

**CLACTON.** By COUNCILLOR W. FENTON-JONES, J.P.,  
Chairman of the District Council.  
"Clacton-on-Sea faces South, and combines a tonic air with warmth and abundant sunshine. It is a garden city by the sea which provides every facility for a healthy and pleasant holiday."

**CLEETHORPES.** By W. J. WOMERSLEY, M.P., J.P.  
"Cleethorpes provides bracing air with facilities for golf, tennis, bowls, boating, fishing, and it possesses Britain's largest bathing pool. The sands are safe for children."

**SALTBURN.** By SAM H. RAPP, Esq.  
"Saltsburn sands are the finest in Europe, firm and clean. The town is surrounded on three sides with beautiful glens and sylvan woods. Special facilities for the moors and neighbouring resorts."

**ABERDEEN.** By COUNCILLOR DUNCAN, Convenor of  
Public Health and Advertising Committee.  
"For a bracing holiday there is no place in the British Isles can surpass Aberdeen. 'The Silver City by the Sea,' with its fresh air from the North Sea and the Grampian Mountains."

**DUNBAR.** By J. B. BROOK, Esq., Town Clerk.  
"Dunbar is a main-line seaside resort with a most bracing climate, and ample facilities for holiday recreation and amusement. The affection visitors acquire for Dunbar brings them back year after year."

# Problem Pages

## Those Lonely Men

ONE of my greatest difficulties in conducting these problem pages is to know what to say to all those men who write to me asking to be put in touch with women readers.

It is curious that I rarely get a letter from a woman asking me to provide her with a man correspondent; but every month or so some man writes to say that he is lonely, that he has no means of meeting young women of his own position in life, that he would be so grateful if I would put him into communication with any young woman who would care to make his acquaintance.

Parents will understand the difficulties of my position. Suppose that a young, impressionable girl under age writes to one of these lonely men without the knowledge of her father or mother. It is impossible for me to guarantee that every man who writes to me is the soul of honour; an undesirable type of man would be quite clever enough to make an attempt to use *THE QUIVER* as a means of getting into touch with a young woman from whom, for instance, he might attempt eventually to obtain money. And if any unhappiness were the result I should blame myself, and regret that I had ever granted one of the requests from lonely men. My attitude, therefore, must be to discourage this type of correspondence.

At the same time, I know that there is tragic loneliness in life, and that often it is supremely difficult for men and women to form friendships likely to be helpful to both, and for that reason I am reluctant to bind myself by any hard and fast rule. In any case, however, I cannot undertake to forward to men any letters from women readers unless they are accompanied by a signed statement that the writers are over the age of 21, and that, if they are living at home with their parents, their parents have given their consent to such correspondence. I make this second stipulation because I think that most girls over 21 years of age who are earning their living away from home may be trusted to look after them-

## Those Lonely Men—The Quality of Love—Snobbishness By Barbara Dane

selves, but I do not think that any young woman who is living with her parents should conduct a correspondence with a complete stranger without their knowledge.

Now for the letter which has provoked these remarks. I give it as it stands, and any letters to the writer which may come to me I will forward, provided they comply with the conditions I have named. But, once again, I do not want to encourage this development, and, believe me, all my readers, I think there are other and surely better ways of making friends than by letters sent to and received from strangers.

This is the letter:

For several years now I have desired to marry and to make a home of my own, but living in the heart of the country, amongst a farming population, and not getting about much, never meet any young ladies of my own station in life with whom I might form a friendship with the above object in view.

Out of almost sheer desperation, a few years ago I inserted in a paper a matrimonial advertisement, but out of the few replies received (most of them from widows) only one containing about half a dozen lines asking for further particulars interested me at all.

My correspondent was a young lady of thirty years of age, with the sweetest disposition and as affectionate and modest a nature as it would be possible to find.

Right from the very outset of our correspondence our letters flowed with ease, confidence and sincerity, photos were exchanged, and we took the deepest interest in each other and were arranging to meet (which meeting I feel as ever convinced would have had the happiest of endings) when a great blow was dealt to both of us.

Though of robust health, having never ailed anything in her life, the dear lady in question contracted a cold, comprising a sore throat which she neglected and went about in the ordinary way, when at least the precaution of remaining indoors should have been taken.

Her condition suddenly became worse, and on taking to her bed, and at last consenting to have a physician called in, bronchitis was the verdict given. It led to a serious and fatal heart trouble, owing to which, to avoid the slightest excitement, she was permitted only to see her nurse, physician and heart specialist.

But this was not all she had to bear, for she was a martyr to loneliness, and as her parents had died many years ago and there was no one in the wide world who really loved her, her loneliness at this time began to appear complete.



## PROBLEM PAGES

Fortunately, the acquaintance with whom she happened to be staying when she was taken ill, who nursed her throughout her illness, and from whom she refused to be parted to be taken to a nursing home, turned out to be kindness itself, a woman with a big heart and a real true friend, so that at last, after many years of waiting, someone had come into her life to love and be loved by in return.

I might conclude my letter here, as I have related enough to draw your attention to yet another case of loneliness of the saddest description, but I should like you also to know that I did what I could, at the eleventh hour, to bring cheer and happiness into this fair young life into which I felt that I had been mysteriously sent, though, as it seemed to me, all too late.

"I suppose you will not want to write to me now I am so ill," was what she wrote in one of her early letters to me, to which I replied that I wanted to write to her all the more, and from thence on, by sending at intervals boxes of flowers and writing daily, did the little I could to cheer her throughout her long illness, borne with the greatest fortitude, which lasted over five months.

Nor did I ever regret the decision I had made in my own mind to write to her daily, for during this time, though we had never seen each other, we became devoted friends, and in a wonderful manner got to know each other intimately.

My letters, poor things though they were, were made as interesting as possible. Many of them were of extraordinary length, describing my people, walks, home and garden where I lived, etc., and everything I had recently done or happened to be doing, I took the greatest pleasure in relating in the minutest detail, always trying to instill cheer and the hope that ultimately she would regain health and strength.

But if my letters, which I was informed lay strewn around her shortly before she passed away, were a source of real joy and comfort to her, as she told me time and time again, what of hers to me?

What wonderful letters they were! How she trusted and confided in me in them, and oh, how sad and full of pathetic disappointment and anguish was the letter relating the terrible news the specialist had to disclose to her which made me dash off to the post several miles away to dispatch a box of hastily gathered roses.

Written in pencil whilst she was so ill, in a very neat little handwriting, came the painstaking letters from this poor stricken girl, and though often a letter, written at all kinds of odd times would take two to three days to write and must have been written many a time under stress of much pain and discomfort, and though repeatedly I reminded her not to over-tire herself by writing, promising to write daily just the same, she insisted upon writing to me every few days up to the last.

I had a wonderful and sacred insight into the starved heart of this poor lonely child, and can only say that her letters were a revelation to me, particularly in that I could not have thought it possible, in a great civilized country such as ours, for anyone, especially of such means and sweet personality, to be so absolutely cut adrift from the homes and hearts of humanity.

Some little time ago I wrote a short letter to you asking if you could kindly put me in touch with any young ladies of my own station in life who might care to correspond with me, but you replied to the effect that it was against your rules and regulations to do so, and though I fully realize the delicate nature of my request, the cause for your restrictions and the great care you have to exercise, I hope you will please excuse my writing to ask again if you cannot possibly do anything for me in the matter, as I am still a bachelor, and out of memory for my dear friend would welcome the opportunity to do my best to shelter someone from loneliness and the risk of being overtaken by a similar fate to that of my never-to-be-forgotten correspondent.

### The Quality of Love

From Glasgow there comes this letter from "Doubtful":

The first thing I do on receiving THE QUIVER is to read the "Problem Pages." You always have such a large measure of sympathy to give your correspondents, and are so understanding that I have been tempted to put a question to you which I have been pondering at intervals for some time now. It is this: "Is it possible to love overmuch?" I am twenty-three years of age, and I love very deeply a man who reciprocates my affection fully. We are not engaged yet, but hope to become so in the early summer and to be married some time next year. Now, what I would like to know is this. Is it wicked to feel, as sometimes I feel, that if anything happened to take him from me my life would be absolutely blank? My whole future is wrapped up in him. I sometimes think that it is not right that a person should feel like this about anyone. For one thing it seems to me to show a deplorable lack of faith. I have tried hard to get over it, but my nature appears to be a worrying one, and I have a hard job trying not to look too far ahead.

I know, dear Barbara Dane, that you will understand. I do not want you to think that I am always a gloomy, pessimistic person. It is only in moments of reflection, and I think we all have them, that such thoughts occur to me. I am a modern shingled girl, and manage to get a great deal of joy and happiness out of life.

My dear girl, I think your feelings do you credit. Is there any woman who does not feel a great love to be sacred, and who does not occasionally torment herself with the thought of the desolation which the loss of it would leave? At the same time, real love ought to make us more unselfish, not more self-centred. It should inspire us to share our happiness with others. Having received much we ought to give much. And no life in which some service is given to others can ever be a blank, even if the best goes out of it. Look upon this love that has come to you as something which should prompt you to make life beautiful for others. It is the woman who has lived completely in herself,

## **THE QUIVER**

and has never been inspired by the love given to her to serve others, who feels such complete desolation and despair when the loss of a dear one comes, for her loneliness is then complete.

But be happy in your love, and do not torment yourself more than you can help. Love was meant to be healthy and drive out morbid thoughts, just as it was meant surely to be an inspiration to life itself. I am sure you are going to be very happy, and that you will learn to use your love wisely and beautifully so others may be the better and the happier for it.

### **The Value of a Sea Voyage**

A sea voyage was at one time regarded as the fashionable cure which Harley Street physicians advised all who were suffering from nervous strain or overwork. I wonder sometimes if those of my correspondents—and, alas, there are so many—who write to me of nervous troubles are aware that a sea voyage to-day has become possible to many more than was once the case. Very many women of quite moderate means spend £20 to £25 on a holiday which does them little good. In summer-time it is possible to make the trip to Marseilles from London by sea and back to London by sea on a first-class ship for £17, which includes all, and very good, meals. I have made this journey from London to Marseilles by sea, and know what a restorative effect it has. The break of journey at that most enchanting place Gibraltar prevents monotony, and during several stages of the journey there are delightful glimpses of coast-line. The continual sense of movement without any personal exertion is extraordinarily soothing to a restless temperament, and there is so much to do on board ship that the time goes incredibly fast. I know that many of my readers must now be planning their summer holiday, and for all who are jaded and who are suffering from nerve-strain I should advise a sea trip. These remarks, primarily intended for a Nottingham reader who asks me to give her some holiday advice, have a wide applica-

tion. Details of such a trip as I have advised can be obtained from any tourist agent, but I might add that it is possible to get two-berth cabins even in the second-class on some of the great ships going to India, so that two friends doing the trip together could have as much comfort and privacy as if they were in a state cabin in the much more costly first-class.

### **Snobbishness**

Here is a letter from the mother of two girls who, she tells me, have acquired "curiously snobbish ideas since they were sent to a girls' boarding-school."

I do not think that there is cause for much serious anxiety here. Children, because they are naturally imitative, are often snobbish, and the best treatment I have always found to be a little good-humoured laughter, a very gentle teasing. As they get older children gradually acquire a more accurate sense of the values of life and realize that the possession of a dozen party frocks does not really constitute social superiority. If the school is satisfactory, I do not advise you to remove your children simply because a few of the girls are snobs. Good manners—good breeding, that is—eventually win, and in the end it is generally the girl who has boasted about her father's wealth or her mother's social position who finds herself unpopular, not the daughter of poor, but well-born parents. You cannot always protect your children from unpleasantness, social snobbishness or otherwise, and the value of boarding-school life has always seemed to me to lie in the fact that it does provide a preparation for after-life, being in itself a miniature world where all kinds and conditions meet, where one must make allowances and learn to give as well as to take.

### **Birthday Greetings**

Flowers are always a graceful form of birthday greeting, "H.," and are perhaps the best possible gift to make where the intimacy of the friendship is not great enough to warrant a more personal present.

(Letters for this Department should be addressed Miss Barbara Dane, QUIVER Office, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.4. A stamped envelope must be enclosed if a reply by post is desired.)



# The Lonely Woman in the Country

## What Readers Think Some Extracts of Interesting Letters

THE article in my February number "The Lonely Woman in the Country" has evidently awakened deep interest on the part of numbers of my readers. In consequence I received a large number of applications asking to be put in touch with the author. I do not like to appear ungracious in the matter, but when I took the article it was with the express stipulation that correspondence should not be forwarded. Perhaps it was as well that this condition was attached, because it would have been exceedingly difficult to have replied to all the kind letters that were sent, also it would have been equally difficult to have discriminated.

I am printing a small selection from the letters that have been received, not as being typical, but because they show another aspect of the matter. I am next month printing an article of a very different character under the title "Is Living Alone Lonely?" This is written by a woman who is actually living alone and has done so for some time, and I think when my readers see it they will agree that she puts an entirely different light on the question.

To "The Lonely Woman in the Country."

DEAR MADAM.--I feel impelled to write an answer to your article in this month's *QUIVER* because I feel enormously sorry for you, but I must say that I consider your whole outlook is hopelessly wrong. Your greatest trouble is that you have no troubles and therefore feel obliged to make them up. Imaginary troubles are, however, quite as hard to bear as real ones until you realize their shadowy character.

You say you have no friends, but what about Boyce the postman? I like the sound of Boyce, and should count him a real friend if I had arrived at such chatty terms as you appear to have done. And you must be more or less familiar with your day girl, so why shouldn't she be another friend? Or is pertness her only characteristic?

Your remark about the Squire's never having been Lord of the Manor comes very near to being "catty." He was probably awarded the title by public opinion of his worth, which is really not such a bad way of getting it. On your own showing he is your social superior, so why should you resent the fact that he regards himself as such? Though it is childish to say that he relegates you to the level of a twice-convicted poacher. You yourself have a regard for social differences or you would not

have been so quick to resent the familiarity of the fishmonger, who said that you ought to have married. It would, perhaps, have been better policy to laugh at his remark (which was not, after all, so supremely outrageous) and to say, "I entirely agree with you!"

The butcher's wife, who seemed indisposed to chat, probably has no time to waste. People with rising families seldom have, particularly when they are in trade.

Why be so annoyed at being over-reached in the chicken bargain? Everybody has been "done" sometimes, and you will know better in future. It is quite easy, as a rule, in cases of the kind to "get your own back," but why worry?

Don't be so hard on the vicar, poor man. Can't you see that it is a bit awkward for a widower to call on a maiden lady? Make it as easy as you can for him, and be kind to his housekeeper, who seems to need a friend quite as much as you do.

You and Boyce agree that there is "nothing for the people in between" in a village, but what about the Women's Institute, which you only casually mention? If it is at all "worth its salt" there is plenty of scope for you, and you will not lack friends long if you can only prove useful.

Look out for something useful to do besides institute work. Don't take it for granted that you are the only lonely or miserable person in the village; there are lots of others needing help if you will only look. Probably Boyce himself has a sick relative who would like to be visited and read to and given flowers. Perhaps there is a workhouse or hospital near by that you could visit and work for. I hesitate to suggest regular church work because you seem so thin-skinned, and I am sure you would imagine that people accused you of "running after" the vicar! Try to ignore gossip, and don't imagine any!

Why be so ashamed of being an "old maid." You are really extremely lucky. If you had a husband he would be much more likely to say, "Why the dickens isn't supper ready?" instead of, "Well, Nellie, old girl." Don't let yourself get sentimental over might-have-beens.

Are you fond of animals? If not, you have a great defect in your character. I defy anyone to be lonely with a couple of jolly dogs, and they brighten one's country rambles amazingly. Even one would do the trick, but two or three are better.

Haven't you any friends to ask to stay with you? Perhaps some of the old boarding-house tabbies would be improved by a sojourn in the country.

Don't fuss over yourself so as to whether you are getting sour, etc. If you forget yourself and look out for others a bit you'll keep sweet all right.

## THE QUIVER

Last of all, cultivate a sense of humour, for I believe yours is very small, provided you have one at all. Next time you are hurt or annoyed, look out for the funny side of the incident (there is sure to be one) and refuse to see any other, and *laugh!*

In all this I am taking it for granted that your health is good, but if not, of course, you will find it difficult to be happy wherever you are. Be sure to have plenty of good, nourishing food, tastefully prepared, and plenty of fresh air.—Yours faithfully.

ANOTHER DWELLER IN THE COUNTRY.

DEAR EDITOR,—Is it possible that the article in your current issue by a lonely lady is genuine? But, there, I suppose it is. But how sorry it makes one to realize that we Britishers are so beastly reserved. I'm sure that's all it is; I speak from experience, having lived in many places, London included, and having found them all lonely.

I ought not to grumble, and, indeed, mine is no "case" at all compared with this lady, for I am married with a child.

Nevertheless, I have felt the bitterness of loneliness, for I am one who likes company, albeit rather fastidious regarding it, and some people's way of appearing to avoid a friendly chat has frequently amazed me.

If a man drinks and is well posted regarding football results, there is, of course, scope in either the local "pub," or, if he is more highly placed, his masonic, but for others there does not seem a lot of opportunity of meeting congenial spirits.

I had no intention originally of saying anything about myself. I merely wanted to let that lady know that if she lived anywhere down this way we should be only too happy to meet her, and if sympathy helps we can assure her of 100 per cent. I am a firm believer that you have only to keep on visualizing what you want to attain it, so I would ask her not to *hope* only, but to actually *believe* and what she wants she will get. We appreciate very much indeed your helpful and most practical mag.—Yours faithfully, F. M.

To the Editor of THE QUIVER.

DEAR SIR,—I have just read with interest an article on loneliness (which appears in February's QUIVER), written by a lonely lady in the country, and it seems to me that this special lonely lady, from her own account, has only herself to blame. She feels that she needs sympathy and friendship, but apart from friendship—which may mean anything or nothing—she does not seem prepared to give anything herself.

Now I am not yet what is generally known as "a spinster"—though I shouldn't be at all surprised if time and circumstances made me one—but I do feel that if the lonely lady would only make to herself some definite interest in life she would find a cure for her loneliness.

It seems to me that there is something wrong in shutting oneself up in the country or the town, especially when one has, evidently, the money to live a life of comparative leisure. If the lonely lady, even living in a boarding house

among "tabby cats," could only interest herself, for instance, in some child welfare organization. . . . There are many such organizations in every large town in urgent need of voluntary workers. Almost any clergyman would be glad to give information.

I think the lonely lady would find that in work she would find friends—fellow-workers with the same interests as herself—and thus she would discover happiness.—Yours sincerely, L. F.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—May I suggest that "A Lonely Woman" looks at life from a wrong standpoint?

"Go out into the busy world and love it; interest yourself in its life, try what you can do for men, rather than what you can make them do for you, and you will know what it is to have men yours, better than if you were their king or master."

London is lonely, I admit, though even there I have made friends. But country folk are usually warm-hearted and friendly. There must be no suspicion in their minds, however, that you feel superior to them. That is fatal; they curl up.

The expressions, "Not of their class," "I should lose caste," point to the lonely woman's attitude towards her neighbours.

May I give my own experience?

In 1917 I lost everything, except good health, the necessity for work, and a certain dogged something which said, "Hold on; if you give up now you are lost!" With the last of those fatal letters in my pocket, I went straight to my work at the local Red Cross Hospital. Life was pitch black, but I went on working. I dared not go to bed till quite exhausted, for the "spectre of loneliness" stood at my elbow too, mocked and jeered at me, "You are all alone now for always!" But I shook it off and went on.

When the boys I had mothered—with all the love I used to give my own—no longer needed me, I turned to other activities. I had to love and serve somebody. An educated woman, with no home responsibilities, can be very useful in any community.

I am secretary of the "Penny Hospital Collection," of the local branch of the British Legion, and of the Church Council. I teach in Sunday-school, and all the boys have a grin and the girls a smile for me. I know all the babies—particularly the butcher's!—and I find that mothers will always talk of their children if one has time to listen!

Everyone needs a change, even from beautiful surroundings. A week among the theatres (I pinched and scraped years ago in order to see "Mary Rose"), a bicycle tour, or a walking tour offer inexpensive forms of holiday.

A wireless set introduces us into a new and delightful world. Who could feel moody after hearing "Uncle Rex" say "Good night!"?

Lastly, dear "Lonely Woman," do remember that "he that hath friends must show himself friendly"; and next time you ask a young lady to tea, *ask the boy too!* He might teach you to ride the motor-bicycle!

Thank you, Mr. Editor.

A "LONELY WOMAN" OF SIXTY WHO ALSO LIVES IN THE COUNTRY.

# Prisoners of Hope

It behoves us, claiming as we do to stand in the forefront of civilization, not to fall behind the zeal and energy of those who are working on the Continent of Europe, in the United States of America, in our own Dominions, in the Far East, India, Japan and China, and other countries for better, more humane, and more instructed methods in dealing with the great problem of crime.

SIR EVELYN RUGGLES BRISE.

**P**RISON! For all of us the word has a sinister sound. At its best it means loss of freedom; at its worst, little less than Hell.

What can be more terrible than the description of the prisons in the Middle Ages? Tortures, chains, cruelties of every kind, solitary confinement in darkness where the unhappy captives lost their eyesight and the use of their limbs. And all these horrors were inflicted not only upon criminals, but upon many innocent persons.

## Appalling Conditions

In the eighteenth century the conditions in England were appalling. Two hundred crimes were punishable by death. People were imprisoned for months before trial. The jailers were actually chosen for their brutal insensibility to human suffering. There was no regard to health or decency. The jails were hot-beds of disease and of indescribable horrors. At York people were locked up in winter for nights of fourteen hours in narrow cells just long enough to lie down in, the only outlet being a hole a few inches square above the door. At Ely prisoners were placed on their backs at night with iron bars crossed over their bodies, and collars with iron spikes round their necks prevented any movement of their heads. And terrible sentences of transportation and imprisonment of fifteen to twenty years were passed upon mere children for what we now call petty offences.

Such was the state of things in 1773 when John Howard began his splendid work, and to him may be ascribed a new Prison system, a new spirit of Penal Reform whose purpose is not to avenge crime, but to prevent it;

## A Century of Prison Reform

By

Joshua E. Gregory

to reform criminals rather than to punish them.

Howard's first principle was to train the children to prevent them becoming criminals and to reclaim youthful offenders, and slowly, very slowly, public opinion was stirred.

## A Hundred Years Ago

Rather more than a hundred years ago a small Colony was founded at Stretton, in Warwickshire, for the purpose of reclaiming young prisoners between the ages of sixteen and twenty. This movement was entirely due to a few kindly people who carried on the work, and after thirty years' experience they stated that no less than sixty in every hundred of these young offenders might be permanently reformed.

In 1838, under the auspices of Lord John Russell, the Parkhurst Prison was established for youthful prisoners. The Parkhurst Act contained a clause which enabled the Secretary of State to pardon any young person under sentence of transportation on condition that he was placed in the charge of some benevolent association. In 1854 the Reformatory School Act was passed, which confirmed the principle that young offenders should be dealt with by other methods than those of Prison or Transportation.

## The Vagabond Life

At that time it was said that there were in London alone 30,000 youths leading a vagabond life. Some measures were taken to remedy this state of things, but progress was slow, and twenty years later there were 10,000 young people in London employed in match- and newspaper-selling, etc., without discipline or education, and unprotected by law. Little wonder that many of them drifted into prison. Indeed, in 1875, 28,000 children were annually brought before the magistrates for all sorts of trivial offences, and were locked up with common criminals in a common jail.

The Howard Association of that date tells of a boy of seven imprisoned for taking a sixpenny lock, a child of eight for a petty

## THE QUIVER

theft, and of a girl of thirteen locked up in a stone cell for receiving a pat of stolen butter. It turned out afterwards that she did not know it was stolen. It was in winter, the stone floor was frozen, the only food was bread and water, and the poor child pined away and died in a fortnight.

### The Children's Charter

Happily, the Children Act in 1908, called the Children's Charter, changed all that. It is now practically forbidden to imprison a child or young person under the age of sixteen, and full responsibility is not presumed before the age of fourteen. Special courts, too, are appointed where charges against children can be heard separately, and every effort is made to prevent them from coming into contact with adult criminals.

No child can be a criminal in the ordinary sense of the word. Erring children are victims of the wrongdoing of others, of inherited tendencies and of evil influences, and in almost all cases, if taken early enough and placed in the right surroundings, they can be taught to become good citizens.

### Making Criminals

In 1894 a Committee was appointed to inquire into the condition of the young in our prisons. They reported that criminals are chiefly made between the ages of 16 and 21, and that up to a certain age every criminal may be regarded potentially as a good citizen, and that it is the duty of the State to try to effect a cure.

The old convict prison at Borstal, near Rochester, was then used for lads between the ages of sixteen to twenty-one, called Juvenile Adults, and a small society was formed—the Prison Visitors' Association—whose object was to visit these lads every month and also to make arrangements for those about to be discharged. From this small body of visitors sprang what is now known as the Borstal System. They had very little money. The Treasury gave them £100 a year, and their income of about £500 a year was made up by subscriptions from their own personal friends.

Sir Evelyn Ruggles Brise says: "The object is to check the evil habit by the *individualization* of the prisoner, mentally, morally and physically. To the moral persuasion of a selected staff we add physical drill, gymnastics, technical and literary instruction. The material we work with is at

first slow, stubborn, impenetrable, with no outlook in life beyond that of criminal adventure. . . .

"It is a wonderful metamorphosis—the conversion of an inveterate jail-bird to the strong, well-set-up, handy English lad, with respect for authority and a new birthright, qualifying him to enter the ranks of honest labour. The Borstal Association can show that this conversion takes place in many cases, and it must be a great encouragement to all engaged in social work to feel that such results will certainly follow upon healthy influences, steadily and wisely applied."

### The Borstal System

The Borstal System is now widespread, and its principles became law in 1908. During the recent years the annual committals to the Borstal Detention have averaged nearly six hundred for boys and one hundred and eighty for girls. These institutions are admirably fulfilling their purpose to furnish an opportunity by which young persons between sixteen and twenty-one may be rescued from a life of crime.

The Association keeps in touch with them when they are discharged, and so helps to prevent them falling back into evil ways. During 1918, of 1,734, 81 per cent. were well placed, and of 913 young women, 406 were suitably placed and 160 returned to their friends.

### A Costly Work

It certainly costs something to reform a criminal, but it costs a great deal more to keep him one or to allow him to become worse.

We must bear in mind, too, that the adult inmates of our prisons are not all habitual evil-doers. They, too, are often victims, victims of ignorance, of unhealthy surroundings, slums where men, women and children are crowded together, often a dozen in one room. Sickness, depression in trade, lack of work—these are some of the causes which fill our prisons.

A few years ago a man was charged with begging. He explained that he had tried hard to get work, but had been unable to find it, and in order to provide food for himself and for his wife he had begged in the streets and had been convicted more than once. He was committed to prison for a month. When he heard the sentence, he threw up his arms, crying, "Prison, prison! There's nothing but prison for me!"



## PRISONERS OF HOPE

The magistrate felt the pathos of the situation and said gravely: "I am very sorry for you; there certainly ought to be something better for a man like you."

This man had committed no crime, only an offence against the law—the offence of begging because he and his wife were hungry! He was the victim of circumstances.

### Drunkenness and Crime

Drunkenness is said to be the contributing factor in about 50 per cent. of the offences annually, and is often the cause of actual crime.

There is no doubt that habitual drunkenness is a disease, and in the majority of cases is due to some mental defect which existed long before the drunkenness developed. Still, many inebriates show no other sign of deficient intelligence, and in many cases drunkards can be helped to learn self-control, which, like other faculties, is made stronger by use.

An old friend of mine who is in the social set we call "The Poor" was speaking to me one day about her husband.

"My old man was in prison once," she said. "Oh, he's all right now, but he used to carry on awful! Knocked my teeth out, 'e did, and he'd think nothing of throwing the lamp at yer. I had to 'ave 'im up at last; but I *was* sorry when 'e 'ad to go to prison. I made him some good strong soup afore 'e went—and 'e cried, 'e did, fit to break yer heart. When he come back us had a regular feast. He was that glad to get home. It did him good enough; 'e's bin better ever since."

"He loved yer," put in her daughter, smiling.

"Aye, he loved me," said the old woman quietly. "It was the drink as done it."

Sir Herbert Smalley, until lately the head of the Prison Medical Service, says:

"The opinion has been growing for some years that mental and physical disability may largely contribute to the commission of crime—and that treatment rather than punishment is necessary."

### Disease and Crime

There are some who believe that all crime is a disease—"a folly which might be avoided," and that it is slowly being eliminated from the race as man marches onward. It is certainly true that a very large number of prisoners may be classed as mentally deficient. About 90 per cent. of all criminals

are in a marked degree different from the general population in stature and bodily weight. And a considerable number must be regarded as "not fully capable of dealing with ordinary affairs."

No one, however compassionate, can doubt that in some cases severe punishment is necessary. There are crimes so revolting, so cruel, that Public Opinion rightly demands retribution by suffering, and suffering may teach a great deal. But, as Plato said, "the object of punishment is to make the offender good," not only for the sake of the transgressor, but for the good of the community in which he lives. Reform, not vengeance, should be the end of all punishment, and that has been the aim and the hope of all noble souls.

"The unfailing faith that there is a treasure, if you can only find it, in the heart of every man," and for many offenders prison is the first good influence in their lives.

### Prison Reform

Prison reform means better health conditions, sanitation, order, cleanliness, careful medical attention—"and all are subject to the reforming influence of religion. The prison doors are wide open to all Ministers of all creeds and denominations, to lay visitors and missionaries, and let us not forget the influence of our lady visitors, and the thousands of forlorn and despairing women, young and old, who, perhaps for the first time, find the voice of sympathy and encouragement which like a ray of sunshine lifts the gloom from off their souls."

Strict discipline, order, obedience, hard work: these things are necessary, but everything that is degrading can be abolished.

Stoneware is now used instead of shabby tin. The coarse canvas cloth with the broad arrow has disappeared, and a plain grey uniform is used, and the daily shave has done much to restore self respect.

### Football and Cinema

In Maid-tone Gaol, French, Spanish, short-hand and book-keeping may be studied. At Peterhead they have football matches. In another prison last year the Home Secretary allowed the chapel to be temporarily converted into a cinema, and the convicts provided their own music. Flowers, too, are allowed. Ah, well! Both flowers and music may bring "thoughts too deep for tears," and who shall say what Divine influences may come with them?

## **THE QUIVER**

The law of silence is not now strictly enforced. Certain news from the outside world is given, and there are "lectures on subjects calculated to inspire and interest."

And what is the result of all this? Some people tell us that the authorities are too lenient, that we are making our prisons too attractive.

Well, our answer is, that in spite of the increasing population, crime is decreasing.

Fifteen years ago the number of persons sentenced to imprisonment annually averaged 186,569. Last year it was 58,216, and the official record shows a decline of 72 per cent. Ten years ago the average daily population was 15,300 men and 2,422 women. This has come down by one-third, there being now an average daily population of 10,000 men and just over 1,000 women. Ten years ago there were 15,000 convictions against women for drunkenness; last year there were only 4,000. In 1872 there were more than 1,200 women in convict prisons undergoing penal servitude; to-day there are less than 100. And in spite of the fact that after a war there is always an increase of crime, after this war there was only a temporary increase, which turned into a decline.

And afterwards, when these men and women have paid the penalty and come forth through the prison gates into the world once more, "at the moment," says a well-known writer, "when Society's highest duty to them begins," what do we offer to them then?

Formerly there was the gratuity system. This gratuity could be earned by prisoners for good conduct and industry, and there were various societies which helped discharged prisoners to re-establish themselves.

### **Aiding Discharged Prisoners**

These societies are now incorporated in the Central Association for the aid of discharged prisoners, to which the Government makes a grant instead of a gratuity to the prisoner. Each society is registered with a certificate to show that it is properly organized, and, in combination with the prison authorities, it renders aid to all deserving cases. During one year 21,388 prisoners were discharged and 1,719 were helped, and of these 75 per cent. were placed in good employment. These societies also give assistance to the wives and families of the men in prison.

Since this association was formed, ten years ago, the number of persons convicted who had already served a sentence has

fallen 80 per cent. Substantial facts such as these go to prove that prison reform is bringing forth good results.

These are some of the subjects which were discussed at the International Prison Congress which has lately been held in London, when men and women from all parts of the world were present—compatriots in one great cause. The good of humanity.

The first idea of such a conference originated in America some 50 years ago, and the inaugural meeting was held in London in 1872. Since then the congress has met in Stockholm, Rome, St. Petersburg, Paris, Brussels, Budapest and Washington.

Although it has no legislative power, the recommendations of this "world court" have greatly influenced prison history during the last half-century. At the meetings the Lord Chief Justice, the Home Secretary and others well qualified to speak, have given their views on this subject.

It was recommended that careful inquiry should be made into the social life of prisoners, and their physical and psychic conditions. That each case should be treated on its merits. That too great severity defeats its own object, and that the reformation of the criminal should be the end in view, for his own sake and for the good of the community.

### **A Common Purpose**

The President, Sir Evelyn Ruggles Brise, said: "It was wonderful that so many nations, differing in race and language, should unite in a common desire that there should be more reason, more justice, more humanity in the field of punishment. Surely they might say that they perceived, though dimly, as yet, the dawn of the day when world brotherhood and world sisterhood would no longer be a dream, but a great and living reality."

And on each one of us is laid a responsibility, a duty to those who fall by the wayside. We can all help to loose the chains of those in prison, to bind up the broken-hearted, and to take our part in building up a better world.

Some can give personal service. Some money. We can all give our influence. Change in social reform is due to change of thought. It is the thought and influence of the obscure, unknown person—the man in the street—the units, which joined together form the universe. And the idealist of to-day becomes the realist of to-morrow.



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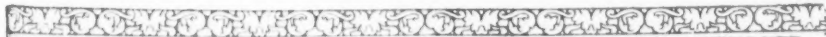
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## Hands off the Reformation!

### Cathedral City Campaign

### Crisis

It is a time of crisis. This year is fateful in the history of the Church of England.

### Prayer

Let us give ourselves to earnestly wait upon God that all the agitation against the simple Gospel may be averted.

### Appeals

Our Cathedral City Campaign forms an unique appeal to the Bishops at this eleventh hour to keep hands off the Reformation. 20 Cities already visited. Great demonstrations are about to be held in Coventry, Sheffield, Wakefield, Canterbury, St. Albans, Birmingham, Newcastle, Carlisle, York, etc.

### Propaganda

The Wickliffe Preachers are more active than ever in their propaganda for the Truth. Wonderful stories of blessing come to us week by week.

### Finance

Great help is needed just now.

Send your gift to:

**J. A. KENSIT, Secretary,  
Protestant Truth Society,  
3-4, St. Paul's Churchyard, E.C.4.**

## RHEUMATISM CURED AFTER 9 YEARS SUFFERING.

Sir,—I have suffered with RHEUMATISM since 1917 and have been in various hospitals and under Doctors' treatment until 2 months ago. I was crippled to such an extent, that I could not help myself in any way, even to wash or feed myself, and could not walk without a stick. I have been taking Urace Tablets three months, and I have found great relief, they have done me a world of good and I shall lose no opportunity in recommending Urace to anyone suffering as I did—Yours truly,

Mr. W. HOPE.



URACE, and URACE alone, can cure Rheumatism. It directly attacks the cause—uric acid—dissolves and expels it from the system and prevents its reappearance. That is why it CURES and CURES QUICKLY. 1/3, 3/- & 5/- per box, from Boots, Timothy White & Co. Taylors, and all Chemists and Stores, or direct from the URACE Laboratories (Dept. 57), 92, St. Thomas Street, London, S.E.1.

1/3, 3/-  
& 5/-  
per box

**URACE**  
TABLETS  
CURE RHEUMATISM

GET  
THEM  
NOW

## H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES, K.G. THE PRESIDENT OF THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND 'ARETHUSA' TRAINING SHIP

has graciously promised to  
preside at a meeting in the  
QUEEN'S HALL, LANGHAM PLACE,  
on TUESDAY, 8th June next, at 3.30 p.m.

Full particulars will be announced later.  
Special donations for His Royal Highness's  
list will be thankfully received by the Treasurer  
or Secretaries at the Headquarters:

**164 Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.**

Joint Secretaries: J. H. BRISTOW WALLIN;  
HENRY G. COPELAND.



#### Great Ormond Street Work Guild

**M**Y DEAR READERS.—I wonder how many of you have heard of the splendid organization known as the Great Ormond Street Work Guild which was started by Mrs. John Murray over thirty years ago and has gone on steadily and unobtrusively ever since? I confess to ignorance of its existence until my attention was called to it by our good friend and helper Mrs. McNeill, Ventnor, whom many of our invalids have cause to bless for her devoted and never failing kindnesses. She renders yeoman service also to the Crutch and Kindness League of the Shaftesbury Society as well as to the above named. Some idea of the practical interest she manifests in its activities may be gathered from the fact that last year she supplied no fewer than 493 garments of various kinds. The member who came next contributed 80 articles, but the average working member is only responsible for two.

Two years ago the Ladies' Association of the Hospital was started in order to make known the needs of this splendid

hospital, to which children from all parts of the country are sent, with excellent results. The Work Guild remains a part of this scheme and continues its beneficent work, which aims at supplying the small patients whilst in hospital with all the clothing required.

It includes 372 members up to date, and last year they sent in 3,042 garments, which seems an immense number, but when it is borne in mind that the hospital contains 250 beds always full, and that the clothing is very frequently changed and washed, it isn't too many; in fact, not sufficient for daily needs.

H.R.H. Princess Mary, Viscountess Lascelles, who was trained in the hospital and continues her personal interest in its concerns, sent 18 garments. One pleasing feature of the guild is that the committee have succeeded in arousing the practical sympathies of schoolgirls in children less fortunate in health and circumstances than themselves, and the members were most grateful for a gift of 99 articles from Roedean, of 21 from the North London Collegiate, and 13 from the Mary Datchelor School. A grant of £5 was made to the Camden School for Girls in order to supply materials for making up into suitable garments.



H.R.H. Princess Mary in her hospital attire

#### Rules for Members

As several important

## **THE QUIVER**

members have died of late there has been a severe shrinkage, and it is most important to secure new members to carry on the work. The conditions are quite simple and within the scope of most people, even the busiest, who may be inclined to imagine that their hands are full enough already in all conscience.

The rule is that each working member shall subscribe 5s. yearly or supply not less than two garments cut out or made from hospital patterns, and shall induce friends to do the same.

Each parcel should be labelled "Great Ormond Street Work Guild," and should have the number and description of the articles, as well as the name and address of the donor, written clearly on the back of the label.

It does not require any stretch of the imagination to realize what a very valuable adjunct the guild is to the hospital, to say nothing of the saving of the funds which are urgently needed for other purposes, particularly a new home for the nurses, and also what a vast amount of comfort is conferred on the poor little sufferers. It appears to me that many a lonely woman in the depths of the country, with comparatively few interests, would be only too pleased to undertake the manufacture of a few garments, and that the work would be a positive delight to many a shut-in invalid, who at times is tempted to feel that she is good for nothing, lying in a backwater, forgotten by the world at large. Such a ministry as this would restore her self-respect and link her on with the rising generation, the future hope of the nation. Few are so poor that they could not provide at least two small garments for little sufferers, whose only chance of health, humanly speaking, comes to them through the care and nursing available at the hospital.

### **Garments Required**

The garments most urgently required at the present time are :

- White flannel nightgowns.
- Pink and white flannel bed jackets.
- Knitted vests (to slip over the head).
- Knitted jackets, to open in front, with long sleeves.
- Jerseys, bed-socks and long nursery bibs.
- Clothing of all kinds for boys and girls to wear in the wards when out of bed.
- Thin summer clothing of all descriptions.

This is specially desired to be sent in in

May and the rest of the garments in October, although parcels are welcomed at any time if more convenient to the sender. Other and constant needs are :

Petticoats, shirts, drawers, frocks, overalls and boys' clothes.

Knitted crawlers, vests and jackets.

Bed-socks, socks, stockings, bootees.

Dressing-gowns, woolly coats or jerseys.

Blankets, sheets, towels, pillow-cases, and household linen of every kind.

The flannel for the jackets, etc., is obtainable from Messrs. Wallis, Holborn Circus, W.C. Paper patterns for the bed-jacket, nightgown and flannel vest, known as "The Great Ormond Street" patterns, are to be had from Messrs. Weldon at a cost of 9d. each, post free, and the same firm has recently published No. 484 of their *Practical Needlework*, which contains a few of the simple knitted patterns favoured by the hospital, at a cost of 3d.

Will all interested please note that any inquiries for further information and fees for membership should be sent *direct* to Lady Helen Murray, Hon. Sec. Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond Street, W.C.1?

### **British Home and Hospital for Incurables, Streatham**

The chairman of the above excellent institution has sent me the following appeal, and as several of our invalids are at the present time candidates for pensions, or recipients of same, I am keenly interested in the scheme, which I commend to the sympathy and kindly interest of my readers. I shall be most grateful if any who have votes would communicate with me :

DEAR MADAM.—The Board of Management of the British Home and Hospital for Incurables feel that many of their subscribers and friends would desire to perpetuate the memory of their beloved patroness, Queen Alexandra, and with this object they have decided to raise a fund for the special purpose of augmenting the amount of the pension paid to a pensioner.

At present there are over 300 pensioners, each of whom receives £20 a year, and the board are desirous of raising these pensions to £26 a year. To do this the board have decided to raise a capital sum of £20,000, to be called the "Queen Alexandra Augmentation of Pensions" fund, and to expend the income derived from this fund in augmenting the pensions. As many augmentations



# PHOSFERINE a Family Safeguard



## Mrs. Kelly writes:

**A**BOUT a year ago my grandchildren were given a course of Phosferine. The beneficial effect of this was so marked that I decided to try Phosferine myself for headaches and neuralgic pains. The results were all that could be desired, and I am now in excellent health. We shall never be without Phosferine in the house again. It is a family safeguard."

(Brockley, S.E.      January 2nd, 1926.)

*From the very first day you take PHOSFERINE you will gain new confidence, new life, new endurance. It makes you eat better, and sleep better, and you will look as fit as you feel. Phosferine is given with equally good results to the children.*

## A PROVEN REMEDY for

Influenza  
Debility  
Indigestion  
Sleeplessness  
Exhaustion  
Lassitude  
Neuritis  
Faintness  
Brain Fag  
Anæmia  
Nerve Shock  
Malaria  
Rheumatism  
Headache  
Sciatica  
Neuralgia  
Maternity Weakness  
Weak Digestion  
Mental Exhaustion  
Loss of Appetite

# PHOSFERINE

From Chemists. Liquid and Tablets. The 3/- size contains nearly four times the 1/3 size.

*Aldwych*



## A Long Life and a Worthy One

YOU may confidently expect both wear and satisfaction from any sheet or pillow case branded with the name "HERCULES." For years and years a "HERCULES" sheet or pillow case will come back from every wash strong, soft to the touch and with its fine finish still unspoiled. It is better to buy quality—especially when quality costs no more. Therefore ask for "HERCULES" when buying for your home and refuse to accept any substitute. You are safeguarded by the "HERCULES" guarantee—

As good as the  
"HERCULES" OVERALLS  
OF ALL GOOD DRAPERS

*Manufacturers*  
**JOSHUA HOYLE & SONS LTD**  
**50, Piccadilly, MANCHESTER**

*Wholesale and Shipping only supplied*

# Hercules



### OUR GUARANTEE

Every "HERCULES" article carries the manufacturers' guarantee to replace it free of charge if it fails to give satisfaction in wear or wash.

IF PUSSY HAS HER MILK—  
will you not see that the little ones at

## THE INFANTS HOSPITAL

have theirs? £28 pays our milk bill for a month; £1 for a day; 5/- will pay for one infant in milk for a week.

President . . . H.R.H. PRINCESS MARY VISCOUNTESS LASCELLES  
Chairman . . . J. GOMER BERRY, Esq.  
Treasurer . . . ROBERT MOND, Esq.  
Medical Director . . . ERIC PRITCHARD, Esq., M.D., M.R.C.P.

**THE INFANTS HOSPITAL, VINCENT SQUARE, WESTMINSTER**

## HEADACHE?

THEN TAKE

# GENASPRIN

(The SAFE Brand of Aspirin)

Of all Chemists—price 2/- per bottle of 35 tablets.

Sole Manufacturers: GENATOSAN LTD, LOUGHBOROUGH, LEICS.

## THE NEW ARMY OF HELPERS

as can at first be made will become effective from 1st January, 1927.

Owing to the great increase in the cost of living, the board feel that this augmentation is very urgent, and they trust they may receive a generous response to this appeal.

—Yours faithfully,

HARRY H. BABER, Chairman.

Please make cheques and postal orders payable to the British Home and Hospital for Incurables.

### H.R.H. The Prince of Wales

His Royal Highness The Prince of Wales, as patron of the Home, has signified his entire approval of the proposal to augment the amount of the pensions administered by the board, and earnestly trusts that the results of the forthcoming appeal may enable this to be carried out.

### From My Letter Bag

An Englishwoman abroad writes :

"It is so extremely kind of you and the other Helpers to have helped us again so generously that I thank you all from the bottom of my heart. No one who is not in straitened circumstances can possibly realize what such a generous gift means to us in paying for countless necessities such as tea, sugar, salt, etc., which, through want of funds, we often run short of. It is the same here as at home, very little room for older, untrained women who are forced to work and have never done office work.

"I cannot tell you how joyfully glad we are to have your good gift of a cheque which has come as a truly gloriously welcome surprise. One of my sisters has been ill and we were just longing to order some more coals, which now we have immediately done. I wish I could express better how very, very deeply we appreciate the generous kindness. We thank and bless you again and again with all our hearts."

A dear old lady says :

"I feel I must send a few lines to tell you straight from my heart how sincerely grateful I am for your help. What it means I can scarcely find words to express. I was in bed, feeling weak and full of pain and so depressed when the cheque came that I could not help a few tears, but they were thankful ones, and I should like you to know how your kindness was appreciated."

One of two sisters in ill health and poverty writes :

"Many, many thanks for the cheque you so kindly sent. It has enabled us to buy coals and food and we thank our Heavenly Father for sending you, dear friend, to us. You have been more than good, and our lives have been so different since we have known you, for your kindness has enabled us to sit beside a nice fire, as otherwise we should have been so cold."

A clergyman's daughter says :

"Very many thanks for your letter, cheque

and kind interest. I am so grateful for the money you send, as it goes further than any other and buys so many little luxuries."

### Wants and Wishes

R.S.A. letters are urgently required for one of our invalids who is in need of a set of false teeth.

An old rug or a piece of carpet which would serve as one is asked by an invalid for her room in the East End.

Orders for Fair Isle and Shetland jumpers are wanted by a reader who has sent me some beautiful specimens of the work. Natural\* coloured woollen jumpers with artistic border, neck and cuffs, are 18s., cardigans rather more, and combinations from 12s. 6d. per pair. The address is Mrs. Ward, Beach Cottage, Hamnavoe, Lerwick.

Orders are also wanted for embroidery by an expert, by Miss Howson, 8, Lupus Street, S.W.1, for Silkeena and other stockings, and by an invalid, compelled to lie on her back, who does knitting and crochet in wool.

Miss J. Kinney is moving this month to the Home for Incurables, 96, Upper Parliament Street, Liverpool, and writes to say that she will be much pleased if those who sent her flowers, booklets or cards for distribution previously will continue to do so at above address, c/o the Matron.

### A Generous Offer

I was deeply touched by the very generous offer of an occasional reader, the kind-hearted wife of a Scottish farmer, who was so moved by the letter of "A Pathetic Document" in the December number that she wrote off immediately and offered her a home for life with herself and her husband. The offer was received with the utmost gratitude, but circumstances prevented its acceptance.

### QUIVERS in Demand

Several old readers, who can no longer afford to pay for it, and some invalids would be so thankful for copies of THE QUIVER passed on regularly.

### Men's Clothing and Boots

I have had quite a number of pathetic appeals for clothing and boots from men temporarily unemployed, some of whom have seen better days. One says, "I am married and have been out of work for three months, but I think I should have a better chance if I could leave off the extremely shabby clothes I am wearing. All I have I stand up in, and look such a deplorable 'has-been' that I should be very grateful for

## THE QUIVER

any left-offs." 5 ft. 5 in. height and medium build.

More baby clothes are also wanted.

### Gifts of Clothing, Magazines, Books, Letters, etc.

I acknowledge with many grateful thanks the kindness of—

Miss Buckland, Miss Baines, Mrs. A. Walton, Miss Arnold, Miss M. G. Potter, Mr. Wesson, Miss George, Mrs. Valentine, Miss White, Miss Swinger, Mrs. Ohlsen, Miss C. Penney, Miss Williams, Mrs. Bearman, Miss Fox, Miss Alsop, Mrs. Dorling, Mrs. Oliver, Mrs. Renton, Mrs. West, Mrs. Tucker, Miss Findlay, Miss E. M. Crowther, Mrs. and Miss Webb, Mrs. Williams, Mrs. and Miss Chamberlain, Miss Evans, Mrs. Shaw, Mrs. Day, Mrs. Whiting, Miss J. T. Smith, Miss Craig, Mrs. Cox, Miss Lombe, Mrs. Burgess, Mrs. Hosegood, Miss Trewethes, Mrs. Brewer, Mrs. Broad, Miss Powell, Miss Stinson, Mrs. Davenport, Mrs. Noble.

### S O S

*S O S Fund.*—Mrs. and Miss Kyffin, £5; E. M. K., £1; Miss F. Vernall, 5s.; Miss G. Toplis, £1; E. T., £1; C. W. Parkes, £1; Jean McKersie, £5; M. T., 10s.; Misses Wainwright, £3; M. C. and M. W. D., £1; Mrs. Eva Johnston, £1; Miss E. Allkins, £1; Mrs. F. Renton, £1; Miss Pen, 10s. 6d.; Miss J. Kinsey, 5s.; A QUIVER Reader, 2s. 6d.; Miss Mills, £1; H. Stovin, 10s.; I. M. Corbett, 5s.; Miss A. E. Dale, 10s.; "Petite," 10s.; Anon., £1; A. Atkinson, 10s.; Mrs. and Miss Kyffin, £4; A. M. Pellett, 4s.; Miss M. Savage Tyers, £1; W. M. B. A., £1; Mrs. M. Hill, 2s. 6d.; "Bridlington," 2s. 6d.; Miss M. Langdon, 10s.; Miss E. Poole, 10s.; C. Amery, 10s.; A Reader, 10s.; "H. S. C.," £1; the late Mrs. C. Edwards, £1; Mrs. Poswell, £2; W. S., 5s.; Miss Bruce, £1; T. Bowcher, £1; "Hannah," 10s.; Mrs. Montague Brown, £1;

"H. A.," £1; Mrs. Valentine, 15s.; Anon., 2s. 6d.; C. MacBean, £1 10s.; A Reader, 3s.; E. Hewitt, 10s.; S. Frost, 5s.; Miss E. Griffith, 10s.; K. Richardson, 10s.; Miss E. L. Orr, 10s.; M. A. Wilson, 1s.; Mrs. H. L. Andrews, 10s.; Sale of Trinkets, £12; Mr. Mc. Neill, £5; Mrs. Southern, £1.

*Dr. Grenfell's Mission.*—Miss Owston, 10s.

*Sunshine House.*—Anon., 7s. 6d.

*Library for the Blind.*—Miss M. Vernall, 3s. 6d.; Miss M. Savage Tyers, 10s.

Owing to the severe winter and other causes my correspondence grows at an enormous rate. Every week I get busier and busier (I wish I could say better and better) that it would be the greatest help if everybody in want of addresses and information would enclose a stamped addressed envelope or post card, and if those who do get addresses would be careful not to lose them and so cause me to write a second time. Several times lately Helpers have offered clothing which I have thankfully accepted and furnished names, etc. I have mentioned the matter to the prospective recipients and received a disappointed note to say that after a few weeks' waiting the clothing has not arrived. A prompt dispatch is often very necessary and would materially lighten my labours.

Will correspondents kindly sign their names very distinctly, and put Mr., Mrs. or Miss, or any other title, in order to assist us in sending an accurate acknowledgment?

Yours sincerely,

HELEN GREIG SOUTER.

## A Book for all Nature Lovers THE FLOWER SEEKER by Forster Robson

This guide is a key to wild flower knowledge, and contains many interesting items of flower folklore which will appeal to all "ramblers," scouts, girl guides and others.

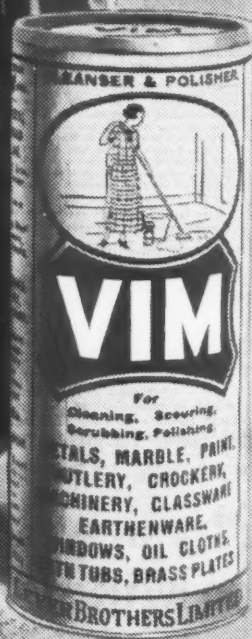
"It provides easy means of identifying wild flowers for those whose botanical knowledge falls far short of their love of nature."—*Weekly Dispatch*.

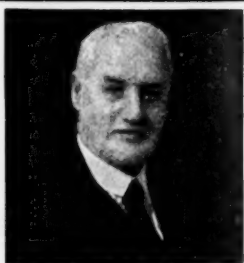
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Cassell's

# Vim

Your hand sets the course,  
Vim does the rest





J. GILBERT DALE

## EPILEPSY — FITS —

If you are a sufferer from fits, send for our book on "Epilepsy—its Causes, Symptoms and Treatment"—which contains some remarkable records of permanent cures effected by the Dale System in Epilepsy. Read these few extracts from a host of letters reproduced in its pages.

G. R. writes: "No words of mine can possibly express my gratitude to you for your great kindness to my son. To see him so well, and so able to enter into and enjoy life, has been a source of unspeakable comfort to us, and our debt of obligation to you is unbounded. We can never forget how much we owe to your treatment."

Lieut. H. writes: "There has been a steady improvement. This is especially noticeable by my increased power of resistance to attacks. Strain of work and worry now leave me untroubled. I am more than pleased by the results. They have exceeded my expectations."

Miss C. writes: "I am very glad to say that my sister still continues very well indeed. She really couldn't be in better health. How thankful I am, I can never tell, and my best thanks will be to tell others who are in similar trouble where to get help. I had no idea this last year would bring such a blessing to us all."

Miss J. writes: "After 15 years' suffering, and a trouble both to myself and to all around me, I am now able to do anything and go anywhere myself. This has all been done by your valuable treatment, and both myself and my friends are all very thankful to you. You can use both my name and address as you like."

R. H. R. writes: "I am writing these few lines to let you know that your treatment of my case was entirely satisfactory, and I cannot find words to thank you sufficiently for the lasting benefit I have received from the same. You are at liberty to make whatever use you may wish of this letter."

Mrs. W. writes: "I don't know if you will remember my name, but you cured me of fits nine years ago, and I have not had the least sign of one since, although I have had three children since then, and, what is worse, trouble and worry. But in spite of all I keep in perfect health, which I owe to you."

The originals of the above letters may always be seen in the offices of the Dale Institute. To all interested in this dread disease of Epilepsy, we will send a copy of our 112 page book, which is published at 2/- net, on receipt of P.O. or stamps to the value of 1/-. Send for this book to-day—now! The Dale Institute, Ltd., 1, Squires House, Stratford Place, London, W.1.

## Physical Fitness in Middle Life

F. A.  
HORNIBROOK

Cassell's, La Belle Sauvage, E.C.4

The advice given in this concise, practical book is not a counsel of perfection, but a series of helpful hints calculated to prevent a middle-aged man becoming fat—stodgy—unsightly.

6s. net.



# Where the Staircase Ends

The Upward Way  
By  
Harry Cooper

THE story goes that two American children were discussing Longfellow's "The Old Clock on the Stairs."

"What stairs, anyway?" one of them asked.

"Why, don't you know, stupid?" said the other. "Stairs are those things they put into buildings to go up and down if the elevator gets out of order."

In the great American sky-scrappers—"sky-scratchers," the French call them, "*les gratte-ciels*"—there is a staircase somewhere, but no one ever dreams of using it, with lifts that carry sixteen passengers six hundred feet a minute, some of them express, making their first stop on the tenth, twentieth, or thirtieth floor. The highest erection in the world at present is the Woolworth Building in New York, which would have made the old Babel-builders lay down their tools in despair. It runs up for fifty-one stories, or close on eight hundred feet; more than twice the height of St. Paul's from the pavement to the top of the cross. But now another building is projected for Broadway, to run up to sixty-five stories. Any staircase in such buildings would have to consist of over a thousand steps.

## A Bad Day for Romance

It will be a bad day for romance when the staircase goes the way of the mastodon and the dinosaur. The housewife, who is a prosy, matter-of-fact person as a rule, may say: "Good riddance!" for staircleaning is no small part of the work of a house. Stairs, also, are dangerous places, meaning bumped heads and bruised knees. But what a loss their disappearance will possibly be to poetry and fiction!

No more will Father William be able to say: "Be off, or I'll kick you down-stairs." No more will Florence Dombey toil up the great, wide, vacant staircase with Paul in her arms. There is no poetry in a lift, which is simply a motor-omnibus going up and down instead of along. Even when you ascend the dome of St. Peter's

nowadays they give you a good start heavenwards in a beautiful lift.

## Staircases and Pride

Staircases have been associated with human pride ever since Babylonia and Egypt. There was a wonderful staircase in the Golden House of Nero, and the terrace of Persepolis, the old city of Persia, still remains to show us what the ancients could do along this line of architecture. In the west we have the grand circular staircases of the chateaux on the Loire, or the straight, massive flights of English mansions—the superb woodwork at Bentham Hall, Shropshire; the figured pedestals at Hatfield; the lofty arches at Audley End, Essex; and in many places the wide, stately steps, the quaint balusters, the stout newels with their handsome finials. How many a fluttering debutante has ascended the grand marble staircase of Buckingham Palace to be presented! And that inadequate staircase at No. 10 Downing Street—one of three in the Prime Minister's residence, all of them poor—with the portraits of great statesmen rising one above another, how many an expectant politician has gone up, hoping to rise also to a portfolio and fame! And looking at the staircase in some great mansion, leading to the presence-chamber or chamber of estate, who has not peopled it with a procession of the noble and the gentle, and with a gracious stairhead hostess at the top!

## The Shady Folk

The staircase is the traditional playground of ghosts. Is not the first sign of a ghost's approach a creaking of the stairs, a footstep like nothing earthly ascending and descending, a wind on the landing which cannot be accounted for by any meteorological cause? A ghost is rather at a disadvantage in a room, because a room is generally foursquare; but a staircase is all angles. Strange tales are told of haunted houses where scufflings and thuds and tumbles are heard on the stairs.

## THE QUIVER

There is one house in London—I dare not give the postal address or even the district, in view of the possible vengeance, legal or otherwise, of the house-owner—where, it is said, in the night sometimes, if you pause at the foot of the staircase, you will hear distinctly, somewhere above, a spinet and viols playing old-fashioned tunes, and the light tapping of high-heeled shoes. The curious have searched back the records and have found that at some date—it may have been a hundred years ago—when there was high festival in this house, a tragedy occurred which has never been satisfactorily elucidated. And so the spinet and the viols continue echoing, in token of some restless, dissatisfied spirit who still wants to see earthly justice done.

### The Unromantic Lift

The lift will be the death of ghosts. No ghost could endure the quick touch of the electric button which shoots you up to the fifth floor. And, I must say, I share the ghost's distaste for a house without a staircase, or with a staircase that is nothing more than a hole-and-corner emergency affair. Even when staying at an hotel, I always go up the stairway in preference to the lift—they think I do it to escape tipping the lift-boy; but it is good exercise for one thing, and for another it acquaints me with the shape of the house and introduces me to some of its people. People go up and down stairs very much as they go up and down life, some rushing up two steps at a time and hurling everything before them, others ascending delicately, like that Shakespearean gallant of whom it was said that "The stairs as he treads on them kiss his feet." Life itself, indeed, may be likened to a great staircase, with the infinite at the top and at the bottom.

### The Glory Hole

But while the staircase is at its best and broadest on the lower flights, it is when it becomes winding and narrow and ungarnished towards the upper stories that adventure begins. A top floor is often built dormer fashion, and there is a queer little corkscrew staircase, arranged so as not to cut too much into the room. Often it is nothing more than a sort of ladder which reaches up to that wonderful treasure house—the helter-skelter attic.

Some strange things are hidden just beneath the lid of our comfortable villas. The attic is the place of long repose for

things for which there is no particular use, but which sentiment or the economical feeling that "they might come in some day" prevents you from discarding altogether. In an attic in the exploration of which I recently spent a dusty but romantic day, I found articles as per the following inventory:

- Remains of a crinoline;
- Baby's chair;
- Photograph album, heavy binding, brass clasps, whiskered uncles;
- Ornamental table, shaky in the pedestal;
- Globe of the world, sadly knocked about as the world itself has been since the globe was constructed;
- Various book-prizes;
- Vases, cracked, or else too gaudy for modern taste;
- Gift-clocks, one or two, very pretty in every respect, save that their going parts have already gone;
- Six volumes of Cassell's "Popular Educator," date 1872, but surprisingly full of interest, and, in many subjects, of utility, too;
- Four volumes of Cassell's "Universal History," date 1884, and very useful.

Then, in this glory hole I found the flotsam and jetsam of many Christmases, including dolls that had developed fearful diseases and anatomical disabilities. Evidently the attic is the place for things not good enough to have around, but too good—or too much treasured—to commit to the scramble of the jumble sale.

### Neighbours Aloft

But there are people, too, where the staircase ends. The name of the most dowdy of English queens, who certainly never foresaw the modern flat, is attached to the loftiest pile of residential mansions in London, running up to twelve stories. The topmost story is as popular as any of the others, and the disadvantage of the extra flight is compensated for by the fact that the tenants overlook the King in his palace seven hundred yards away.

I called one evening on the tenant of a similar block of flats overlooking Hyde Park, toiling up the stairs as my habit is, and on his asking me something about the lift, he nearly collapsed to the next floor when I told him that I had come up the stairs. "But," he said, "where are the stairs? I have been here fourteen months, and I have never set foot on them myself."



He says "Good-  
night" with a  
"Morning" Smile

and gets up with a  
"morning" heart—he  
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Let HOVIS put a smile  
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It supplies the essential  
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building elements in  
an easily assimilated  
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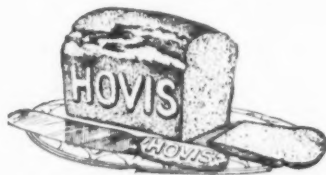
You'll like its crisp  
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# HOVIS

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Bedtime Book*

A last story is every child's plea at night, and our free book, "Bedtime Fairy Stories," is a mine of delight. But when the book is closed and mother steals away, the wakeful child's imaginings are very active. Comfort him with the security of a Price's Night Light.

## PRICE'S Night Lights

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**You see I use  
BORWICK'S**

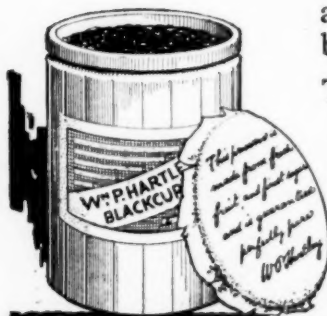
The secret of good bak-  
ing is to mix good plain  
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Substitutes and fancy  
baking time. flours will never take the place of

# BORWICK'S

## BAKING POWDER

THE BEST IN THE WORLD

## "It's a sinful shame!"



### A simple test for FULL WEIGHT

A jar which can hold 1 lb. of jam will just hold 13 ozs. of water at ordinary room temperature.

Another test is to fill a Hartley jar to the brim with water and pour the contents into any other jam jar you may have.

Either test will show you instantly where you are getting full weight.

That is the remark frequently uttered to our representatives at the sources from which we buy our **Fresh Fruit**.

They seem to think it a shame that such luscious fresh fruit should be made into jam.

We use only the Freshest and Choicest Fruit that money can buy.

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### FULL WEIGHT

Insist on Hartley's  
—it goes furthest.

# Hartley's

Raspberry · Strawberry · Black-currant Jams & Marmalade

No. 12

## WHERE THE STAIRCASE ENDS

The residential flat has done something to discourage domestic life, and it is a little difficult to say why. The flat is comfortable and cosy enough, and self-contained. Can it be that it is the lack of a private staircase which makes the difference? The rooms are the people's own, but the staircase, such as it is, is a public thoroughfare. Although nobody lives on the staircase, it is as essential to the real home as any room. It is scarcely a home when you cannot say of any member of the family that he or she is upstairs or downstairs. No wonder they go to hotels and theatres to escape from the level, so that the flat or the bungalow becomes a lodging rather than a home.

Among the interesting people who live where the staircase ends are the housekeepers in the great blocks of offices in the City. In the City of London at night, out of ten thousand buildings, only a quarter have an inhabitant. Here and there in the dark streets you will see a curtained attic window with a lamp in it—a star in the dark tent-roof of the London night. Grope your way up the gloomy staircase of business blocks in Queen Victoria Street, say, and you will come at last to a landing marked "Private." Here lives the housekeeper, as solitary as the habitant of a desert. One old lady who was responsible for a block of offices in Moorgate once showed me the view from her window. It was uninterrupted slate, but she said that by half-closing her eyes she could imagine it to be a stretch of sea on a grey day.

### Poets in Garrets

It is on the top floor, too, that you find the lonely boarder in his single room. The attic has often been associated with genius, though I think that if some brilliant tenants of the attic had shown a little less genius and a little more common sense and compatibility, they might have been able to move from the third-floor back to the first-floor front. They have had to go to the attic not because their mental gifts were unrecognized, but because their wayward temper was recognized too well. The fact that they have been sent sky-high has nothing to do with their brains; it has to do with their necks, which are too stiff.

Even as far back as ancient Rome, as shown by Gibbon, we find the poet in the attic. In a lofty lodging-house in the city of the Caesars the poet Codrus and his wife were permitted to hire a wretched garret

immediately under the tiles. Then there was our Chatterton—the youngest poet to fill so large a space in the history of literature—who withdrew into his garret at Brooke Street, Holborn, and died at eighteen from the effects of arsenic. Oliver Goldsmith had a miserable set of chambers in the Temple; but when, at the height of his penury, someone offered him good money to write to order, he refused and retired proudly to his attic. Another garret-dweller in the Temple was Charles Lamb, who, however, found the top of the staircase quite delightful, what with the pump in the court below always going and the tall trees coming in at the window. He had the spirit of another attic-dweller:

"My lodging is in Leather Lane,  
A parlour that's next the sky,  
'Tis exposed to the wind and rain,  
But the wind and the rain I defy."

And one must not forget another literary gentleman who was forced into the attic, not by penury, but by the oddities of his own temperament—Thomas Carlyle. You can still visit, in Chelsea, Carlyle's study at the top of the stairs—a sound-proof room, lighted from the sky, a retreat from which he emerged only at teatime for a talk with his wife.

### Solitary Tenants

Solitary tenants of the top story—with a past, if not with a future—are still to be found in any number in inner London. I have known several of them—perverse and erratic, but very interesting souls. I knew one such man, now dead, who had played a conspicuous part in political and journalistic life, and through an unfortunate speculation had fallen on evil days. In his time he had edited a great provincial newspaper, and he had stood for Parliament, almost winning a sensational election. But when I knew him, he was occupying a single room in Lamb's Conduit Street, off Holborn. It is of no use shaking your head—he was a total abstainer. Exceedingly cheerful he was, and as proud of the way he could look after himself as of his bygone editorials, which he had cut out and pasted in albums. He was then doing back-writing at the rate of one thousand words for five shillings, and after he had written his thousand words, considering that this was a severe enough mental session for the time being, he turned with equal zest to scrubbing his floor or "doing" his grate.

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Altogether the top of the stairs is a very interesting place, not least in the poorer class of tenements, where some of the most fascinating people live in the "seventh heaven rookeries," as they have been called. These rooms, reached after long toil up bare, echoing, and often lightless stairs, introduce one to the extremes of poverty. The top floor very often means the social bottom.

It is said that at such an altitude, at all events, they get a good view of the sky. But who, except astronomers, wants to see the sky? The Sahara is rather more human, for you do find a desert-ranger here and there. The sky has occasional grandeur, but no kindness. Give me the pavement any day. But it is astonishing what bravery, what fortitude, what independence you may find on the top floor.

Then the top slice of the town includes not a few heavy sleepers in shelters and lodging-houses. Look at them lying uneasily in beds like coffins. In a tour of a Salvation Army shelter at night you will come upon some startling editions of the human physiognomy. Faces are more or less conventionalized during waking hours, and reveal their real character in repose, even such repose as can be got in this caravanserai. There are, it is true, many wizened old sinners here; but I have seen at the Salvation Army shelter at Blackfriars sleeping men whose faces remind you of nothing so much as the apostles delineated by the Old Masters.

### **On the Top of Things**

Sometimes the staircase, instead of giving you access to a room or floor, curls up a turret, and brings you out where you can see "the world and all that therein is." It is difficult to repress an exclamation when, after climbing up the narrow, stumbling, spiral staircase of some old belfry, like Boston "stump," you come suddenly out upon the open and see half a county

below you. How thankful one is, on coming out on the stone gallery of St. Paul's, that the balustrade surrounding it is nearly twice the height of a man. If it were not there, you feel that some Satan behind you would project you into the street below. Many people can never go out upon a high platform without feeling an almost irresistible impulse to fling themselves down. Those who are supposed to have committed suicide by precipitating themselves from great heights—surely the most ghastly form of suicide ever chosen—may, after all, through some defect in nerve control, have been more or less the victims of the pull of the earth. The attractive force of gravity may actually pull this truant child back to the earth's hard bosom.

### **Swaying in the Wind**

It is said that almost all high buildings sway perceptibly in the wind. That might be expected of such a structure as the Eiffel Tower, but it is strange that the dome of the Capitol at Washington should move six inches out of the perpendicular. Scores of buildings in American cities lean like the tower of Pisa, not indeed to so great an extent, but to as much as thirty inches out of plumb. The magnificent palaces of steel and granite, although for their foundations men have dugged to the solid rock of the earth, are still the sport of the wind. The wind defies the master-builder, and gravity pulls him back to earth.

It is an interesting place—the top of the staircase. Not an unkind place after all, as you will find out if you watch how many a cup of tea is taken there to the weary, and how many a bowl of broth to the invalid, and how many a bunch of flowers to the shut-in. Not seldom is the rickety, worm-eaten staircase a Jacob's ladder with angels ascending and descending upon it, even though the angels for the time being wear the garb of Mary Jane.



**For Young People Everywhere**

## **LITTLE FOLKS**

**Stories — Nature Club — Competitions**

***Monthly, 1s. net***



# Lady Pamela's Letter

DEAR COUSIN DELIA, -- Wherever parents forgather, the topic of their children's future invariably crops up. What shall we do with our sons? What shall we do with our daughters? These two queries perpetually perplex the parental mind, and one is apt to overlook the fact that the young folks themselves like to have a casting vote when a career is chosen for them.

It is frequently argued that the final choice has to be made before the child's mind is mature enough to make a wise decision; that if we wait for some decided "bent" to declare itself much valuable time will be wasted. To some extent this is true, but it is fortunate that indications are often given quite early of latent talents or gifts that may help towards success in one direction or another.

It is illuminating as well as amusing to listen to a group of children discussing together the pros and cons of possible future occupations. Small boys still pass through phases when their sole ambition is to be a taxi-driver, a carpenter, or perhaps a jockey. Widening experience brings in its wake wider knowledge of opportunities, and one small boy of five stated to me quite simply that all he wanted when he was grown up was to be a millionaire!

A few years ago little girls had very limited ambitions, but nowadays, once a girl passes into the upper classes of her school, a favourite topic of talk is, "What are you going to be when you leave school?" The older girls have a variety of ambitions, and professions and business careers of widely differing characters are discussed. The younger, inexperienced ones, like their small brothers, often run the gamut of many quite impossible careers. A few days ago a small girl of my acquaintance, aged eight, announced quite simply that "When I am grown up I want to be a mother"! Not a bad career, she evidently thought, as compared with others with which she was familiar.

It is often some quite unforeseen happening which decides the future of a girl or boy. An opportunity or opening suddenly offers, and whether to seize it or to let it slide is a difficult problem. The old saying of the square peg in the round hole may well be borne in mind, for the opportunity may be the chance of a lifetime to one child, and drive another to uncongenial work.

Nowadays, both at home and at school, there is a great tendency to encourage individuality.

The policy of repression is conspicuous by its absence, with the result that young minds are encouraged by modern education methods to develop normally rather than to be fashioned into a conventional mould.

Ever yours,

PAMELA.

## Answers to Correspondents.

*Lady Pamela hopes that readers of THE QUIVER will write to her, and she will have much pleasure in answering their letters in this column.*

**A VALUABLE TONIC.** Marshmallow (Abingdon).--All the anxiety and hard work of the last few months is undoubtedly beginning to tell on you. However, I do not think you need fear a breakdown if you treat yourself in time. You cannot do better than take a course of Phosferine. This is a wonderful tonic, and it will make you sleep better as well as improve your appetite. You can get it from all chemists in either liquid or tablet form. There is no reason why you should not give it with equally good results to a child. I shall hope to hear again from you a little later that, thanks to Phosferine, you are feeling very fit and well.

**TO SIMPLIFY LAUNDRY WORK.** Busy Bee (Kensington).--In the case of a large family like yours it would certainly be an economy to do a good deal of the laundry work at home. You will also save your house linen and clothing a great amount of wear and tear. Why not convert the now disused scullery into a small wash-house and install a gas-heated copper? You can make use of the deep sink you tell me is already there for washing and rinsing, and it will be a great convenience. There is a very useful clothes airer that works with pulleys, so that you can draw it up towards the ceiling after loading it. The air at the top of the room is warmer than elsewhere, and so the clothes dry very quickly.

**AN AMATEUR CORDON-BLUE.** Lisette (Penzance).--As you have such a decided taste for cookery and really like it, I see no reason why you should not do most of the cooking for your *ménage*, leaving the other housework to your sister. She will probably be glad to be relieved of work she finds distasteful. In reply to your query about cakes and puddings, you evidently have in mind Green's Sponge Mix-

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ture. I can thoroughly recommend this, for by its aid you can make delicious cakes and puddings, and it is quite easy to use. I am sure you will like it, and having once tried it you will certainly always keep a supply at home.

**A RULE OF ETIQUETTE.** Nancy (Bridport).—I expect you will have a very pleasant visit, and when it is over you must write the day you return home to thank your cousin for her kindness and hospitality. It is true that we are gradually becoming less formal, but there are certain conventions that are really based on kindness and thought for others. This sending of a gracious note of thanks is one of them. Your cousin will have taken a good deal of trouble to give you a pleasant time, and it is only her due to be thanked with courtesy and real gratitude.

**FOR THE CHILDREN'S COMFORT.** Materfamilias (Oxford).—Many little children find it alarming to be left alone in the night nursery without a light. You can so easily get over the difficulty of putting one of Price's Night Lights in the room. This gives a soft light that just reassures a nervous child and yet does not illuminate the room so brightly that sleep is hard to woo. The old-fashioned idea that a child who fears the dark can be hardened and cured of his fear by insisting on a darkened night nursery is quite exploded. The more sensible modern idea is to allow a soft, subdued light to banish fear and enable the child to fall asleep happily.

**A KNOTTY POINT.** Sweet Seventeen (Margate).—As he is engaged to your elder sister and they are evidently so well suited to each other I think you would not be acting very straightforwardly to correspond with him and let him take you out for walks. You are very young, and I hope you will try to settle down steadily to your studies.

**FOR THE HAIR.** Millicent (Cardiff).—It is a mistake to wash your hair so often, for that removes the natural oil from the hair. At bedtime dip the tips of your fingers in a little toilet paraffin and then well massage the roots of your hair with them. You can rub briskly until the skin of the head begins to glow. This friction stimulates the circulation in the blood-vessels at the roots of the hair and helps to encourage a healthy growth.

**AFTER-DINNER COFFEE.** Miranda (Leicester).—It would certainly not be a solcism to offer coffee in the dining-room before the guests have left the table. As a matter of fact it is frequently done, but it is equally correct to have the coffee handed round in the drawing-room. These details are of small importance. What really matters is that the coffee should be hot and strong. You must give your servants careful instructions on that point and be sure to order Red, White and Blue Coffee. This delicious French coffee is much stronger than ordinary kinds, and thus you use a less quantity. I am sure that once you have tried it you will always use this coffee for breakfast as well as after dinner.

**TO DECORATE A BEDROOM.** Daisy Bell

(Staines).—Personally I think, as the furniture is enamelled white, you would like a chintz, patterned wallpaper in various soft pastel shades. This will look very dainty and fresh and be a charming background for your photographs. There is no reason why you should not hang up your friends' photographs in your bedroom. I do not like too many in a drawing-room, but the bedroom is a more personal apartment, and you are free to arrange it as you prefer.

**A TIMID CHILD.** Worried Guardian (Dulwich).—As your small charge is so nervous and is evidently quite upset by the presence of your two pet dogs, it is rather awkward for you. However, you must be very patient with him, and do not let the dogs frighten him by jumping up at him. He does not recognize this as an invitation to play, but if you try to reassure him he will soon get more accustomed to them.

**A TEMPTING PUDDING.** Martha (Woking).—You do indeed lead a busy life with such a large household to cater for and so little help with domestic tasks. It is lucky you are such a good cook, and I agree with you that it is always rather difficult to offer sufficiently varied menus. With regard to puddings after a hot joint, you could offer a cold sweet such as stewed fruit served with custard. You could quickly and easily make a delicious custard with Bird's Custard Powder, and this ought to always find a place on your grocery list. Busy housewives like yourself find it such a boon, for everyone likes it and it is easy to make.

**INQUIRY ABOUT A POEM.** Mrs. W. R. A. (West Smethwick).—I am making inquiries, and if I trace the poem you inquire about I will let you have the information on this page.

**FOR THE HAIR.** T. D. E. (Ilkley).—The question does come within my province, but unfortunately I have no personal knowledge of the preparation you mention, and so I hesitate to express an opinion. You might, however, ask your chemist if he has any knowledge of it.

**TO CURE INSOMNIA.** Rachel (Birmingham).—I am indeed sorry you have been feeling so out of sorts and suffering so much from sleeplessness. However, I can happily make a suggestion which will, I am sure, be helpful. Will you take a cup of "Ovaltine" just before retiring to bed? The rich nourishment it contains is quickly absorbed into the system. This soothes the tired nerves, and restful sleep soon comes. Ovaltine is a wonderful tonic food beverage which contains no preservatives, only the valuable nutriment contained in barley malt, creamy milk and fresh eggs. I feel sure that if you act on this advice you will get a refreshing night's sleep and your general health will soon greatly improve.

**TO TRAIN THE MIND.** A Music Lover (Stroud).—I have heard the system you mention spoken of very highly, but I have personally never tested it. Why not write for full particulars and then give it careful consideration?



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